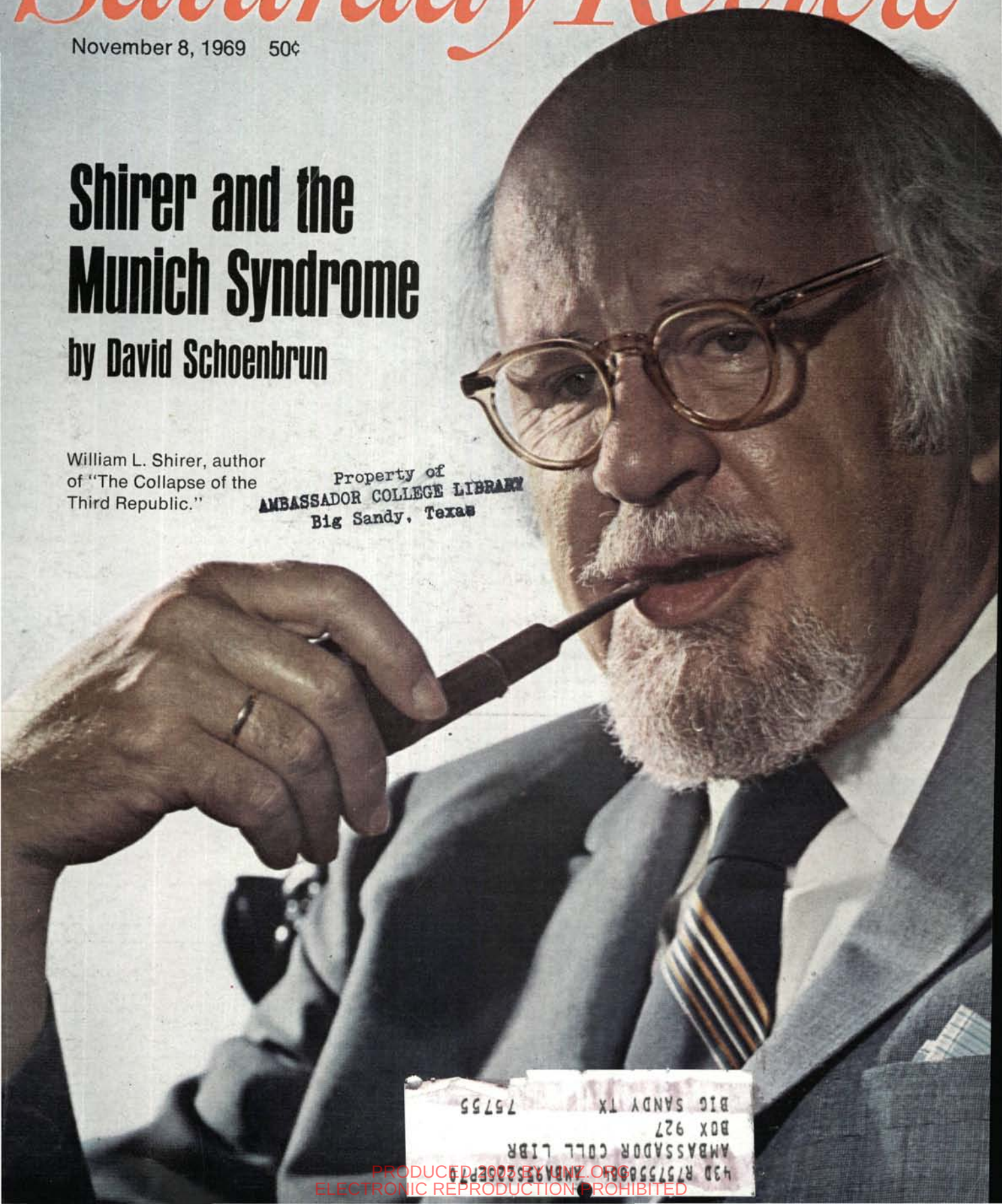
Can Anyone Run A City? by Gus Tyler

Saturday Review

November 8, 1969 50¢

Shirer and the Munich Syndrome

by David Schoenbrun



William L. Shirer, author of "The Collapse of the Third Republic."

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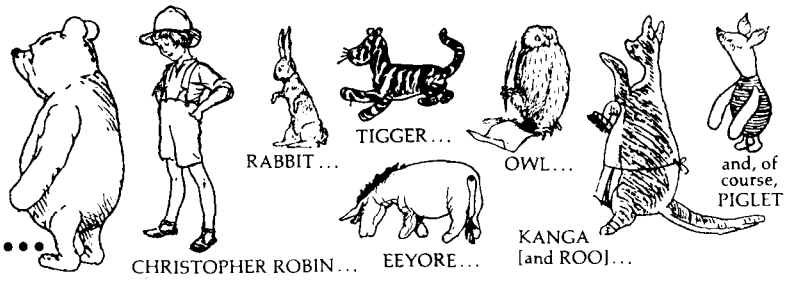

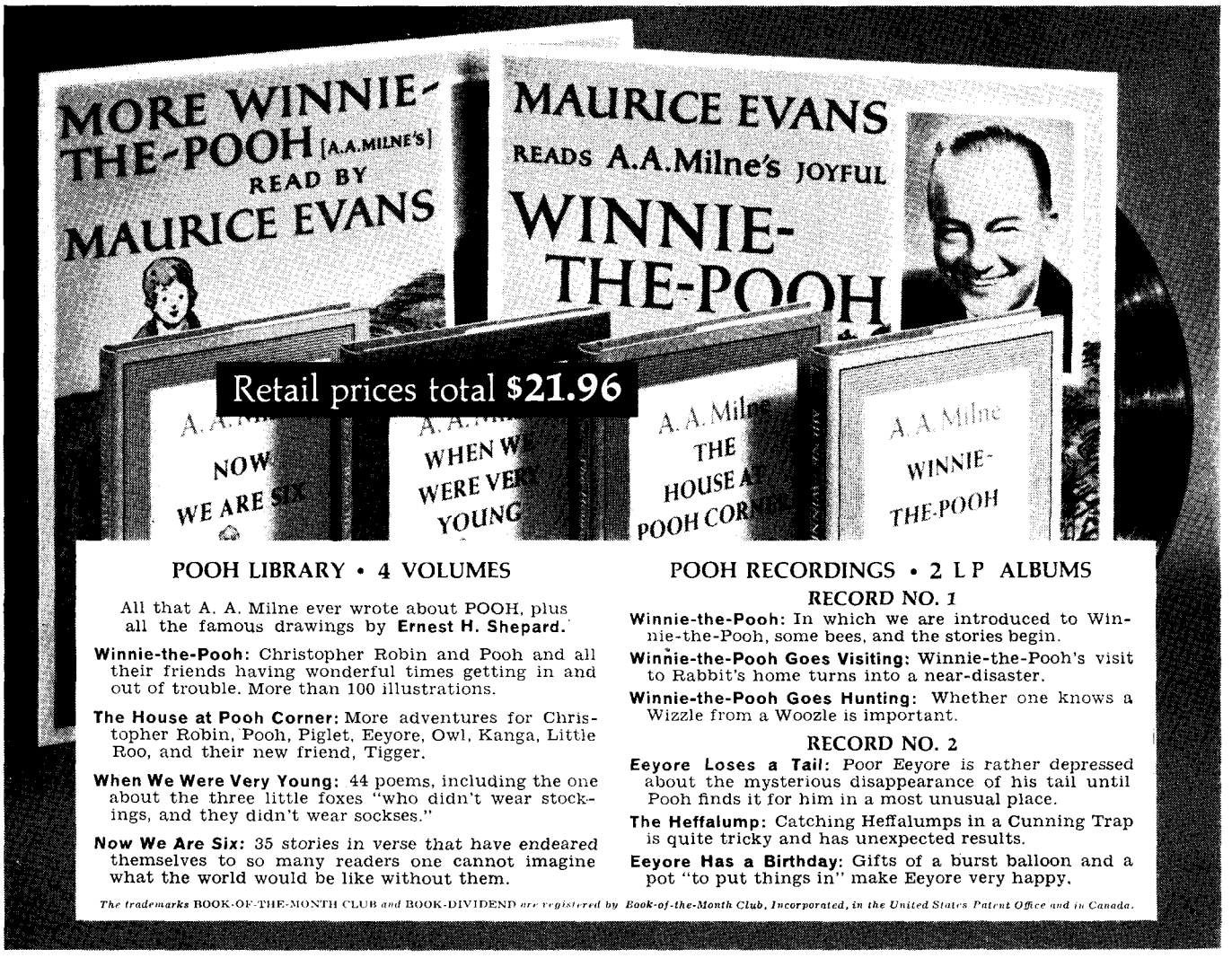
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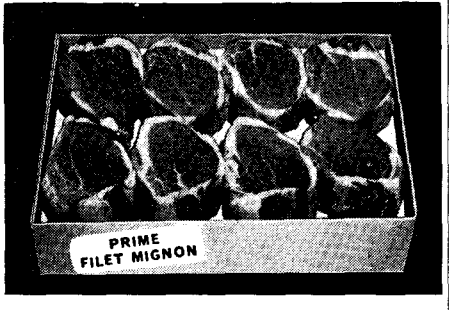

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The trouble with Tuesday.

At the time we announced that Tuesday was the day to drink Teacher's Scotch, we were frankly unaware Tuesday needed help.

It simply seemed as good a day as any.

How wrong we were is borne out by our mail which indicates that, prior to Teacher's, Tuesday was something less than the most beloved day of the week. Some saw it as a consolation prize for surviving Monday. Others said its only redeeming grace was that it revealed the truth about Monday's weather forecasts. Saddest of all, a gentleman from Philadelphia wrote, "Until you good people came along, Tuesday was just there to keep Monday from bumping into Wednesday".

We're glad to be of service and only wish we could do as much for the rest of the week.

Teacher's Scotch

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

LIRR

THE ANNOUNCEMENT by New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller that the Long Island Railroad is now the best in the country has been followed by a number of other events of note:

Barriers, manned by commuters, have been constructed at the Nassau County borders to keep out infiltrators from Kew Gardens who are attempting to ride the Long Island for fun.

The New York State Republican Committee issued an affidavit to the effect that Nelson Rockefeller is the best governor in the world. Reached at the California State House, Ronald Reagan agreed that Mr. Rockefeller's record was certainly as good as the Long Island Railroad's.

After a meeting with the New York Governor, President Nixon proclaimed that the war in Vietnam is won. Asked to comment, former President Johnson said, "What war?"

In a statement featured in *Pravda*, the Soviet Academy of Sciences charged Governor Rockefeller with having stolen his railroad know-how from Joseph Stalin, and invited him to take a ride on the Moscow Subway.

R.B., of Huntington, Long Island, a commuter for sixteen years, said that he agreed absolutely with the Governor about the Long Island. Mr. B. was interviewed at Pilgrim State Hospital.

It is reliably reported that next year, the Governor is going to name the Yankees the best team in the American League. —WALTER GOODMAN.

Urk, Limmen, Lisse, and Other Places

MY MATERNAL grandmother always said my father should have been an American.

"I'd say he *was* an American," she said, "if I didn't know he was born in Eindhoven. The ideas that man has for bringing the tourists to our poor little country."

My father smiled modestly. "I have done little," he said, "though I must confess the Dutch tourist bureau has liked my ideas."

"I should think they would," said my grandmother, fluffing up her great Frisian gown. She had put on a native costume to pose for magazine pictures. "Just think what you did for Urk," she went on. "Who had ever heard of Urk before you put it on the map?"

My father laughed. He regarded Urk as one of his genuine triumphs. "Oh, anybody might have thought of IJssel Meer (cap I, cap J) Flag Day to mark the opening of the eeling season in April," he said.

This sort of talk in our family was not new. My grandmother liked to recall her girlhood days when the man from *National Geographic* came around every two years. She could trace her growth from a small child to a young woman and to the birth of her grandchildren in the picture pages of *National Geographic*. The magazine had always been generous in its payments for posing.

"Your father," she said to me, turning her thoughts to the present, "took things we had in our everyday lives and made them into something glamorous. I don't mean just the opening of the eel season at Urk but things like Easter Sunday and Monday *vloeggelen*."

"What is the *vloeggelen*?" I interrupted. "Is it not something to do with the storks and the lapwings?"

"Oh, dear no, Hans," she answered, shaking her head so vigorously that the wings of her large cap set up a breeze. "The *vloeggelen* is at Ootmarsum and all the people go hand-in-hand through the town singing Easter songs and build a big bonfire."

"Where is Ootmarsum?" I asked.

"You must look up Ootmarsum in the atlas," said my grandmother, "and some day we shall go there. And another time we shall go to the Bee Market at Kesteren. That is a fine affair. Dutch bees are very industrious."

"Aren't all bees industrious, Grandmother?"

"Yes, but Dutch bees are more industrious."

At that time we were living near Leyden. The winter days were gray and cold and often foggy. When I complained my mother said I must be patient. In April we would all go to the traditional cheese market at Alkmaar where the porters on the final day of the fair would be wearing historical guild uniforms and the cheese would be weighed.

"I don't think that's very exciting," I said. "Why can't we go to Paris or Rome?"

My father said there were a number of reasons, the chief one being that he had to stay in Holland to promote events that would draw tourists. There was the international tulip rally that

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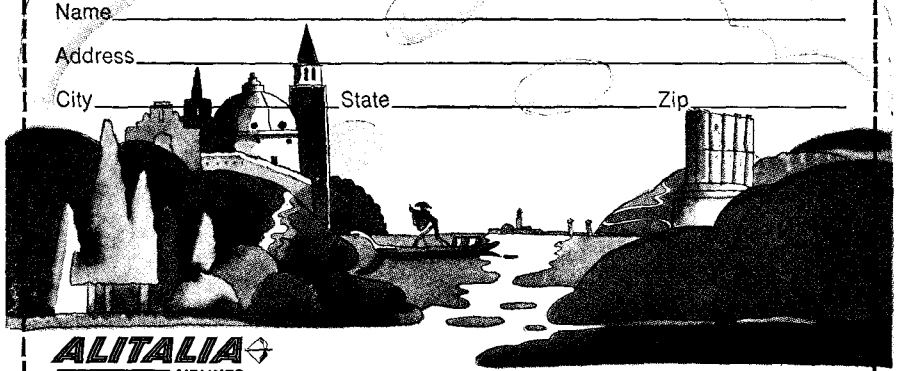

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16 things I learned from my wife...

since she started reading The National Observer

"Barbara is a model housewife. But she's the last person I would expect to brief me about what is going on in the world. So you can imagine my surprise when Barbara began talking about such news as:

1. Why students still in high school also attend medical school in Philadelphia.
2. How to make sure you are buying a genuine antique—and not a piece of junk.
3. Why a psychologist says your child's name may be the key to his behavior.
4. How a new technique with ceramics is expected to put an end to dentures.
5. How to buy original sculpture as an investment.
6. How legal difficulties are holding up our progress in mining the ocean's wealth.
7. Why a new definition of death is the subject of controversy at the American Medical Association.
8. How some organized groups of housewives are waging a battle against high prices and inadequate service.
9. How you can increase and perhaps double your life insurance coverage... without spending a penny more.
10. How families are saving hundreds of dollars on air fares by understanding the airline 'rate language'.
11. Steps to take immediately to protect yourself if you lose your credit cards.
12. Why house-hunters should check the size of the furniture in model homes.
13. Why Canadian officials are considering making it easier for U.S. Army deserters to find sanctuary in Canada.
14. How a scientist in Pennsylvania is teaching trees to resist air pollution.
15. How to save money—perhaps hundreds of dollars—when purchasing a new car.
16. Why a well-known zoologist thinks it may soon become necessary to let the grizzly bear become extinct.

"Where did Barbara get all of this information? Certainly not from day time television or the local paper. No — a short while ago, on a friend's advice, she took out a subscription to The National Observer, the national weekly newspaper. I could see the change in her almost immediately, and when I began reading The Observer, too, I knew why. It really *explains* the news. Each story is not just a collection of facts, but a fascinating, thorough report that puts all the pieces together.

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You get more news — and you get more out of it. In its full-size newspaper format (printed on our own special crisp, white newsprint) you often get more reading material than in other news weeklies — not just one major "cover story," but five or six. Inside pages are important news pages, too — there's no "letdown." More than 50 excellent pictures and illustrations open windows not only on the people, places and events in the headlines, but also on such colorful sidelights as the amusing spectacle of an elephant giving his autograph.

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Each week, too, The Observer brings you more than a dozen special features that add to your enjoyment or broaden your knowledge in important areas. "This Week in Washington," for example, can be read in a matter of minutes, yet it brings you up to date on significant happenings. "How's Business?" fills you in quickly on important trends in business and industry.

For Bridge enthusiasts, there's "Better Bridge"; for crossword fans, a really challenging weekly brain-tickler; for recipe collectors, a gem or two almost every week in "Food for Thought." And for both you and your youngsters, there's a weekly news quiz, plus "Current Events Classroom," a column which brings you news background on topics such as the mystery of certain Unidentified Flying Objects for which the United States Air Force has no explanation. On the lighter side, "Reflections" explores the random aspects of life such as the "good old days" when a pocket watch was a major status symbol. And, "The Compleat Consumer" offers you tips on how to live better and get the best buy for your dollar, whether you're planning to buy a car . . . a camera . . . or take a vacation cruise.

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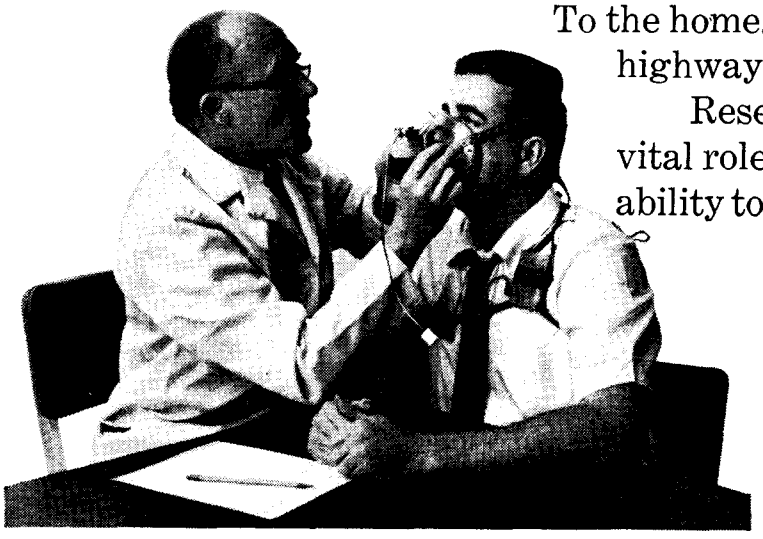

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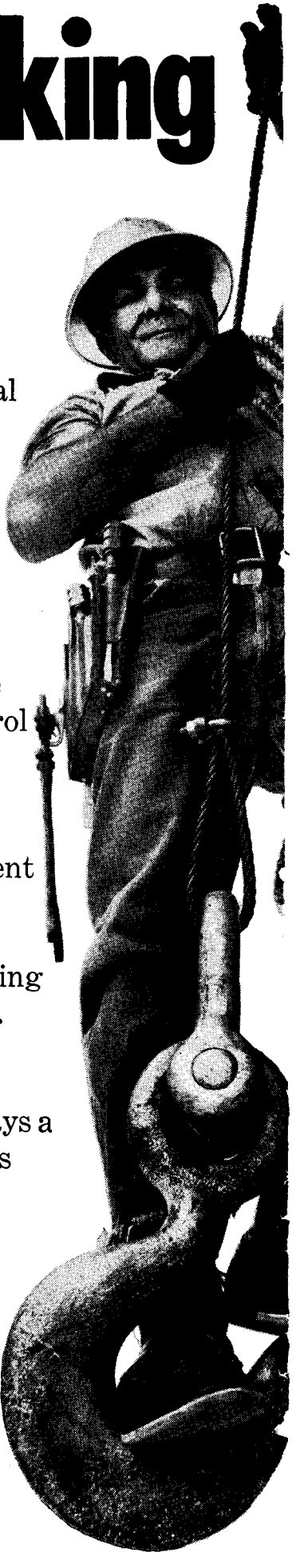

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to prevent injury.

accidents. The recently established INA MEND Institute at Albertson, Long Island, is devoted to applied research. And that's something there's been precious little of in the field of accident prevention. Current projects include investigation of physical changes during physical and emotional stress; measuring worker fatigue and stress under various environments; the relation of tool design and fatigue; and the nature of attention span and the possible relationship it has to accidents. Creative research pays off. In one on-the-job study we examined the attitudes of workers and their families toward accident prevention. As a result, we learned that accident prevention programs at work are an important part of the working environment. That families are anxious to visit and understand the place where the breadwinner works.

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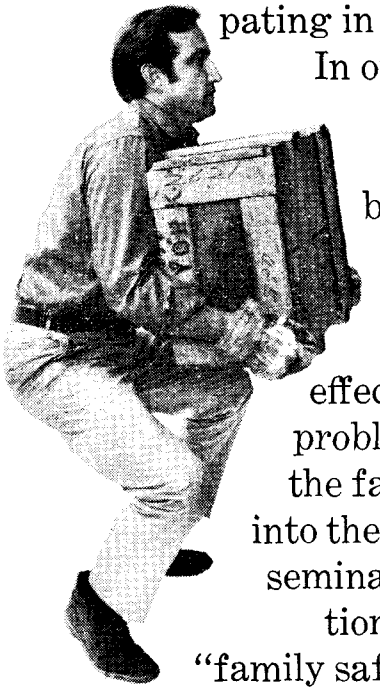

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Foreword by René Wellek **Illustrated in full color by Jacob Landau**

E. T. A. Hoffmann. Best known as the librettist for Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann* and Tschaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*. And one of the first modern writers. His literary works consistently break free from debilitating conventions. And brilliantly and originally depict what Dostoevsky called Hoffmann's "secret, enchanted world." Hoffmann. His fascination with abnormal psychological states. With dualism. With alienated man. With dreams and the subconscious. Even with urban life as a source of strain—all anticipate the twentieth century.Hoffmann.Very much a part of the mainstream of literature. An influence on Dostoevsky. Gogol. Balzac. And in this country on Poe and Hawthorne. *Selected Writings of E. T. A. Hoffmann*, with Jacob Landau's 20 brilliant full-color illustrations, remarkably convey Hoffmann's extraordinary and fantastic vision. *Volume I.* Seven bizarre short stories: "Ritter Gluck." "The Golden Pot." "The Sandman." "Councillor Krespel." "The Mines of Falun." "Mademoiselle de Scudéri." And "The Doubles." *Volume II.* The novel *Kater Murr*. His most important and most extensive work. Wonderfully, outrageously funny. Kapellmeister Kreisler and his bourgeois tomcat Murr (surely the world's greatest "quotation dropper") are Hoffmann's most unique creations. All these incredibly rich fictional representations reveal Hoffmann's complex vision of humanity. Of man—especially the artist—engaged in an archetypal struggle to establish identity in a hostile, absurd, and surprisingly modern world.

"These imaginative, inventive and ironic tales are some of the most ingenious to come along for some time, no matter what their complexity may be. Their publication, with a foreword by René Wellek and handsome illustrations in color by Jacob Landau, is bound to cause a flurry among critics and scholars. The 20 Landau illustrations are wild, beautiful, entirely appropriate. A Christmas present for the discriminating." —*Publishers' Weekly*

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started and finished in Noordwijk, the planting of a new St. Brigida fir in Noorbeek, the big trade fair for the packaging industry in Utrecht, the Keukenhof flower show in Lisse, the bulb show in Limmen, and many bulb parades.

"Don't forget the Alliance Korfbal tournament," my mother said.

"And the annual blessing of the herring smacks at Oolanjac in Haarlem," added my father.

"And the opening of the new chain of windmill motels designed by your Uncle Henke."

"And his windmill snack bars," said my father. Uncle Henke was my mother's brother. She had three others, Sjoerd, Jelle, and Roel.

"And the *polsstokverspringen*," cried my mother.

"At Winsum," said my father.

They were both laughing so hard I joined them against my will. I loved my parents. —JOHN FERRIS.

Playing It Safe

NOWADAYS, they would first call a press conference, and then:

"Off the record, I have not yet begun to fight. I should have something more for you later in the week."

"Damn the torpedoes . . . uh, strike that. We'll have the torpedo people on our backs. Let's just say we're proceeding as quickly as possible under the circumstances."

"We're launching a feasibility study on the possibility of utilizing one or more lanterns as signaling devices, perhaps displaying them from some promontory or elevated structure. We should have a report in six months."

"I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death! Don't use my name."

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different transistor."

"I hold it that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing, and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical. But watch out for the fuzz."

"Don't tread on me. Tread on him."

"54-40 or negotiate."

"We have met the enemy and they are ours. As a matter of fact, they look exactly like ours. It's so hard to tell the difference. Actually, we may have made a very bad mistake here. . . ."
—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

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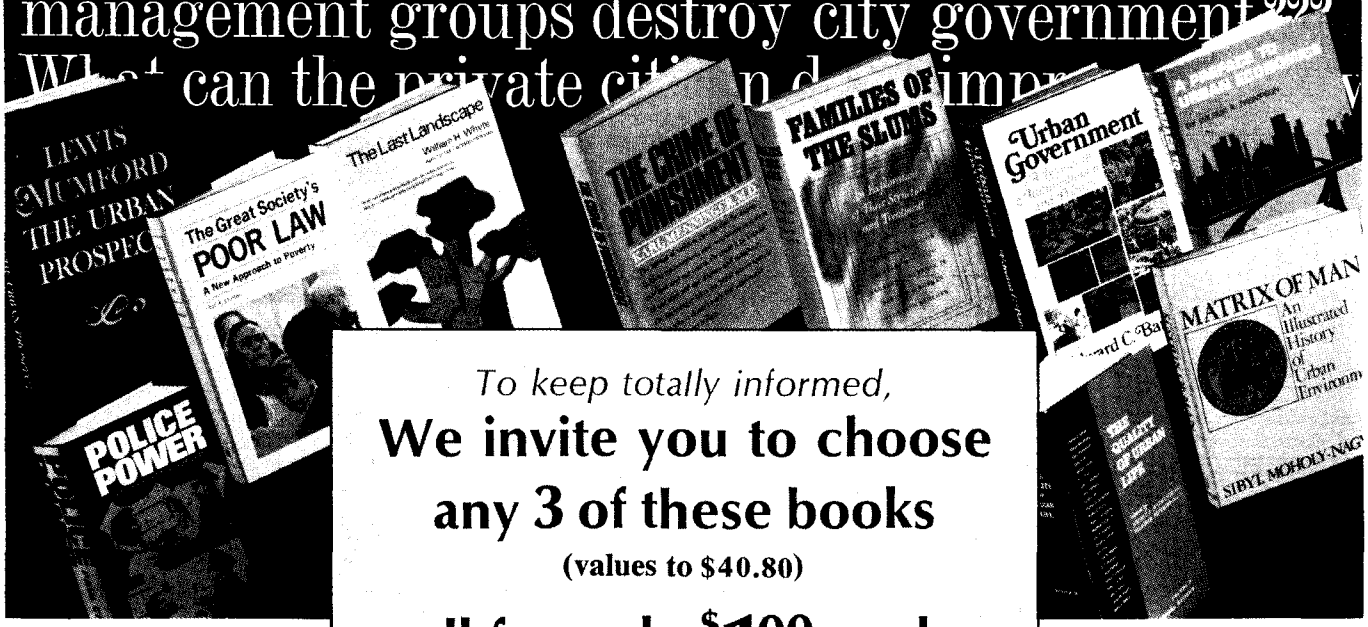
Will better housing provoke more riots ??? Do we secretly approve of poverty??? Will neighborhood management groups destroy city government ??? What can the private citizen do to improve



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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Instant Debate

WHO SAYS Congress talks too much and doesn't do enough? Not true. The other day the House of Representatives had before it a bill on which debate was limited to forty-five seconds for any member who wanted to talk on it.

The bill concerned a small item of $21.35-billion, which the Pentagon needed to keep the Vietnam war going smoothly. So much acrimony had set in during the hassle that the forty-five-second debate limit was invoked. That's known as putting your money where your mouth is.

You don't have to be told that the forty-five-second limit didn't set too well with the House members. Right away they had to cut out the oratorical "From the rock-ribbed coast of Maine across the golden wheat fields of Kansas to the sunny shores of California, of our glorious country."

As *The New York Times* told it, Representative Henry S. Reuss, Democrat of Wisconsin, rose to explain his proposal to cut down some of the cost. His proposal was "to trim the funds for air-borne warning, and control system, and an interceptor program." Just explaining that took forty-five seconds. He never got to explain why or how. He was gaveled down. So he "borrowed" forty-five seconds of time from several other colleagues, and at the end of each forty-five-second period he was gaveled down.

Another member rose to cry out: "This is an absolute travesty. We demean the operation of the House." (Gavel.) Another member rose: "A civilized society doesn't stifle opposition, it meets it." (Gavel.)

Pretty soon the $21.35-billion bill was not being debated. It was the forty-five-second limit that was the hot issue. And finally when the gavel was worn down to a nub, the presiding chairman announced that all time had run out. The bill was passed.

Nevertheless, this instant debate is a commendable procedure in these days of so much rhetoric and so little action, especially on the political scene. But when you take it out of the House and into the home, it becomes a different kettle of mink.

"What do you mean you need a new mink coat? I just bought you a mink coat a year ago."

"That was not a year ago," she replies. "It was a year ago you made the final payment. And I can give you a lot of reasons why I need a new mink."

"OK, you have forty-five seconds. Go."

"My most important reason is that my coat is much too long. It comes almost down to my ankles. There are new styles now. The latest fashion in mink coats is knee length."

"That's it. Your forty-five seconds are up. In rebuttal I wish to say—"

"Say it in forty-five seconds. Go."

"In the first place, I don't like to see my wife in anything knee length. Especially in mink. If God had wanted mink coats to be knee length, he would have created minks with knee-length pelts. In the second place—"

"OK, your forty-five seconds are up. Now me. I'd like to ask you what you have against my knees? Every time I put on a dress you make some snide comment about my knees. All the girls are wearing short skirts, you don't seem to mind that. But when I wear something that is short, you always knock my knees."

"Time's up. In rebuttal I wish to say that over the years I've always let you buy everything you ever wanted. A more understanding husband you will never find from the rock-ribbed coast of Maine, across the golden wheat fields of Kansas, to the sunny shores of—"

"OK, your forty-five seconds are up."

"Just a minute. I'm borrowing forty-five seconds from my accountant. In his own words I tell you he informed me that we have to keep expenses to a minimum—and he didn't mean a mini mink coat. In the second place, in answer to your absurd comment that I knocked your knees, I can only say it wasn't me. God took care of that."

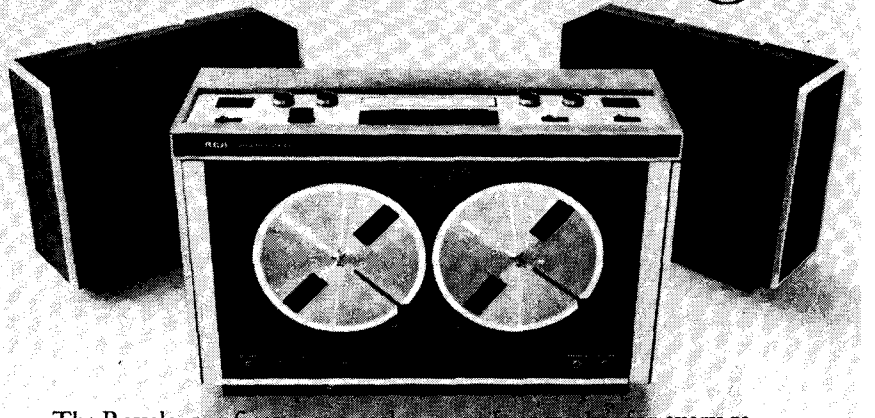
"Now just a minute, you. I want to borrow forty-five seconds from my mother. She told me there would be days like this. She warned me. She told me time and again that I should have married Ralph Tillingworth. And she was ri—"

"Oh, not Ralph Tillingworth again."

"My forty-five seconds aren't up. To think that you—that you would say that about my—about my—"

She begins to cry. And since time began, that is one argument that never lost a debate. Because there never has been a forty-five-second limit to a woman's tears.

Ruin your amateur standing.



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RCA

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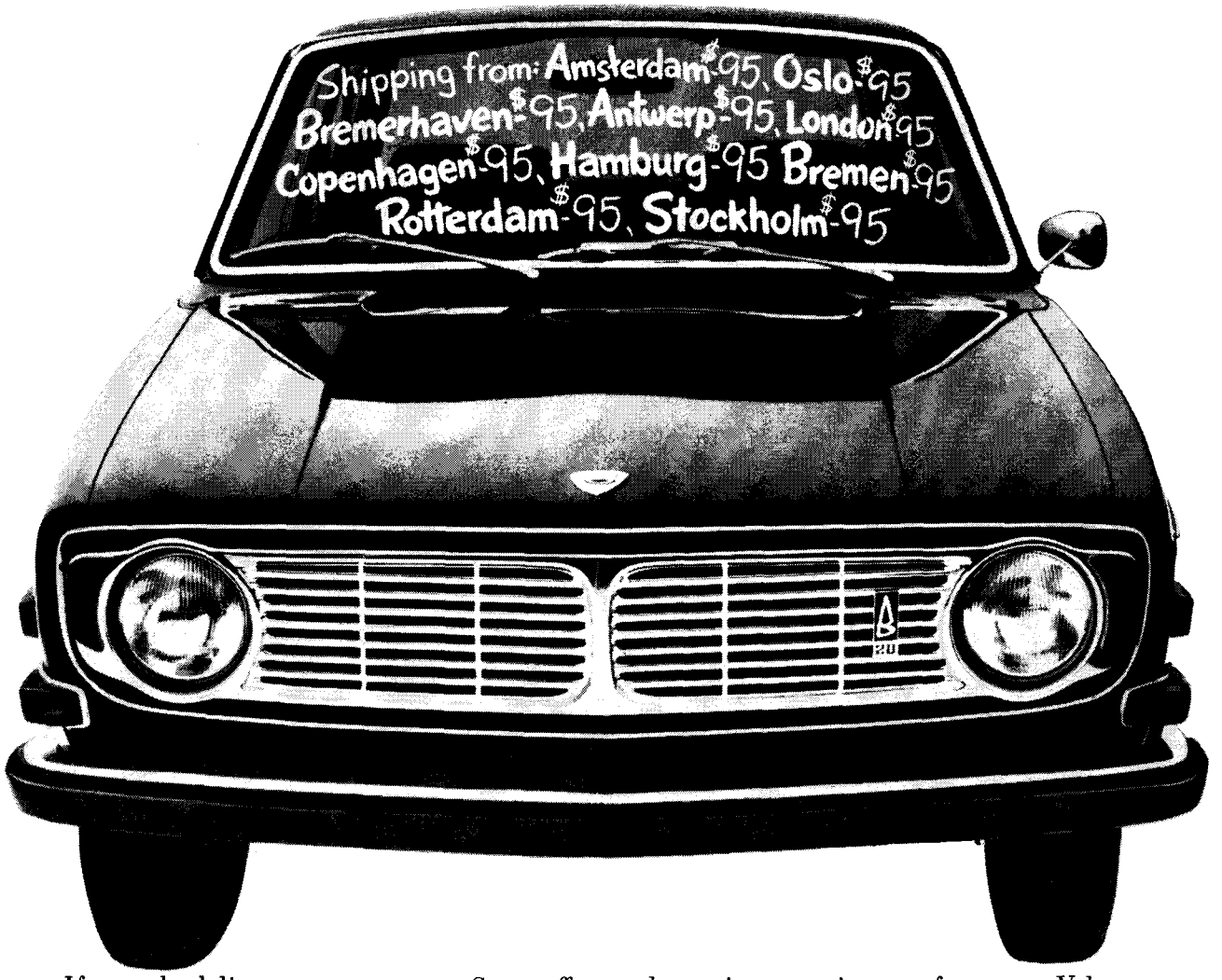
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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

When his wife had to leave town to take care of her ailing mother, Charley Manos of the Detroit *News* looked for someone to take over. He found this ad in his paper: EUROPEAN WOMAN WISHES DAY WORK; EXPERIENCE, GOOD REFERENCE. He called the number listed, and he tells me the interview went this way:

WOMAN: How many in the family?
MANOS: Five, including three children, but one is away.
WOMAN: How many rooms?
MANOS: Uh, three bedrooms and a den, or four bedrooms.
WOMAN: What kind of vacuum cleaner do you have?
MANOS: Standard, I guess. It's electric.
WOMAN: How far is your home from the bus stop?
MANOS: Just two short blocks.
WOMAN: How much do you pay?
MANOS: I don't know. What is the going rate?
WOMAN: I charge sixteen dollars for eight hours, plus bus fare both ways.
MANOS: All right, now can I ask you some questions—about the reference?
WOMAN: I can't talk now.
MANOS: But your ad said good reference, and—
WOMAN: What happened to the other cleaning woman?
MANOS: She's visiting her mother—I mean, we didn't have one.
WOMAN: I'll call you back.

She never did, and Charley Manos never had the courage to answer another advertisement, so they got along without any help.

I never knew that Jack Johnson, the first black heavyweight boxing champion, had written an autobiography. It has just been published by Chelsea House under the title, *Jack Johnson Was A Dandy*. Some experts claim that Johnson was the greatest. At the age of forty-eight he fought and beat a twenty-four-year-old who had never lost a fight. Johnson himself thought he could have beaten Dempsey or Tunney when he was in his forties and they were in their prime.

It wasn't only his prize-fighting skill that attracted attention, but his private life, too. Three of his four wives were white, and he refused to play the game as the Establishment wanted. That was sixty years ago, so you can imagine the kind of controversy that he engendered. Johnson fled the country to escape a prison term on a rather phony charge, and he lived a high old life abroad. He finally came back to take his medicine. He died in an auto accident in 1946. Johnson had been shipwrecked, robbed by Mexican bandits, presented at court, befriended by Australian bushmen, and had, as he wrote, "mingled with the frivolous in the noted cafés and restaurants of the continent." Compared to him, a Great White Hope would seem pale, indeed.

In his medical column in the Houston *Chronicle*, Dr. T. R. Van Dellen wrote about "How to get out of a car in water." He said, "If it is not possible to open the door, roll down the window. The water will pour in, but be prepared to wait until the compartment is full in order to equalize the pressure. Then take a deep breath and swim out."

Here are some fragments found by Robert Holkeboer while grading papers for the Department of English at Eastern Michigan University over the years:

"Chekhov spent his whole life looking for the piece that would fill the void in his life."

"When we came out of the dressing rooms at the start of the second half, a great ovulation went up from the audience."

"The church condemns to hell anyone engaging in premartial sex."

"The Dark Ages is just another name for the mid-evil period."

"The only subjects Holden did good in was English."

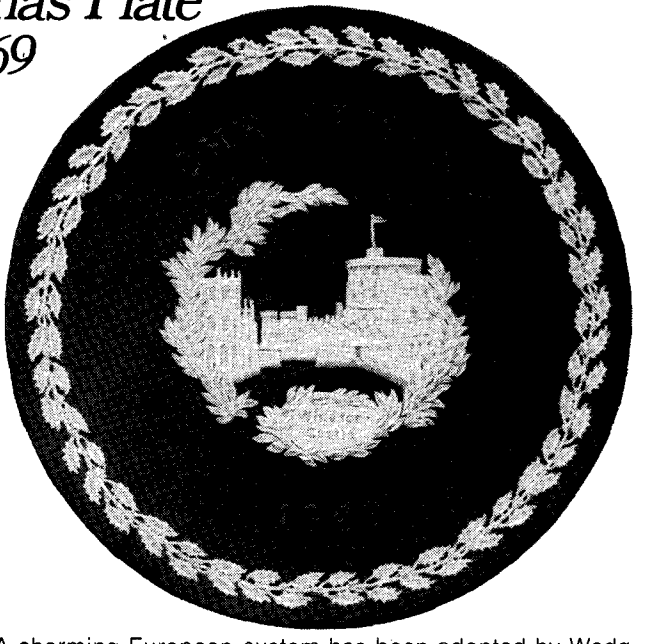
Sharps and Flats: According to the San Juan *Star*, the Ballets de San Juan performed two numbers at the International Theater Festival there in October: "Swam Lake" and "Pas de Dix."

► In a Los Angeles court, a lady's grounds for divorce seemed good enough. She told the judge, "I have reason to believe that my husband is not the father of my last child."

► Robert Lauterborn saw an effective sign in Maine: NO TRESPASSING—SURVIVORS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

► Zander Hollander, who edited *Great American Athletes of the Twentieth Century* (Random), received a fan letter from a young reader that closed with these words: "I hope you write

First Wedgwood Christmas Plate 1969



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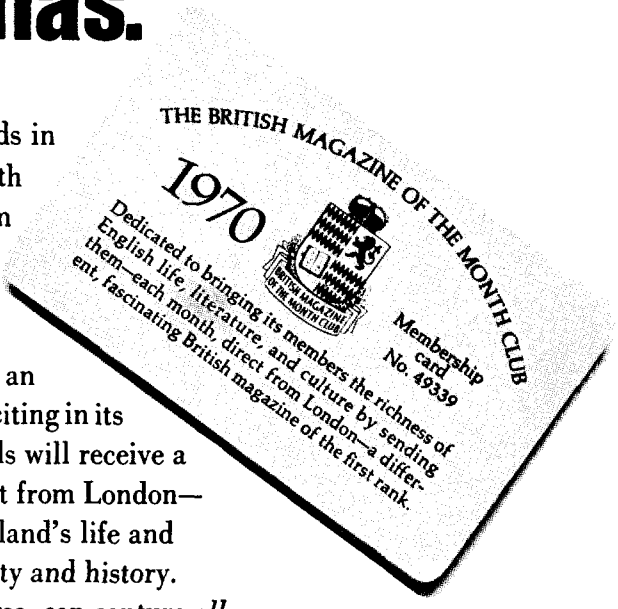
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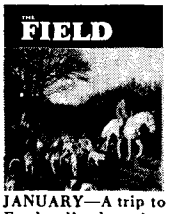

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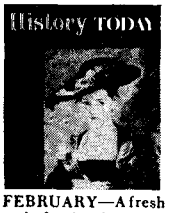

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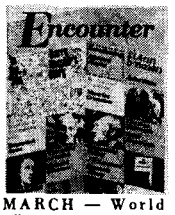

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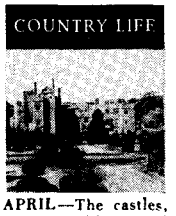

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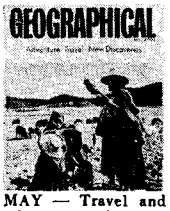

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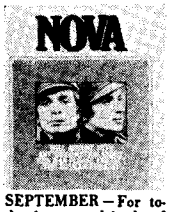

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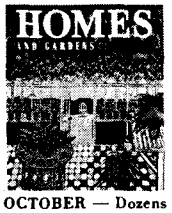

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► At New York's Broadway and 61st Street, Roderick Cook reports, the American Bible Association stands next to the Plaid Stamp Redemption Center.

► If an airline pilot finds himself hijacked to Cuba, he doesn't necessarily have to go to Havana. There is a Cuba in Alabama, in Missouri, in Kansas, in New Mexico, in New York, and in Illinois.

► Hy Brown, general manager of Nathan's Famous, browsed in a Times Square bookstore looking for a book for a sick friend. He found what he wanted, but the jacket was soiled. "This book's a little dirty, isn't it?" he remarked to the clerk. The clerk looked worried, and replied, "If it's only a *little* dirty, we won't sell very many."

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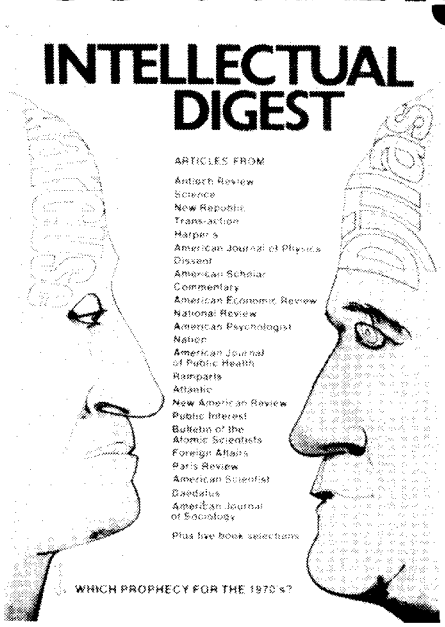

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

Overseas Scenes

LONDON.

THE EUROPEAN REACTION to the impressive peace moratorium was surprisingly ambivalent. There was admiration for the objectives of the demonstration's organizers, sympathy for the depth of the anti-war feelings, and much compassion for the restrained anguish of the nation. But because the Europeans instinctively feel that their own destiny very much depends on the United States, there was apprehension that President Nixon might go too far in reacting to public pressure, and that, as a consequence, American prestige would suffer. There is, in other words, a basic concern that the President, if he ceded to public pressure this time, might do the same in a different situation closer to European interests. Doubts as to the fortitude of American leadership could have a destabilizing effect on the Western world.

This does not mean that the allies feel that the terms President Nixon has offered to Hanoi are good enough to lead to a settlement. As the London *Sunday Times* put it: "Those who fail to win wars cannot expect to make their own price for peace." While the London *Observer*, reflecting the disquiet over the moratorium, wrote: "The tragic irony in the situation is that those Americans who most urgently want an end to the killing and would be most willing to accept a 'Yugoslav' solution may be the very people producing the social pressures which make worse outcomes more likely."

Britain, France, and West Germany are facing some major decisions next year in the fields of defense and economics, yet all three countries are likely to be governed by men with little political elbowroom. In West Germany, the new coalition led by the Social Democrats enjoys only a narrow majority. The Christian Democrats, who expected the Social Democrats to continue the Grand Coalition with them, are bitter and will make it difficult for Chancellor Willy Brandt to arrive at far-reaching decisions. In Paris, Premier Georges Pompidou is very much hamstrung by the opposition on the Left, especially the trade unions, and the ultra-Gaullists on the Right, who are looking over his shoulder to forestall any serious deviations from General de Gaulle's policies.

And here in London all politicians are seriously worried by the volatility of the British electorate. Only a few months ago the opinion polls showed the Conservative Party leading Labour by 19 per cent. This lead has now shrunk to 9, even 4 per cent, depending on what poll one wants to believe. Next year's elections, therefore, are expected to be a close race. It is true that both parties are committed to seeking entry into the Common Market, but both parties also sense that the British public is getting less enthusiastic at this prospect now that the chances, since General de Gaulle's demise, have somewhat improved. The party leaders, therefore, have modified their stand. They are now saying that they still want to join the Common Market, but not at any price.

VIENNA.

THE FRANZ JOSEPH railway station is a grimy old place. It looks as if nothing has been done to it since World War II. But then none of the good international trains depart from here, except for the one that goes to Prague. The Vindobona, as it is called, travels fast, yet it still takes longer than the trains of thirty years ago. The reason is the long, drawn-out wait at the border caused by the tedious and suspicious passport and customs officials. The train's four carriages are half-empty, the first-class carriage totally, except for one Austrian government official traveling on business. The Czechoslovak government apparently does not issue first-class tickets to its citizens because of the hard currency costs to Austria.

Why are Czechs returning to Prague? They are not surprised at this question. Some of them obviously thought hard before deciding not to stay and seek refuge in Austria. They all know that their hopes for a better, more liberal political regime in their native country are gone. And they do not expect any real improvements there within the next ten years. But to many the attraction of mother earth Czechoslovakia remains strong. To become a refugee in the Thirties, in the days of the Nazi threat, was different. People were afraid of concentration camps and gas ovens, of being killed. The desire to escape was compelling. Today, as one Czech who dislikes the Husak regime explained to me, if you go about your job and avoid getting in-

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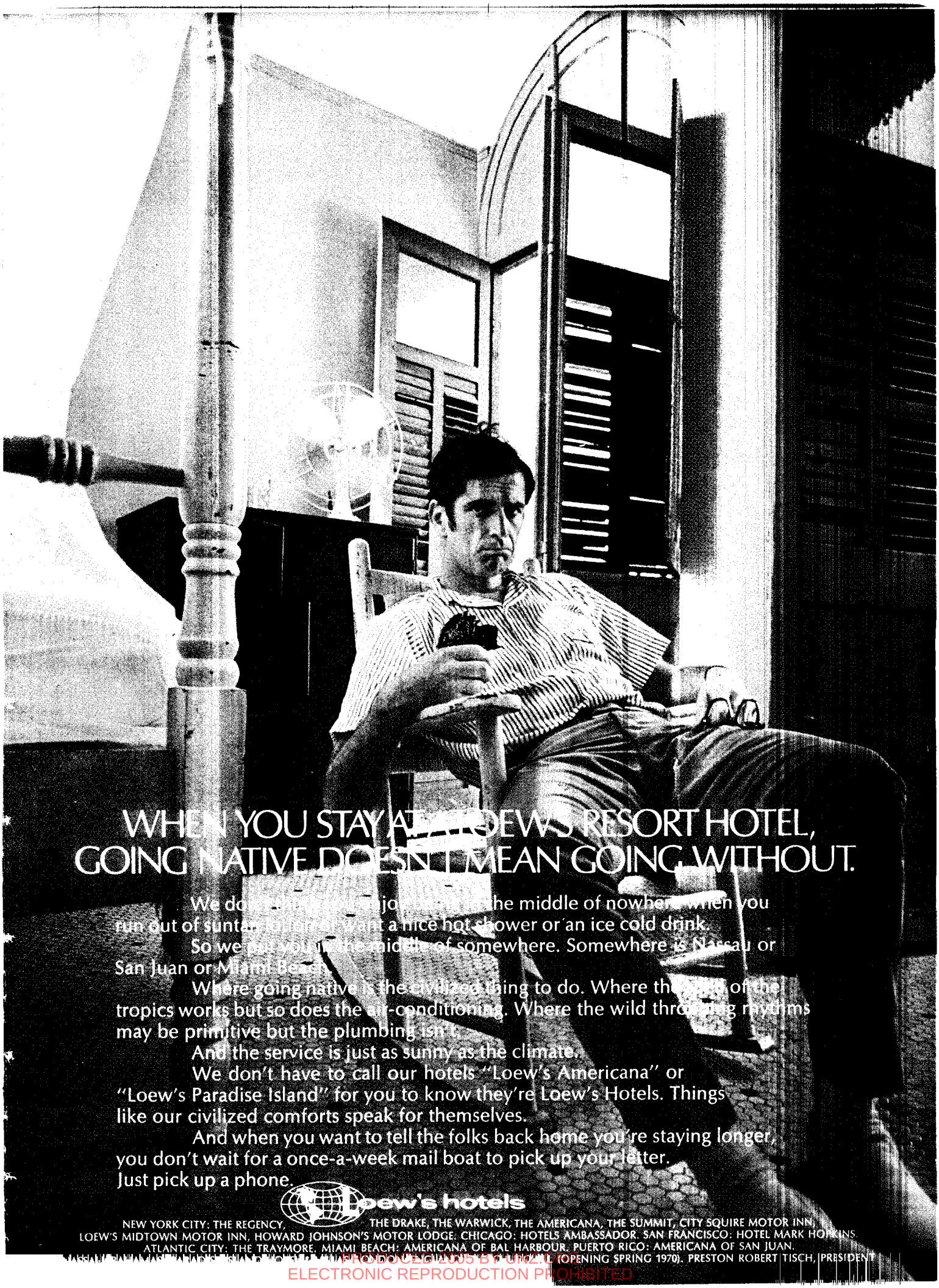
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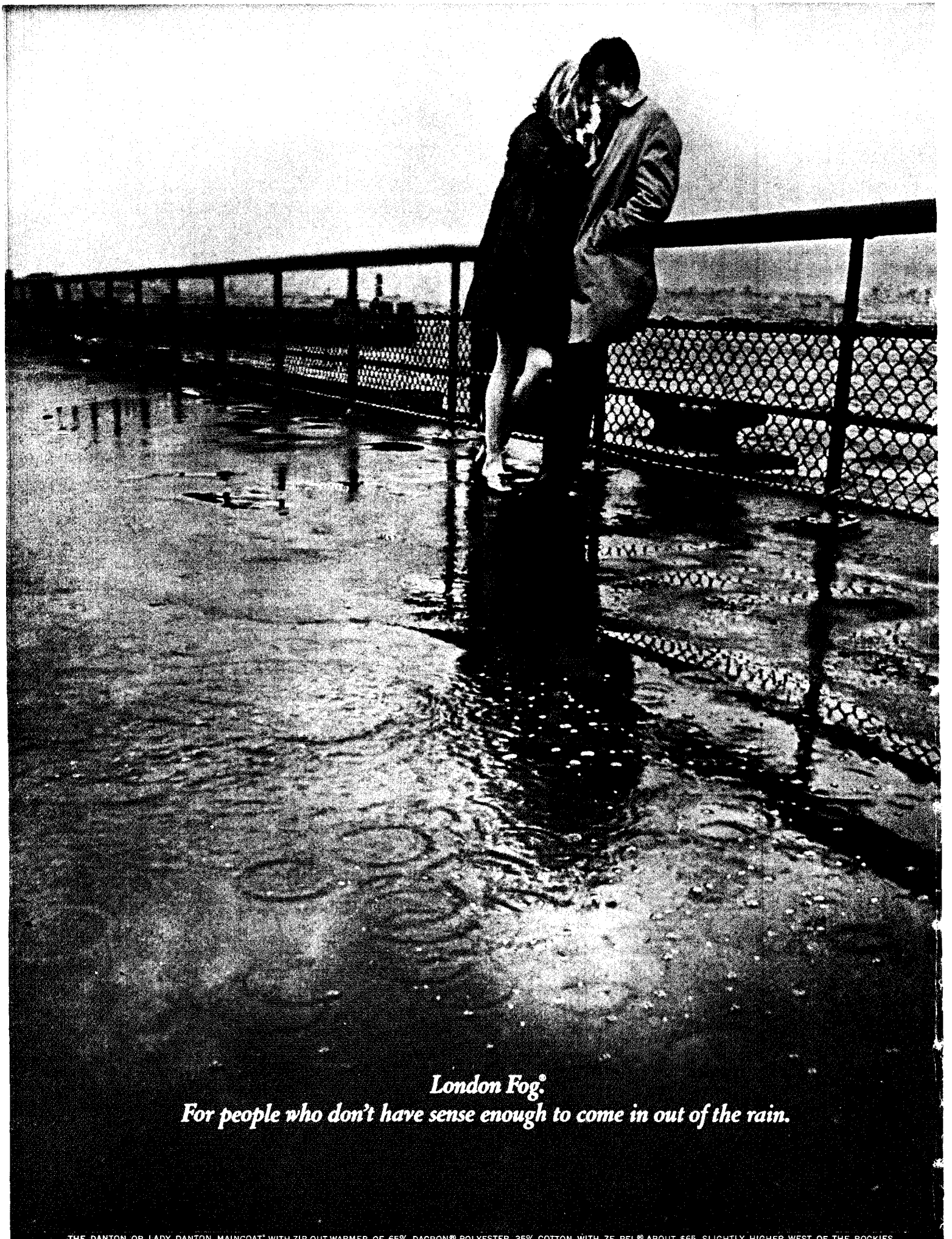

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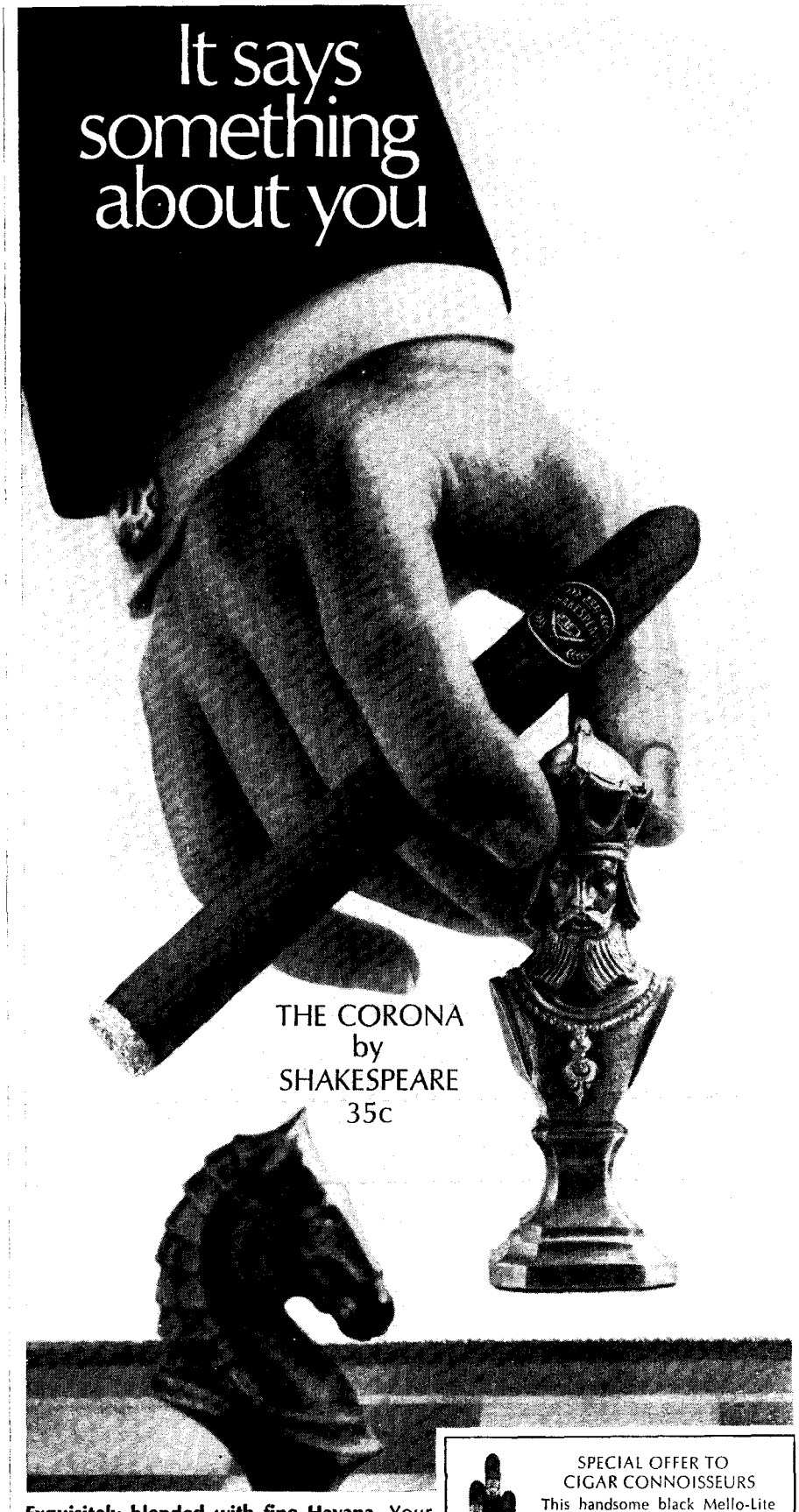
volved in politics, life remains bearable. There was only one thing that seemed to worry him: "Do you think we'll be annexed by the Soviet Union?" It was obvious that I was a little startled by his question and, as if to help me understand what he meant, he added: "I mean whether you think we might become part of the Soviet Union?" At that point the train whistle blew, and, biting his lips, he swung himself up the steps and into the train.

ATHENS.

THE BEAUTY and the warmth of Athens are the same as always. Thousands of tourists move about mesmerized by the ancient past; they do not sense that Greece today is an unhappy country. It is run by a military dictatorship that has no popular support, and yet there does not seem to be serious opposition to it. There are individual acts of protest and rebellion, but few knowledgeable foreign observers believe that behind them is the kind of strength that could lead to the ouster of the "Colonels." The general feeling among the populace is one of frustration and the belief that this regime will stay in power for quite a while.

If and when another coup is staged, it will be from within the present military junta and not from outside. The contest is between factions of the Right and not between Right and Left; in fact, the Left is said to be lying low. The veteran Foreign Minister Panayotis Pipinelis is the only influential monarchist left in public office mainly because he is a true professional in the field of diplomacy and the "Colonels" are short of experts. But the King's men are getting fewer and fewer, and whatever support he has been having in the country is waning fast. And of those politicians outside Greece today, only former Prime Minister Constantinos Karamanlis, who now lives in Paris, has a serious following inside the country. Still, the prospects for an early change are not promising.



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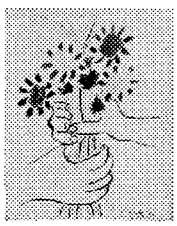

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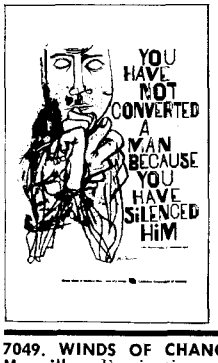

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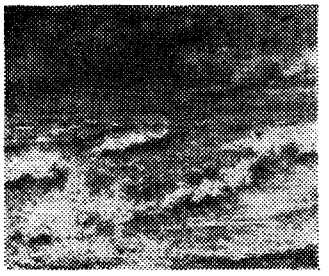

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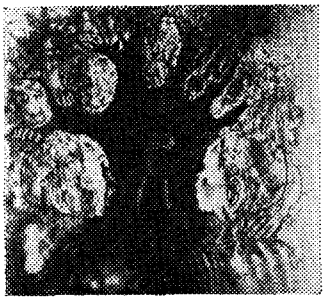

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—Sam Falk (Monkmeyer).

CAN ANYONE RUN A CITY?

by GUS TYLER

Can anyone run a city? For scores of candidates who have run for municipal office across the nation this week, the reply obviously is a rhetorical yes. But if we are to judge by the experiences of many mayors whose terms have brought nothing but failure and despair, the answer must be no. "Our association has had a tremendous casualty list in the past year," noted Terry D. Schrunk, mayor of Portland, Oregon, and president of the U.S. Conference of Mayors. "When we went home from Chicago in 1968, we had designated thirty-nine mayors to sit in places of leadership. . . . Today, nearly half of them are either out of office or going out . . . most of them by their own decision not to run again." Since that statement, two of the best mayors in the country—Jerome P. Cavanagh of Detroit and Richard C. Lee of New Haven—have chosen not to run again.

Why do mayors want out? Because, says Mayor Joseph M. Barr of Pittsburgh, "the problems are almost insurmountable. Any mayor who's not frustrated is not thinking." Thomas G. Currigan, former mayor of Denver, having chucked it all in mid-term, says he hopes "to heaven the cities are not ungovernable, [but] there are some frightening aspects that would lead one to at least think along these lines." The scholarly Mayor Arthur Naftalin of Minneapolis adds his testimony: "Increasingly, the central city is unable to meet its problems. The fragmentation of authority is such that there isn't much a city can decide anymore: it can't deal effectively with education or housing."

Above all, the city cannot handle race. Cavanagh, Naftalin, and Lee—dedicated liberal doers all—were riot victims. Mayor A. W. Sorensen of Omaha had to confess that after he'd "gone through three-and-a-half years in this racial business," he'd had it.

Although frictions over race relations often ignite urban explosives, the cities of America—and the world—are proving ungovernable even where they are ethnically homogeneous. Tokyo is in hara-kiri, though racially pure. U Thant, in a statement to the U.N.'s Economic and Social Council, presented the urban problem as world-wide: "In many countries the housing situation . . . verges on disaster. . . . Throughout the developing world, the city is failing badly."

What is the universal malady of cities? The disease is density. Where cities foresaw density and planned accordingly, the situation is bad but tolerable. Where exploding populations hit unready urban areas, they are in disaster. Where ethnic and political conflict add further disorder, the disease appears terminal.

Some naturalists, in the age of urban crisis, have begun to study density as a disease. Crowded rats grow bigger adrenals, pouring out their juices in fear and fury. Crammed cats go through a "Fascist" transformation, with a "despot" at the top, "pariahs" at the bottom, and a general malaise in the community, where the cats, according to P. Leyhausen, "seldom relax, they never look at ease, and there is continuous hissing, growling, and even fighting."

How dense are the cities? The seven out of every ten Americans who live in

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Gus Tyler, assistant president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, is author of *The Political Imperative: The Corporate Character of Unions*, published last year by Macmillan, and a frequent contributor to magazines and other periodicals. He is currently writing a book on labor in the metropolis.

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cities occupy only 1 per cent of the total land area of the country. In the central city the situation is tighter, and in the inner core it is tightest. If we all lived as crushed as the blacks in Harlem, the total population of America could be squeezed into three of the five boroughs of New York City.

This density is, in part, a product of total population explosion. At some point the whole Earth will be as crowded as Harlem—or worse—unless we control births. But, right now, our deformity is due less to overall population than to the lopsided way in which we grow. In the 1950s, half of all the counties in the U.S. actually lost population; in the 1960s, four states lost population. Where did these people go? Into cities and metropolitan states. By the year 2000, we will have an additional 100 million Americans, almost all of whom will end up in the metropolitan areas.

The flow of the population from soil to city has been underway for more than a century, turning what was once a rural nation into an urban one by the early 1900s. Likewise, the flow from city to suburb has been underway for almost half a century. "We shall solve the city problem by leaving the city," advised Henry Ford in a high-minded blurb for his flivver. But, in the past decade, the flow has become a flood. Modern know-how dispossessed millions of farmers, setting in motion a mass migration of ten million Americans from rural, often backward, heavily black and Southern counties to the cities. They carried with them all the upset of the uprooted, with its inherent ethnic and economic conflict. American cities, like Roman civilization, were hit by tidal waves of modern Vandals. Under the impact of this new rural-push/urban-pull, distressed city dwellers started to move—then to run—out. Hence, the newest demographic dynamic: urban-push and suburban-pull. In the 1940s, half the metropolitan increase was in the suburbs; in the 1950s, it was two-thirds; in the 1960s, the central cities stopped growing while the suburbs boomed.

Not only people left the central city; but jobs, too, thereby creating a whole new set of economic and logistic problems. Industrial plants (the traditional economic ladder for new ethnic populations) began to flee the city in search of space for factories with modern horizontal layouts. Between 1945 and 1965, 63 per cent of all new industrial building took place outside the core. At present, 75 to 80 per cent of new jobs in trade and industry are situated on the metropolitan fringe. In the New York metropolitan area from 1951 to 1965, 127,753 new jobs were located in the city while more than three times that number (387,873) were located in the suburbs. In the Philadelphia metropolis, the city *lost* 49,461 jobs, while the suburbs gained 215,296. For the blue-collar worker who could afford to move to the suburbs or who could commute (usually by car) there were jobs. For those who were stuck in the city, the alternatives were work in small competitive plants hungry for cheap labor and no work at all.

Ironically, the worthwhile jobs that did locate in the cities were precisely those most unsuited for people of the inner core, namely, white-collar clerical, administrative, and executive positions. These jobs locate in high-rise office buildings with their vertical complexes of cubicles, drawing to them the more affluent employees who live in the outskirts and suburbs.

This disallocation of employment, calling for daily commuter migrations, has helped turn the automobile from a solution into a problem, as central cities have become stricken with auto-immobility; in midtown New York, the vehicular pace has been reduced from 11.5 mph in 1907 to 6 mph in 1963. To break the traffic jam, cities have built highways, garages, and parking lots that eat up valuable (once taxable) space in their busy downtowns: 55 per cent of the land in central Los Angeles, 50 per cent in Atlanta, 40 per cent in Boston, 30 per cent in Denver. All these "improvements," however, encourage more cars to come and go, leaving the central city poorer, not better.

Autos produce auto-intoxication: poisoning of the air. While the car is not the only offender (industry causes about 18 per cent of pollution; electric generators, 12 per cent; space heaters, 6 per cent; refuse disposal, 2.5 per cent), it is the main menace spewing forth 60 per cent of all the atmospheric filth. In 1966, a temperature inversion in New York City—fatefully coinciding with a national conference on air pollution—brought on eighty deaths. In 1952, in London, 4,000 people died during a similar atmospheric phenomenon.

The auto also helped to kill mass transit, the rational solution to the commuter problem. The auto drained railroads of passengers; to make up the loss, the railroads boosted fares; as fares went up, more passengers turned to autos; faced with bankruptcy, lines fell behind in upkeep, driving passengers to anger and more autos. Between 1950 and 1963, a dozen lines quit the passenger business; of the 500 intercity trains still in operation, fifty have applied to the ICC for discontinuance. Meanwhile, many treat their passengers as if they were freight.

—*Bayer (Monkmeyer).*

"Increasingly, the central city is unable to meet its problems."

Regional planners saw this coming two generations ago and proposed networks of mass transportation. But the auto put together its own lobby to decide otherwise: auto manufacturers, oil companies, road builders, and politicians who depend heavily on the construction industry for campaign contributions.

The auto is even failing in its traditional weekend role as the means to get away. On a hot August weekend this year, Jones Beach had to close down for a full hour, because 60,000 cars tried to get into parking lots with a capacity of 24,000. The cars moved on to the Robert Moses State Park and so jammed the 6,000-car lot there as to force a two-hour shutdown.

Overcrowding of the recreation

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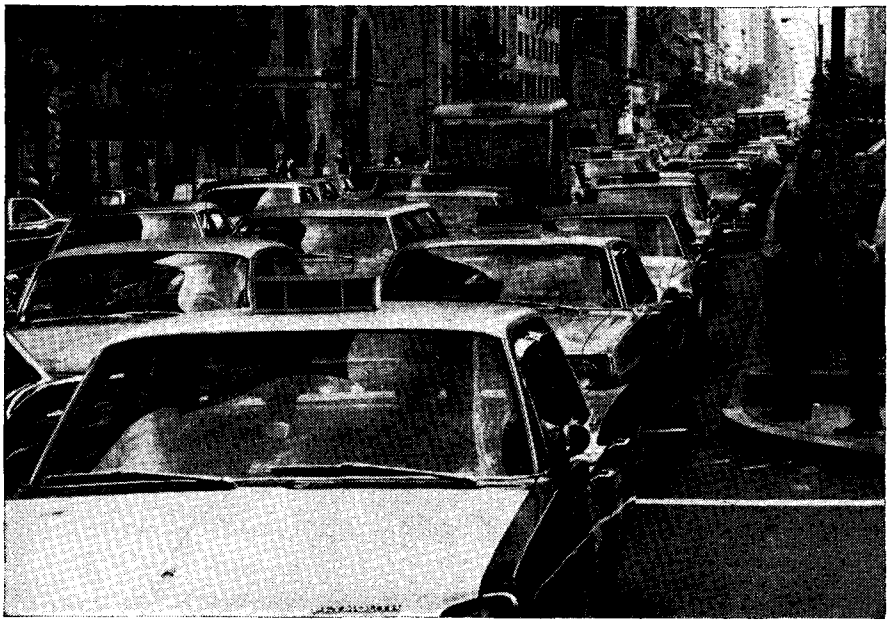
spots is due not only to more people with more cars but to the pollution of waters by the dumping of garbage—another by-product of metropolitan density.

Viewed in the overall, our larger metropolises with their urban and suburban areas are repeating the gloomy evolution of our larger cities. When Greater New York was composed of Manhattan (then New York) and the four surrounding boroughs, the idea was to establish a balanced city: a crowded center surrounded by villages and farms. In the end, all New York became citified. Likewise, the entire metropolitan area is becoming urbanized with the suburbanite increasingly caught up in the city tangle.

The flow from city to suburb does not, surprisingly, relieve crowding within the central city, even in those cases where the city population is no longer growing. The same number of people—especially in the poor areas—



—Monkmeyer.

"The auto drained railroads of passengers; to make up the loss, the railroads boosted fares; as fares went up, more passengers turned to autos . . ."

have fewer places to live. In recent years, some 12,000 buildings that once housed about 60,000 families in New York City have been abandoned, with tenants being dispossessed by derelicts and rats; 3,000 more buildings are expected to be abandoned this year. The story of these buildings, in a city such as New York, reads like a Kafkaesque comedy. For the city to tear down even one of these menaces involves two to four years of red tape; to get possession of the land takes another two to four years. Meanwhile, the wrecks are inhabited by human wrecks preparing their meals over Sterno cans that regularly set fire to the buildings. By law, the fire department is then charged with the responsibility of risking men's lives to put out the fire, which they usually can do. However, when the flames get out of hand, other worthy buildings are gutted, leaving whole blocks of charred skeletons—victims of the quiet riot.

Other dwellings are being torn down by private builders to make way for high-rise luxury apartments and commercial structures. *Public* action has destroyed more housing than has been built in all federally aided programs. As a result, the crowded are more crowded than ever. Rehabilitation instead of renewal doesn't work. New York City tried it only to discover that rehabilitation costs $38 a square foot—a little *more* than new luxury housing.

The result of all this housing decay and destruction (plus FHA money to encourage more affluent whites to move to the suburbs) has been, says the National Commission on Urban Problems, "to intensify racial and economic stratification of America's urban areas."

While ghetto cores turn into ghost towns, the ghetto fringes flare out. The crime that oozes through the sores of the diseased slum chases away old neighbors, a few of whom can make it to the suburbs; the rest seek refuge in the "urban villages" of the low-income whites. Cities become denser and tenser than they were. In the process, these populous centers of civilization become—like Europe during the Dark Ages—the bloody soil on which armed towns wage their inevitable wars over a street, a building, a hole in the wall. Amid this troubled terrain, the freelance criminal adds to the anarchy.

All these problems (plus welfare, schooling, and militant unions of municipal employees) hit the mayors at a time when, according to the National Commission on Urban Problems, "there is a crisis of urban government finance . . . rooted in conditions that will not disappear but threaten to grow and spread rapidly." The "roots" of the "crisis"? The mayor starts with a historic heavy debt burden. His power to tax and borrow is often tethered by a rural-minded state legislature. He has lost many of the city's wealthy payers to the suburbs. His levies on property (small homes) and sales are prodding Mr. Middle to a tax revolt. The bigger (richer) the city is, the worse off it is. As population increases, per capita cost of running a city goes up—not down: density makes for frictions that demand expensive social lubricants. Municipalities of 100,000 to 299,000 spend $14.60 per person on police; those of 300,000 to 490,000 spend $18.33; and those of 500,000 to one million spend $21.88. New York City spends $39.83. On hospitalization, the first two categories spend $5 to $8 per person; those over 500,000 spend $12.54; New York spends $55.19.

Expanding the economy of a city does not solve the problem; it makes it worse. Several scholarly studies have come up with this piece of empiric pessimism: if the gross income of a city goes up 100 per cent, revenue rises only 90 per cent, and expenditures rise 110 per cent. Consequently, when a city's economy grows, the city's budget is in a worse fix than before. This diseconomy of bigness and richness applies even when cities merely limit themselves to prior levels of services. But cities, unable to cling to this inadequate past, have had to step up services to meet the rising expectations of city dwellers.

The easy out for a mayor is to demand that the federal coffers take over cost or hand over money. But is that the real answer? The federal income tax as presently levied falls most heavily on an already embittered middle class—our alienated majority. Unable to push this group any harder and unwilling to "soak the rich," an administration, such as President Nixon's, comes up with revenue-sharing toothpicks with which to shore up mountains. Nixon has proposed half a billion for next year and $5-billion by 1975, while urban experts see a need for $20- to $50-billion each year for the next decade. A Senate committee headed by Senator Abe Ribicoff calls for a cool trillion.

But even if a trillion were forthcoming, it might be unable to do the job. To build, a city must rebuild: bulldoze buildings, redirect highways, clear for

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mass transportation, remake streets—a tough task. But even tougher, a city must bulldoze people who are rigidified in resistant economic and political enclaves. The total undertaking could be more difficult than resurrecting a Phoenix that was already nothing but a heap of ashes.

What powers does a mayor bring to these complex problems? Very few. Many cities have a weak mayor setup, making him little more than a figurehead. If he has power, he lacks money. If he has power and money, he must find real—not symbolic—solutions to problems in the context of a density that turns "successes" into failures. If a mayor can, miraculously, come up with comprehensive plans, they will have to include a region far greater than the central city where he reigns.

A mayor must try to do all this in an era of political retribalism, when communities are demanding more, not less, say over the governance of their little neighborhoods. In this hour, when regional government is needed to cope with the many problems of the metropolitan area as a unity, the popular mood is to break up and return power to those warring factions—racial, economic, religious, geographic—that have in numerous cases turned a city into a no man's land.

Is there then no hope? There is—if we putter less within present cities and start planning a national push-pull to decongest urban America. Our answer is not in new mayors but in new cities; not in urban renewal but in urban "newal," to use planner Charles Abrams's felicitous word.

We cannot juggle the 70 per cent of the American people around on 1 per cent of the land area to solve the urban mess. We are compelled to think in terms of new towns and new cities planned for placement and structure by public action with public funds. "All of the urbanologists agree," reported *Time* amidst the 1967 riot months, "that one of the most important ways of saving cities is simply to have more cities." The National Committee on Urban Growth Policy proposed this summer that the federal government embark on a program to create 110 new cities (100 having a population of 100,000, and ten even larger) over the next three decades. At an earlier time, the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations proposed a national policy on urban growth, to use our vast untouched stock of land to "increase, rather than diminish, Americans' choices of places and environments," to counteract our present "diseconomics of scale involved in continuing urban concentration, the locational mismatch of jobs and people, the connection between urban and rural poverty problems, and urban sprawl."

New towns would set up a new dynamic. In the central cities, decongestion could lead to real urban renewal, starting with the clearing of the ghost blocks where nobody lives and ending with open spaces or even some of those dreamy "cities within a city." The new settlements could be proving grounds for all those exciting ideas of city planners whose proposals have been frustrated by present structures—physical and political. "Obsolete practices such as standard zoning, parking on the street, school bussing, on-street loading, and highway clutter could all be planned out of a new city," notes William E. Finley in the Urban Growth report. These new towns (cities) could bring jobs, medicine, education, and culture to the ghost towns in rural America, located in the counties that have lost population—and income—in the past decades. Finally, a half-century project for new urban areas would pick up the slack in employment when America, hopefully, runs out of wars to fight.

The cost would be great, but no greater than haphazard private developments that will pop up Topsy-like to accommodate the added 100 million people who will crowd America by the year 2000. Right now we grow expensively by horizontal or vertical accretion. We sprawl onto costly ground, bought up by speculators and builders looking for a fast buck. Under a national plan, the federal government could buy up a store of ground in removed places at low cost or use present government lands. Where private developers reach out for vertical space, they erect towers whose building costs go up geometrically with every additional story. On the other hand, as city planners have been pointing out for a couple of decades, "it has been proved over and over again by such builders as Levitt, Burns, and Bohannon" that efficient mass production of low-risers "can and do produce better and cheaper houses." Cliff dwellings cost more than split-levels.

The idea of new towns is not untested. "There is little precedent in this country, but ample precedent abroad," notes the Committee on Urban Growth. "Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, the Scandinavian countries—all have taken a direct hand in land and population development in the face of urbanization, and all can point to examples of orderly growth that contrast sharply with the American metropolitan ooze." To the extent that the U.S. has created new communities it has done so as by-products: Norris, Tennessee, was built for TVA to house men working on a dam; Los Alamos, Oak Ridge, and Hanford were built for the Atomic Energy Commission "to isolate its highly secret operations."

What then is the obstacle to this new-cities idea? It runs contrary to the traditional wisdom that a) where cities are located, they should be located, and b) that the future ought to be left to private enterprise. Both thoughts are a hangover from a hang-up with laissez faire, a Panglossian notion that what is, is best.

The fact is, however, that past reasons for locating cities no longer hold—at least, not to the same extent. Once cities grew up at rural crossroads; later at the meeting of waters; still later at railroad junctions; then near sources of raw material. But today, as city planner Edgardo Contini testified before a Congressional committee, these reasons are obsolete. "Recent technological and transportation trends—synthesis rather than extraction of materials, atomic rather than hydroelectric or thermoelectric power, air rather than rail transportation—all tend to expand the opportunities for location of urban settlements." Despite this, the old cities, by sheer weight of existence, become a magnetic force drawing deadly densities.

Furthermore, concluded Mr. Contini and a host of others, "the scale of the new cities program is too overwhelming for private initiative alone to sustain, and its purposes and implications are too relevant to the country's future to be relinquished to the profit motive alone." The report of the Urban Growth Committee stresses the limited impact of new towns put up by private developers such as Columbia, Maryland and Reston, Virginia. "They are, and will be, in the first place, few in number, serving only a tiny fraction of total population growth. A new town is a 'patient' investment, requiring large outlays long before returns begin; it is thus a non-competitive investment in a tight money market. Land in town-size amounts is hard to find and assemble without public powers of eminent domain. Privately developed new towns, moreover, by definition must serve the market, which tends to fill them with housing for middle- to upper-income families rather than the poor."

The choice before America is really not between new cities and old. Population pressure will force outward expansion. But by present drift, this will be unplanned accretion—plotted for quick profit rather than public need. What is needed is national concern for the commonweal in the location and design of new cities: a kind of inner space program.

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The Intermediate Battlefield

Wherever educators meet, and whatever the announced subject may be, the inevitable subject that dominates their attention is student unrest. So it was in Paris recently when university presidents from France and the United States met for the purpose of examining a wide variety of questions. The meeting was the third in an annual series held under the auspices of the Institute of International Education.

Chairman of the Paris meeting was Dr. Franklin D. Murphy, former chancellor of the University of California at Los Angeles and now chairman of the board of The Times Mirror Company. Dr. Murphy began by observing that the outbreak of student protest came at a time when the university was trying to cope with a wide new range of challenges and demands. He said that the federal government after the Second World War turned to the university as a prime source of manpower and scientific research, especially in connection with defense. Enrollment was increasing faster than the school's ability to provide adequate instruction. The cost of running a university was soaring but financial support was crawling. Meanwhile, knowledge was doubling every ten years and new techniques and approaches had yet to be fashioned for coping with it successfully.

Thus the American university was in a poor position to focus on or deal effectively with mounting and volatile student protest. What troubled students was not only the unsolved nature of the problems that beset the educators but the growing impersonalization in teaching, of which the computer had become a distasteful symbol; the uneven quality of education; the teeming, factory-like atmosphere on many campuses. All these were involved in the general dissatisfaction and served as the complicating and intensifying factors against which student political protest had to be viewed.

Higher education in France, as explained by Dr. Robert Davril, rector of the Académie de Nice, has its own indigenous background which affected the nature of student unrest and in turn was affected by it. Operational power was in the hands of the professors until the Second World War, when the concept of assistant teachers was introduced. Today, these assistant teachers tend to combine with the students in seeking to create a new locus of power. Student protest in France, therefore, is something of a misnomer since it has so much faculty support.

In listening to the educators from both countries talk about student unrest against the background of these national and historical differences, an outsider was impressed not just with the desire of the educators to find constructive answers but with the fact that the largest part of the problem may be beyond their reach and means. Let us assume that all the stated demands of students are met. Let us assume that the students will be given a major or even dominant role in the governance of the universities. Let us assume that curriculum will be revamped, that education will be more individualized, and the relationship with teachers will be more personalized. All this, no doubt, will lower the temperature of protest, but it will not remove the basic malaise.

The malaise has to do with the nature of the times and the tentative quality now imparted to all life on earth. Indeed, considering the human situation in the world today, the wonder is not that the campuses are in a state of unrest but that they should be able to function at all. For the present generation is the first in history to witness a situation in which the survival of the human species itself, as apart from the survival of a group or a nation, is deeply and pervasively threatened.

If a person is old enough to perceive what is happening around him, what does he see? He sees a world divided into rigid sovereignties that admit no superior or objective judgment over their behavior, even though what they are doing is inimical to society as a whole. He sees the energies and resources of nations being diverted into ever-larger ways of expunging or cheapening human life. He sees people preoccupied and swollen with meaningless satisfactions. He sees concepts of human brotherhood and social justice held up by society as its animating ideals, but he finds that his own efforts to act on behalf of these concepts will put him in conflict with that same society. He sees a world being insanely fouled by pollution. He sees the good earth being covered over by tar and cement, the streams and lakes being poisoned by detergents and chemical excrescences, the oxygen in the air being depleted. He knows that our astronauts were able to roam the heavens because no limitations were placed on human ingenuity, technological facilities, or funds; and he is unsatisfied with the argument that it is impossible to mount a comparable effort to make life on earth a little less hellish. He feels that people react to youth in terms of superficials —hair or beard or clothes or, in the case of girls, absence of facial paint or fancy coiffures—and not in terms of the things that scar their vision or that tear at their gizzards.

The overriding questions put to us by youth have to do with basic values—whether we are concerned about the conditions that make life on earth possible, whether we recognize the need to make people more important than things, whether we are intelligent enough to make the world whole. The easiest way to close the generation gap is to address ourselves to these questions and put our dominant energies into developing a sane design for living.

—N. C.

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Letters to the Editor

Two-sided Debate?

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "A Nigerian Debate on Man" [*SR*, Sept. 20] holds up a pellucid mirror to American life from the heart of Africa, but concludes with a dubious non sequitur.

That able young Nigerians on *both* sides of a student debate on "the proposition that the human race is decadent" should buttress their opposing arguments principally with illustrations drawn from the United States is arresting and disturbing. That these ardent African youths should vote unanimously in support of a favorable prospect for the human race is not surprising, especially since this side of the debate was advanced by "a lovely and attractively dressed young lady." But that the highly sophisticated editor of *SR*, with wide knowledge of the United States, should concur in that optimistic forecast almost outreaches belief.

Lunar exploration involves a few thousand astronauts, scientists, and technicians; participation by the American public is vicarious and largely sentimental. Violence, brutality, cruelty, poisoning of the human environment, depraved entertainment—evidences that "our age [is] not merely decadent but downright degenerate"—affect every American in his daily existence.

N.C. may believe that "no problem need any longer be considered insoluble. . . . no one is going to believe any longer that we can sustain human life on the moon but are unable to do it on earth." I know "no one" who faces the facts and has taken accurate measure of the manifold symptoms of profound, perhaps mortal, sickness in American society that still clings to such illusions. Denial of or blindness to the harsh realities merely aggravates the illness.

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN,
Sorrento, Me.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There was no disposition on the part of the young lady (whose effectiveness as a debater may have been enhanced by, but was not dependent on, her presentability) to ignore the "harsh realities." Quite the contrary. Her itemization of these realities was comprehensive and unblurred. Indeed, her full recognition of the realities made it possible for her to see the prospects beyond the problems. The young lady was neither a cynic nor a defeatist. More power to her. (Dr. Van Dusen is the former president of Union Theological Seminary)*

World University 101-102

CONGRATULATIONS on Harold Taylor's guest editorial "Toward a World University" [*SR*, Oct. 11]. The outlook that world universities and world colleges could provide is certainly needed to help establish a peaceful political framework in the world.

As Mr. Taylor stated, the idea of a world university is not new, and a small beginning has in fact been made by a number of colleges in the U.S. So far as I know, Friends World College is the only one that sends its students around the world for their four-year education. The program includes not merely travel, but purposeful field study, language study, seminars, and orientation at each country in which the college has a center, at present Kenya, India, and Japan, with independent programs in Europe and Latin America. To make this a multinational school, efforts are consciously made to interest non-American students in enrolling.

At Friends World College the administrative structure (if it can be said to have any) evolves around the needs of students, who are actively engaged in decision-making and in determining their own courses of study. They also serve on all committees, including admissions, and recently redesigned the application form to allow a blank page headed "This space is yours."

That such a conference as Taylor describes (which, incidentally, was attended by a Friends World College student) could take place is positive evidence that the move toward world education is gathering impetus.

MRS. LEAH KARPEN,
Friends World College,
Westbury, N.Y.

In Praise of Parish Minister

DURING WORLD WAR II, Admiral Halsey generously offered to share the Pacific Ocean with the Japanese saying, "They can have the bottom half, we'll take the top half." The splendidly academically isolated theologian Harvey Cox in his "In Praise of Festivity" [*SR*, Oct. 25] has cynically and deliberately exacerbated the differences and lack of community between theologians and parish ministers by skimming all the goodies off the top and leaving us with the bottom half of the sea of troubles of our time.

Mr. Cox advocates festivity, fun, frolic, fantasy, and celebration, and in this he has the best of it, of course. But the parish minister is completely submerged in such immediate and palpable realities as the angry American middle and its shameless and degrading self-pity, an all-pervading masculinity crisis, doctors not committed to health, lawyers who neglect justice, churches that cannot create good people, and schools that cannot create wise men. We struggle with the issues of overpopulation, poisoned air, polluted water, racism, meaningless work at every level, boredom, fear, alienation, and violence—all in the course of a day's work.

Under these conditions, the Palladian Cox is about as helpful and relevant as Calvin Coolidge when he said, "When many people are out of work, you have unemployment."

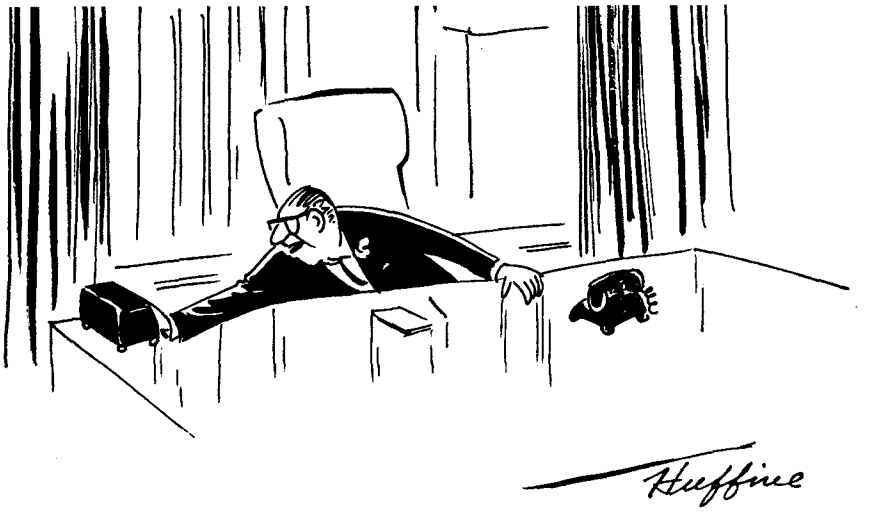
PAUL DOUGLAS, PASTOR,
First Congregational Church,
Rootstown, O.

Fish Story

PERHAPS IT'S TRUE, as Peter Schrag gratuitously sniffs in "Life on a Dying Lake" [*SR*, Sept. 20], that "in Sandusky . . . a large fishing industry has been reduced to a couple of operators who truck their low-grade catch to Georgia (where, apparently, people are still hungry enough to buy it)."

If some Georgians are hungry for Sandusky fish, it is certainly not for lack of vastly superior fish varieties in quantity in local lakes, streams, and estuaries. This abundance (in contrast to the pollution—encouraged trash varieties predominating in so many states above the Mason-Dixon line) is in no small measure due to Georgia's diligently pursued pollution control programs. And, for Mr. Schrag's information, that's the main reason Georgians are spared the kind of river conflagrations and cesspool-like lakes described in his article, whatever our peculiar propensity for the "low-grade catch" out of Sandusky.

JAMES E. DOHERTY,
Georgia Water Quality Control Board,
Atlanta, Ga.



"See here, Miss Long, I'm a very busy man. Find me something to do."

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Best Things in Death

JAMES SAUNDERS is quite a playwright. Without being the least bit sentimental, he has managed to write about the suicide of a young lady in a way that is remarkably joyous, and that puts death in its place. Titled *A Scent of Flowers*, it is an intensely theatrical fantasy in which a girl named Zoe participates in her own funeral both by reacting to its actualities, and by replaying with others their past memories of her. Zoe also is permitted to flirt with her gravediggers, and to question her undertaker.

The undertaker, Mr. Scrivens, played with dashing punctiliousness by Roderick Cook, is the first to challenge our dread of death when he points out that it can be a lot less traumatic and disorderly than birth, and he is happy with his function of turning Zoe into a free spirit released from the memories of her life.

Now we see Zoe and the relatives who have come to mourn her. There is the aged Granny, "so used up that all she's got left is perversity"; Uncle Edgar, a romantic buffoon who doesn't see people at all, but just sees his relationship with them; Daddy, a sentimental Englishman who, when necessary, "switches himself to automatic and runs like clockwork on his breeding"; Zoe's stepmother, a woman in whom "understanding" has replaced her ability to love; and Zoe's stepbrother, Godfrey, with whom she had had "a kind of bastard semi-demi-relationship of a most baffling kind."

Out of her confrontations with these people, we piece together Zoe's life. A delicate child taken from her real mother at an early age, she becomes somewhat too attached to her father, her uncle, and her stepbrother. Along the way Zoe also embraces Catholicism. When she is in college, she has a love affair with a married lecturer rather like her father, "a charming, attractive, quietly unhappy man who invites compassion." Because she is a conventional person with conventional ways of justifying herself, she is torn apart by the conflict between her love and her religion. Her relatives try to help, but each in his own way unconsciously pushes her further toward suicide.

We never meet her lover, but through Zoe we come to know both the beauty and the distress of her love affair. She says, "It's what they call the dark night of the soul. And I'm in it all the time. Except for just a few minutes now and then when I'm in your arms and it goes. And then I'm so used to this feeling that when it goes for those few minutes it's as though there's nothing left to take its place . . . as though I've died."

Serious thoughts such as these are interspersed with amusing theatrical devices that keep the ball bouncing. One of the funniest moments in this new season's theater is achieved when in the middle of an ordinary conversation between two young cemetery workers, one of them impulsively launches into a riddle from the Gravediggers' scene in *Hamlet*. And his mate is aptly humorous when he describes his love affair with a married woman, whose husband insists upon joining them on their holiday trips.

Brian Murray has directed the play sensitively. Ed Wittstein's settings and David F. Segal's lighting are moody and evocative. As Zoe, Katharine Houghton is lovely, and equally important she avoids the self-pity that would diminish her role. Carolyn Coates is stubbornly excellent as the stepmother, and Jeremiah Sullivan stands out as the comic gravedigger.

The play's excursive sequences occasionally threaten to overtax our capacity for indulgence, but ultimately they manage to combine into a total impression that death is not tragedy but simply an intrinsic part of the complex process of living. It is an astonishingly delightful play.

Broadway which badly needed a new hit comedy, now appears to have one in *Butterflies Are Free*. It hardly seems to matter that Leonard Gershe's play is thin, strained, and an improbable mixture of cute dialogue and pathos.

The play begins by accidentally bringing together a twenty-year-old boy, Don Baker, who just happens to be blind, and a nineteen-year-old girl, Jill Tanner, who like the butterflies of the title prefers to make love and fly away. After a few jokes to show that they are on the same wave length, they go to bed together. Later, they sit around in their underwear making more jokes, as Don explains that he is trying to escape a doting mother who wants him to return home to Scarsdale. Unnoticed by them the mother enters. Don recognizes her presence by the odor of the perfume she uses. "Hello, mother," he says resignedly, and the first act curtain falls.

Up to this point, it has hardly been a play at all. Two attractive young people have met and been compulsively cute with each other, with little acknowledgment of what their sexual experience has meant to each other. But the second act picks up, mainly because it gives the mother a chance to make caustic responses. Her vicious humor can be effective in a moment-to-moment sort of way. When she offers Jill an apple and Jill remarks that this reminds her of Snow White, but apologizes saying she knows that Mrs. Baker is not a witch, Mrs. Baker one-ups her neatly by replying, "And I know you're not Snow White."

However, it is all a game we are playing with the author, a farce in which we feel no great sympathy for the characters' predicament. This is unfortunate because the final scene of the play turns abruptly serious. Jill doesn't want to take on the responsibilities of loving Don, who has fallen in love with her and is in danger of returning to Scarsdale, if she leaves him. And Mrs. Baker suddenly decides to encourage her son to fight for his independence from her. This is a lot to have happen in one scene, and Mr. Gershe has made his problem even more difficult by also including a sequence in which he can make fashionably disapproving jokes about nudity in the Off-Broadway theater. Thus the play fights its way to a happy ending.

Milton Katselas has directed the play with a constantly fresh attack on each line that gets the most out of the dialogue. Best of the performances is Eileen Heckart as the sarcastic Mrs. Baker. Miss Heckart is superbly sour in the role, and tellingly venomous in her inflections. As her son, Keir Dullea is charming but seems somewhat too mature for an over-protected twenty-year-old. On the other hand, Blythe Danner, who so wonderfully outgrew her ingénue personality in *The Miser* last season, has solved her youth problem by slipping back into a girlish breathlessness that is at first endearing but gradually becomes redundant. It is probably not her fault, because Jill, who should have been the play's most deeply explored character, has been reduced to being the love interest, or Don's reward for courageousness.

Do the play's obvious failings disturb the kind of audience that has eagerly accepted a not very much better play, *Forty Carats*? Hardly at all. For it would appear that, given a reasonable quota of sophisticated laughs and the skeleton of a romantic story, Broadway is in no mood to look its gift butterflies in the mouth.

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An essay review of "The Collapse of the Third Republic," by William L. Shirer (Simon & Schuster, 1,082 pp., $12.50)

Shirer and the Munich Syndrome

by DAVID SCHOENBRUN

Once upon a time, in the golden summer of 1925, France reigned supreme in the world, supreme in arms and arts and joy of living. The nightmare of the German threat had receded, with Germany forbidden by the Versailles Treaty to build warplanes, tanks, heavy guns, submarines or battleships, and saddled with reparations. Britain, the island empire, saw her colonies clamoring for independence. Russia was still staggering from the shock of the Bolshevik Revolution and years of civil war. The United States, weak, unarmed, isolationist, had turned its back on the League of Nations. France was a great power on the continent of Europe and in the world, with an empire sprawling over four and one half million miles of Africa, the Near East, and Asia, containing a population of 100 million and vast wealth in raw materials.

France's military power was matched and surpassed by the brilliance of her culture, which radiated around the world like a beacon, drawing the most creative talents to Paris from all corners of the earth. In Tokyo Seritzawa wrote a best-seller entitled *I Want to Die in Paris,* while Nagai composed his modern Japanese classic, *Tales of France.* Chinese scholars and young revolutionaries came to study in Paris, capital of two masters of philosophy, Lu and Man—the Chinese pronunciation of the names Rousseau and Montesquieu. Picasso, a Spaniard, and Modigliani, an Italian, followed in the path of Van Gogh the Dutchman to make the Ecole de Paris the greatest since the Renaissance.

Above all, fleeing the arid régimes of Harding and Coolidge, Americans flocked to Paris. From the Right Bank haunts of Hemingway and Fitzgerald —the Ritz and Harry's New York Bar —to the Luxembourg Garden home of Gertrude Stein on the Left Bank and Isadora Duncan's Montparnasse studio with its all-night parties, one could orbit through an extraordinary galaxy of stars: James Joyce, John Dos Passos, John Steinbeck, E. E. Cummings, W. B. Yeats, Kay Boyle, Ezra Pound, Djuna Barnes, Glenway Wescott, and Eugene Jolas, editor of *transition,* which proclaimed "revolution of the word." Sinclair Lewis, Santayana, and Sherwood Anderson joined with Valéry, Claudel, and Gide to discuss the works of Marcel Proust, who had died in 1922 and whose novels, finished just before his death, were published posthumously, the last in 1951. Even funerals were inspiring events; one of the greatest cortèges in history was offered as a hero's tribute to Anatole France when he died in 1924.

Among the great, the near-great, and the to-be-great who lived, loved, and worked in that golden age of Paris was a quiet, sober, earnest young man who arrived, new diploma in hand, to seek a job on the Paris *Herald.* His name was William L. Shirer. He did more listening than talking, and painstakingly recorded everything he heard, saw, or read. Decades later his voluminous diaries would bring him fame and fortune and provide historians with invaluable source material, as Shirer himself developed from journalist to historian of twentieth-century Germany and France.

In *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* Shirer compiled a monumental history of the Nazi nightmare. He seemed to have been everywhere when anything important was happening. He deepened and broadened his eye-wit-

DAVID SCHOENBRUN, who was chief correspondent in France for CBS News during the 1950s and 1960s, is the author of *As France Goes* and *The Three Lives of Charles de Gaulle.*

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ness record by burrowing through mountains of archives, secret reports, and captured Nazi documents. Perhaps less brilliant and less creative than his contemporaries of the Twenties, Shirer offered total recall, dogged perseverance, and massive research in place of word-paintings and poetry.

But Shirer's contribution to an understanding of our time may yet prove no less valuable and enduring than the creative efforts of more gifted men. His reputation as a contemporary historian, launched by his study of the Third Reich, has now been solidly confirmed by an equally massive work on France, *The Collapse of the Third Republic.* Modestly subtitled "An Inquiry Into the Fall of France in 1940," it is in fact much more than an "inquiry." It is a typical Shirer monument of personal observation over more than thirty years, drawn from his inexhaustible diaries plus ten years of concentrated research in Paris. Shirer plowed through archives public and secret, conducted hundreds of interviews with the actors, principal and minor, in the rise and fall of the Third Republic of France, from the dazzling zenith of the 1920s to the degradation of the Thirties. Shirer describes in detail the almost unbelievable process of deterioration from June 1925 to the day in June 1940 when Hitler danced a jig on the Chaillot Heights overlooking the Eiffel Tower:

> When, in 1925, fresh out of college, I had first come to live and work in Paris in the midst of a summer as lovely as the one just fifteen years later which would see its fall, France was the greatest power on the continent of Europe. Her hegemony, though frowned upon by her two principal allies, Great Britain and the United States, was acknowledged by all the nations. Her army, far superior to any other, stood watch on the Rhine . . . No other country on the Continent could challenge France's supremacy . . . Supreme in Europe, powerful in the world—such was the France in those days of the mid-Twenties. But that was not all. Paris again bloomed as the cultural capital of the world . . . To all appearances France, despite her terrible blood-letting and the destruction of her richest *départements* in the north and northeast, had made a remarkable comeback . . . Production, which had fallen in 1919 to 57 per cent of the 1913 level, had begun to mount. By 1923 it had risen to 88 per cent, surpassing the prewar level the next year and soaring to 126 per cent in 1926. The country was prosperous, the people relaxed, the Continent at last at peace . . . All of Europe relaxed in the new spirit of Locarno. Everywhere, and above all in France, there was a growing confidence in the League and even a feeling that its new member, Germany, was at last mending its ways, won over finally to the merits of democracy and a durable peace . . . A troublesome ultranationalist agitator in Bavaria, named Adolf Hitler, who had thundered that France, like Carthage, must be destroyed, had been imprisoned and then silenced by the government, and his party banned . . . From 1926, the year after I arrived, until the worldwide depression began to be seriously felt in 1931, there was a period of five years that later was remembered by French historians and memoirists as one of the happiest times of the Third Republic. Not since Napoleon, and before him Louis XIV, had France enjoyed such well-being. And in the last golden years of the 1920s the well-being was more equitably distributed than before. Even a young foreigner like myself felt he was living in as much of a paradise as could be found on this imperfect earth. Civilization seemed to have reached a shining peak here.

Beneath the bloom were snakes.

Having painted the picture of a French Garden of Eden, Shirer goes on to look deeply beneath the surface bloom to find the snakes that would poison the political and economic health of France. The Bolshevik Revolution in Russia spawned the French Communist Party in 1920, so frightening the French upper and middle classes that the bourgeoisie began to regard French workers as more dangerous than the Germans. Political conflicts between Right and Left weakened the political structure, and Cabinets began to fall on an average of every ninety days. There was no French government in office when Hitler came to power, and none when the Nazis marched into the Rhineland. The political paralysis that was to freeze French action in all crises began in the golden decade.

France's wartime allies, Britain and America, opposed French demands for war reparations as excessive. Then the United States poured limitless loans into Germany while demanding the repayment of war debts by France, although the war had devastated France, not Germany. America, it seems, loves defeated enemies but cannot tolerate successful friends. The war had cost France 134 billion gold francs in goods and property, while one out of ten Frenchmen had been killed at the front. Shirer points out that "the youth, on whom the future of any nation depends, had been decimated most. Three out of ten of them between eighteen and twenty-eight had been snuffed out." Shirer enumerates the losses:

> The intellectuals, so vital to the life of a country, had suffered the next heaviest casualties. Twenty-three out of every hundred men who had belonged to the liberal professions had perished in the trenches. Of 4,266,000 men wounded, a million and a half remained permanently maimed . . .

—*Photos by David Seymour (Magnum).*

France—"from the peak to the pit in fifteen years."

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Nearly a million and a half war dead, more than two million fewer births—this was the price of victory . . . France emerged from the conflict with a population of 39 millions. It faced a Germany with 63 millions. And soon the Germans would be increasing in number at twice the rate of the French.

Shirer conducts an autopsy on the death of France with surgical precision, cutting through the beautiful body to expose the cancers within: the senility of the generals; the blind greed of the middle classes, who refused to pay taxes and sent their capital for investment abroad; the betrayal of France by the British, who negotiated with Hitler and Mussolini behind France's back and would not support any action to stop the Nazi aggressor. Perhaps the most important data in this exhaustive history is Shirer's description and analysis of the defeatism and appeasement that blinded and paralyzed the British and the French, who could have stopped Hitler in the Rhineland and later in the Sudetenland without even firing a shot. The story of Munich is well known, but Shirer brings to it a mass of new source materials and a gift for narrative that surmounts even the density of the documentation.

History can be a valuable guide to the present and the future, but it is not automatically reliable. Its lessons are no more enlightening than the wisdom of those who interpret them. History can be a trap as well as a guide, particularly the history of this period that has so marked the men who lived through it to become the leaders of the Western world in the Fifties and Sixties. They all suffer a deep-rooted Munich syndrome. It could be argued that the United States would never have become involved in Vietnam if men like Truman, Acheson, Dulles, Rusk, Johnson, and Nixon had not in their youth been so traumatized by the appeasement of Hitler that they vowed they would never make that mistake.

A generation of American historians, political scientists, and political leaders have remembered Munich and heeded the warning of Santayana that he who does not know history is condemned to relive it. This aphorism is true enough, but it is not an excuse for failing to distinguish between circumstances of the past and of the present. Another aphorism might be coined, the opposite of Santayana's, yet equally true: he who looks constantly backward will fall on his face.

That some leaders have been guilty of applying past lessons to a different set of present events is every day revealed. Rusk confused Ho Chi Minh,

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An essay review of "For You Departed," by Alan Paton (Scribners, 156 pp., $5.95)

Song of Sorrow and Thanksgiving

by EDWARD CALLAN

Travel was one of Alan Paton's favorite pleasures. Indeed, it may have been a necessary spur to his creative imagination. He began writing his famous novel, *Cry, the Beloved Country,* in a hotel room in Trondheim, Norway, on September 25, 1946, after journeying by train across the mountains from Sweden, "through forest after forest of birch trees turning yellow, and alongside of us a green and foaming river like no other river that I had ever seen." The South African author continued writing the novel in hotel rooms elsewhere in Scandinavia, in Canada, and the United States until its completion, three months later, in San Francisco. Paton's second novel, *Too Late the Phalarope,* was composed equally rapidly at a seaside resort in Cornwall, England; and he wrote his long poem, *Meditation for a Young Boy Confirmed,* in a cabin in a California redwood forest. In October 1960, shortly after he had been in the United States to receive the Freedom Award, his passport was revoked. Since there can be no sanguine expectation that his right to travel will ever be restored, we will never know what imaginative constructions he might be prompted to by, say, Stonehenge revisited, or Chicago today.

Paton's chosen path of active opposition to apartheid would seem to have kept him from his art, but he'd consider it a waste of time to grieve over the thought of works left unwritten. On this point he has said, "This is how I lived, and if I lived again this is how I would choose to live." Yet from the very stresses and pressures of life that have kept him from his art, his creative spirit has composed a new work worthy to stand with the best of its predecessors.

For You Departed has as its underlying theme the inner struggle to overcome conventional white South African prejudices. But this deep and fearless book, which Paton began shortly after his wife's death on October 23, 1967, is also a singular, elegiac work of art, lyric in mode and paradoxically triumphant in mood. Whereas prototypes may be found in Eastern liturgical forms, Western literature affords no exact counterparts. We are familiar with a few individual lines celebrating death—for instance, Francis of Assisi's "Praised be my Lord for our sister, the bodily death,/ From which no living man can flee." Yet, however rich in mournful elegies, English literature has no notable form for rejoicing at funerals—and certainly none that solve the problem of how to say "alleluya," and mean it, in the presence of death. Paton has created a literary form for this kind of intimate affirmation of life and its proper culmination in death. Although he may stumble here or there on unfamiliar ground, in its main thrust the work is a considerable achievement.

The publisher should not have deleted from its title the word "kontakion," which Paton draws from the climactic passage: "And this book is done too, this Kontakion for you departed . . . it is a strange story, and now it is done." Essentially, a kontakion is an early Byzantine liturgical chant, elaborately composed of stanzas and linking refrains, performed (like a *Te Deum* in the Western church) in honor of a patron, or to celebrate some public event or deliverance. The final kontakion of the great composer Romanus (491-558) records the Constantinople earthquake of August 555; and the Patriarch Sergius composed a kontakion in 626 on the occasion of the deliverance of Constantinople from the Persians. Whether or not Paton was thinking of these historical instances of public commentary is relatively unimportant; he did have a particular kontakion in mind, the Russian Orthodox "Kontakion for the Departed," sometimes spoken of as "the Kief Kontakion" or "the Kief Melody," which is quoted in full in the

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text. It used to be sung as part of the annual Memorial Day services by the choir of St. John's College, Johannesburg, where Paton's sons David and Jonathan went to school. Jonathan Paton remembers that his parents frequently attended this service, and that his father was especially moved by the beauty of the Russian "Kontakion." He owned a phonograph record of the St. John's choir Memorial Day service, and in replaying it after his wife's death, Paton found great comfort in the words of the song, which oppose to the pain of sorrow the affirmative words of rejoicing.

Addressing his wife, *For You Departed* is composed of sixty-nine numbered passages varying in length from a few lines to several pages. It is from the arrangement of these passages, alternately moving back and forth in time, that the book derives much of its power and effectiveness.

Paton starts with the early morning of his wife's death and the immediate task of the living: "I prayed may her soul rest in peace. I did not weep. I set about the business of preparing your funeral." The immediately succeeding odd-numbered episodes recount the experience of the funeral, unusual in segregated South Africa: "There was the church itself packed with people of all the nations under our sun, just the kind of company you would have wished to be about you. . . . There were many there who mourned for you, but it was above all else a service of thanksgiving . . . the most wonderful funeral service I ever attended."

Episode "Two," the first of the memories evoked, recalls their initial meeting on the tennis courts at Ixopo in 1925: she a married woman full of zest, laughter, mischief, and a touch of coquetry, who, emancipated for those days, smoked cigarettes and did not object to liquor; and he "a shy clear-eyed virgin" brought up among Christadelphians in a home where liquor was prohibited and the belief that women should not smoke "enjoyed almost the status of an article of faith."

Thereafter the even-numbered passages move forward in chronological time starting with the joy and pain of young complicated love—"the halcyon days." The odd-numbered passages remain in the present throughout. This method produces a deliberate opposition, or counterpointing, so that in its artistic form the book embodies its homiletic theme: that while yesterdays may be recalled, they cannot be relived. This is a clear warning against the temptation to seek some Edenic or Arcadian past, a desire that can become a morbid growth in nations that

(*Continued on page* 50)

THE PRICE OF MY SOUL

by Bernadette Devlin

Knopf, 224 pp., $5.95

"THE TRAGEDY OF THE SITUATION," writes Bernadette Devlin, "is that by aligning themselves with those who work against their interests but share their religion, the working class of my country, Protestant and Catholic, perpetuates its own misery." This feeling was stirred up, this alignment made more definite, by Ian Paisley, whose "hatred is not of the Catholic Church; his hatred is of everybody on the left, and his love is of his own power."

The twenty-two-year-old M.P. from Ulster sees the simpler Protestants hypnotized by Paisley and brought up to believe in what Sir Edward Carson had promised them: "'a Protestant state for a Protestant people.' What they've got after fifty years of unionism is a Protestant state for the Protestant rich."

Perhaps the most important thing in this impetuous, sometimes biased, but always vivid and revealing book is its account of the very slowly spreading realization that the root of Ulster's troubles is more economic than religious, that religion is being used to keep alive a division which makes peace and progress impossible. In her childhood, after losing father and mother, who both died in their forties, Bernadette Devlin had found Protestant neighbors extraordinarily kind to her family, and it came as a fearful shock when one of the kindest, after the civil-rights marches began, shouted at her: "You Fenian scum!"

The social problem came alive for Bernadette because her mother's background was middle-class, her father's proletarian, and their marriage was resented by her mother's family. Before the wedding took place her grandmother twice packed her mother's suitcases and put them outside the front door. Twice her mother brought them back into the house, asserting her determination, however often she had to do this, to be married from her own home.

Bernadette's mother could neither forget nor forgive, and one suspects that this has deepened a little the somber colors in which Miss Devlin paints the resented condescension implied (she feels) in every gesture of generosity to her impoverished family. There is a grim story of five one-pound notes thrown by an uncle to Bernadette, missing the table at which they were aimed, and landing on the floor. She threw them back at him; he followed her to their house, where her mother would not accept the money, and finally burned it. Although it is impossible to know how much this attitude was justified, the author does seem a trifle too proud of it.

In all the social and religious problems of Northern Ireland there are, of course, ethnic and historical overtones. The large Protestant population is descended from Scotch Presbyterians brought in by England at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Ireland has assimilated French and even English families who have become deeply Irish, but the Scots never. There were too many of them, and their temperament was too different. They took over at least three counties overwhelmingly, and they did so as colonizers of a savage country.

"The hatred between colonized and colonizer," says Miss Devlin, "was underlined by the difference in their religions, and the Irish were persecuted not only for being the natives, but for being Catholics as well. From then on they never quite sorted out religion from politics."

The Act of Union in 1801 struck a blow at any possible commercial prosperity, for by it the Irish linen and wool industries were restricted in the interests of English cotton. "From then on national feeling grew, and throughout the nineteenth century there was continual struggle, punctuated by famine and emigration, to end British occupation, British imperialism and British capitalism." This is not an unfair summary, and my only criticism of it is that we need, to make it complete, something of the social picture of England too. For the very men who were holding Ireland down were in their own country completing the work of the enclosures, destroying the English peasantry and promoting Big Business at the bitter cost of the workers. At the beginning of the present century real efforts were being made for Ireland by the British Parliament, above all by the Land Act of 1904, whereby many large estates were broken up, and money was spent on agricultural assistance to small owners. But the British still retained their incurable habit of thinking of Ireland as a rather troublesome English county.

Bernadette Devlin was born on April 23, 1947, the feast of St. George, the patron saint of England, but she prefers to think of it as the anniversary of the Easter Rising in Dublin in 1916. She deals very briefly, however, with the establishment of the Free State—and dismisses the larger part of her coun-

(*Continued on page* 49)

The critic, Maisie Ward, who is familiar with the milieu about which Bernadette Devlin writes, is the author of "Gilbert Keith Chesterton" and "Robert Browning and His World."

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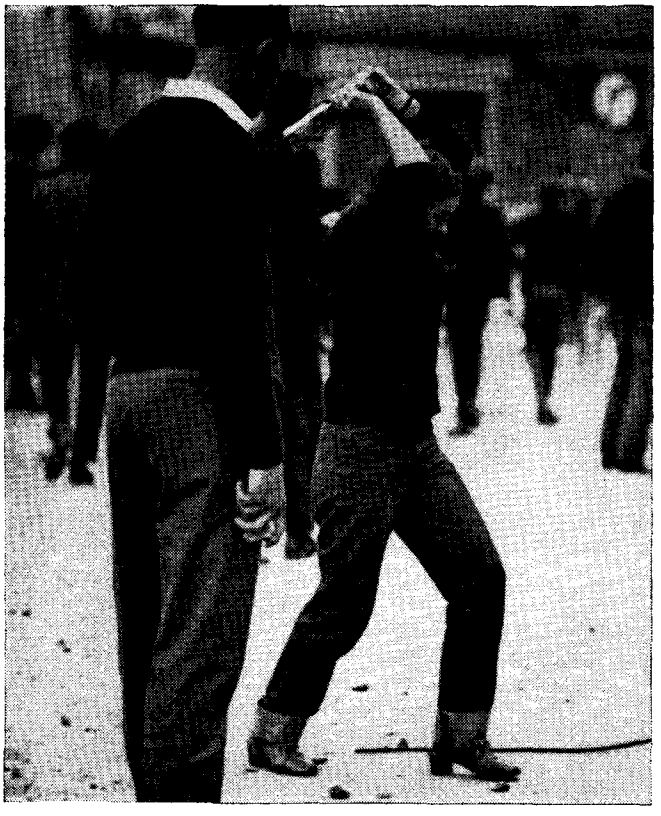
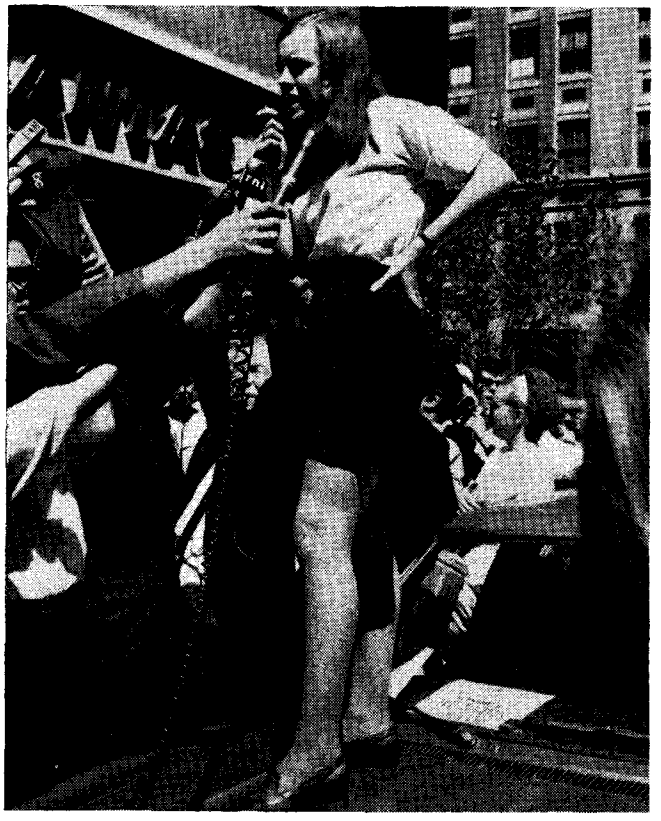
In Belfast, home-made posters offered rewards for the capture of "Bogside Bernie" (below left), the twenty-two-year-old M.P. from Ulster, shown leaving No. 10 Downing Street (below right). During the battle of Bogside, a Catholic ghetto in Londonderry (bottom left), a change came in the public image of Bernadette Devlin, who last August came to New York (bottom right) to raise $1 million for her distressed countrymen in Northern Ireland.





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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Button-down Town

A MAN doesn't go to Washington, D.C., to buy a suit, or eat a gourmet meal, or look at girls. If he tries to talk to a Washingtonian about something other than politics, even in a year when Ted Williams and Vince Lombardi have stirred the ashes of a long-cold sporting furnace, he may suffer a snub normally reserved for people who use the wrong dentifrice.

On a recent Cheezies-and-Coke flight from New York to Washington, I studied the newspaper political columns with uncommon avidity, ready to drop Jack Anderson's latest bomb on upcoming conversational foes. Hiding behind a newspaper seems the right guise on a plane to Washington, so large is the cast of FBI-looking types in dark suits and matching attaché cases. This commuting uniform goes such a long way toward stealing a person's individuality that I nearly failed to recognize the figure just ahead of me boarding an early afternoon flight at LaGuardia. I tried his name, and sure enough it was my uncle. He had come up to New York on business two days in a row, preferring to risk untold travel snags rather than stay overnight in Manhattan. My order of priorities would have been reversed, but surely the decision has boggled many minds.

Years ago, when my travel arrangements were handled by the woman who cooked my meals and scrubbed behind my ears, we used to ride out of the midlands *en famille* on smoke-belching Baltimore & Ohio Pullmans, to pass a few sweltering weeks in Washington visiting relatives and seeing all the sights my friends knew only from schoolbooks. Doubtless the summit of those trips was the night spent in an upper berth, perhaps the only time all year when a boy looked forward to going to bed. There was something delicious about being closeted behind drawn curtains, left alone to anticipate long whistles in the night, and the peeping faces of frolicsome siblings.

Washington, whatever its climatological pressures, was a summer's delight, the one place that gave meaning and magic to the word "sightseeing." I might not remember the city's legendary heat, but for a lasting vision of my mother and aunt, transfixed on a street corner, mopping their brows and hunting for a cool oasis called PEOPLE'S.

It was autumnal but still sultry on the afternoon I was disgorged from a notably unfrolicsome shuttle at National Airport. (One somehow refrains from playing peekaboo with martini-draining men in dark suits.) Though less than an hour by air from New York, Washington forces an outsider to make adjustments. It is a city of decidedly Southern cast, despite the dash and fever on Capitol Hill. People walk slower and talk slower than they do in cities farther north. They seldom cross the street against a light, least of all in downtown Washington where the pace suggests Savannah in mid-afternoon.

The visitor's eye scans the daily newspapers and stops on an ad for the film *Putney Swope*. Where the upraised finger should be overlaid with a woman's slinky form, there is only space.

Store windows show lots of male and female plumage, but the people passing by bear the drab feathers of an earlier age. Washington—outdoor, workaday Washington—is all Ivy: rep ties, wing-tip shoes, high-water cuffed pants. I hesitate to classify women's styles, other than to marvel at the local resistance to uprising hemlines. Noteworthy, too, is a mass refusal to part with penny loafers.

I tried out a few of these observations on a young Washingtonian, Jay Friedlander, who joined me for a drink at the Brickskeller, a little wedge of Munich on P and 22nd. "The mistake a New Yorker makes," he said, "is to compare New York with Washington —or New York with anything. I think Washington is like the rest of the country. New York is a hybrid.

"When you live in Washington," he went on, "you get to know who the ambassadors are, when the President's helicopter is landing. You become a political creature in spite of yourself. Washingtonians are the most politically sophisticated people in the U.S., but they aren't sophisticated any other way."

If the truth were known, I think, every Washingtonian would admit to owning a set of the gladdest rags Bill Blass could imagine, a costume or two put aside for those special indoor, after-work events. An arts-and-crafts opening, "OBJECTS: USA," brought out hundreds of strutting peacocks on October 3. The show didn't lose any of its social gloss because the collection was sponsored by the Johnson Wax Company, or because it took place in a Smithsonian Institution museum on 7th Street. The Nixon administration long ago took the mickey out of the embassy cocktail circuit, but D.C. nightcrawlers have not been denied. On this night they milled around for an hour, paying less attention to the plastics, mosaics, and leatherwork than to each other's bare backs and ruffled evening shirts; then as a cordon was lowered before an immense buffet, they stepped quickly into line. Weighted down with plates of stroganoff and all the trimmings—no canapé freeload this—they repaired to window sills, the laps of stone gods, the bare floor itself, and went to work clearing space for the petits fours.

If the Smithsonian seemed an unlikely host, it was only because its dusty antique image as "the nation's attic" has lingered too long. A grand housecleaning began in 1964 when S. Dillon Ripley, an Ivy League ornithologist, resigned the directorship of Yale's Peabody Museum of Natural History to become the Smithsonian's eighth secretary. Ripley inherited, in addition to a clutch of red-brick Victorian relics, the gleaming new Museum of History and Technology and the National Zoological Park, and he brought to life the National Portrait Gallery and the National Collection of Fine Arts, both tenants of the old Patent Office Building, scene of the "OBJECTS: USA" coming out. On the rise are the $60-million John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, hard by the Potomac, and the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, on the Mall.

Under various roofs old and new, the Smithsonian treasures such magnetic attractions as the Hope diamond, the tattered flag that moved Francis Scott Key to write *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*. But nothing packs the appeal of a little black rock in the ninety-year-old Arts and Industries Building. The rock may look no more exalted than something you kicked on the way to school, but it is a piece of the moon, and the people who file by in an endless pilgrimage give out an awe I thought only the Pope could inspire. Picture-takers' flashbulbs and strobe units bathe the rock—revolving within a cylinder beneath a glass globe—in an almost unbroken splash of light. I watched an Oriental man backing away from the exhibit, his eyes mag-

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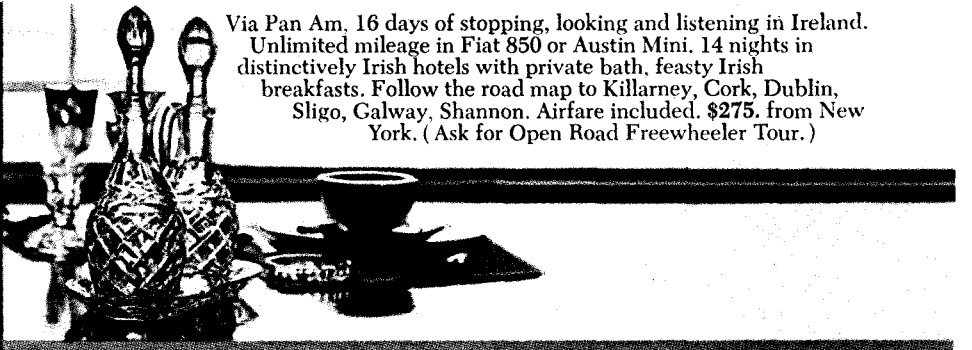
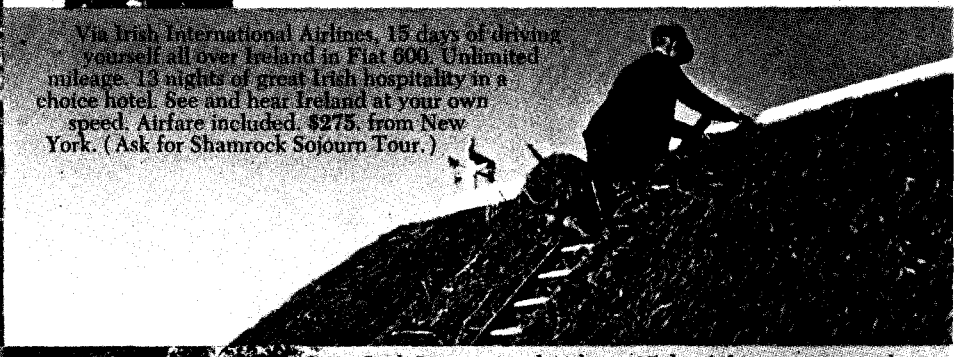
When you're seeing Ireland, keep your ears wide open.
For the words and sounds of Ireland are what you'll be remembering.

"When God made time he made plenty of it. And if you don't get to Shannon today, won't it be there tomorrow?"



Via Pan Am. 16 days of stopping, looking and listening in Ireland. Unlimited mileage in Fiat 850 or Austin Mini. 14 nights in distinctively Irish hotels with private bath, feasty Irish breakfasts. Follow the road map to Killarney, Cork, Dublin, Sligo, Galway, Shannon. Airfare included. **$275.** from New York. (Ask for Open Road Freewheeler Tour.)

"To get to Ballicooley, follow the tarred road for a bit, turn left, or go back the way you're after coming. If I were you, I wouldn't start from here at all."



Via Irish International Airlines, 15 days of driving yourself all over Ireland in Fiat 600. Unlimited mileage. 13 nights of great Irish hospitality in a choice hotel. See and hear Ireland at your own speed. Airfare included. **$275.** from New York. (Ask for Shamrock Sojourn Tour.)

"In this depersonalized age of the tractor and motor, our good friend the horse still puts on the greatest show, you can bet on that."

Via Irish International Airlines, 15 days of scooting around Ireland in Fiat 600 (first 150 miles free.) 13 nights in super hotels with private bath, Irish breakfasts. Half day sightseeing in Dublin. Choose your own itinerary to 13 cities. Airfare included. **$295.** from New York. (Ask for Choice Vacations Holiday.)

"Food may be good for thought, but 'tis the liquid stuff that interferes less with conversation."

Via Irish International Airlines, 15 day deluxe motor coach circle tour. (Irish guides make history sound like a story.) 13 nights in luxury hotel rooms with bath, most meals. See Limerick, Galway, Sligo, Belfast, Dublin, Waterford, Cork. Killarney. Medieval Banquet at Bunratty Castle, Jury's Cabaret, Abbey Theatre, evening entertainment en route. Airfare included. **$449.** from New York. Also departures from Chicago and Boston. (Ask for The Irish Rambler Tour.)

"Of course, we don't believe in fairy tales, but they do exist, you know."

Via Trans World Airlines, 15 day motorcoach tour of Ireland, with 3 nights in London. 10 nights in first class Irish hotels with private bath, sumptuous Irish breakfasts, Hilton Hotel in London with bath and English breakfast. Medieval Banquet at Bunratty Castle, Jury's Cabaret, Abbey Theatre in Dublin. London Theatre. Sightseeing. Airfare included. **$447.** from New York. (Ask for Series IRL.)

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netized to the lunar gem, suddenly stumble over a tripod propped up moments before by a camera crew. A man leaped forward and grabbed the two falling objects, one in each arm, before they crashed to the red carpet.

In retrospect, I think, it was more than the heat that used to wear down my mother and aunt—more, too, than their indefatigable charges. When Pierre L'Enfant mapped out the city in 1791, hoping to work in the broad expansive lines of eighteenth-century Paris, he paid little heed to the corns and bunions of future tourists. Doing the Mall by foot is in itself a day's labor, even in months more salubrious than July and August. Of course, one could always sign on with an organized bus tour, but until an outfit named Landmark Services got in the running last March with a fleet of open-air Tourmobiles, a roving three-hour civics lesson cost as much as $6.50. Landmark, a subsidiary of Universal Studios (which runs a similar tour of its Hollywood spread), charges passengers a dollar, or 50 cents for children two to eleven. That's a pittance for the day-long privilege of riding the Tourmobile's carrousel, getting off and on as you please to ogle all the pillars of culture.

Front-of-the-bus guides—mostly college students—receive a news briefing each morning at headquarters so their spiels don't evoke a canned travelogue tone. They are also supplied such fetching pieces of trivia as: "On your left is the Pentagon, in area the third largest building in the country (behind Boeing's 747 hangar at Everett, Washington, and the Cape Kennedy assembly plant). A total of thirty-two thousand cups of coffee are consumed each day at the Pentagon." Another: "This is the Pan American Union. It has the longest mural in the world." When I asked the guide what the mural represented, she shrugged dreamily.

On a solo tour, I revisited some sights vividly recalled from summers long past. One was Ford's Theater, completely redone a few years ago to look as it did the night Lincoln was shot. It now stages Circle in the Square productions from October to April. Across 10th Street is the Petersen House where the President was taken on April 14, 1865, and where he died at 7:22 the next morning, in a bed just large enough to support him diagonally. The only original object in the small room is a pillow, protected by a Plexiglas shield. Four black high school-age boys peered in the room for a while, then came out and asked Robert Lipton, a National Park Service attendant, why there was no blood on the pillow. He said it had been laundered after the assassination.

When they left, Lipton, a Washingtonian with the ready tongue of a New York cab driver, shook his head and said: "Kids come in every day and want to see blood on the pillow. I mean kids eight and nine years old. I tell you this generation is going to be wild; they really eat up the violence. I wouldn't work here if I saw blood on the pillow. I think the story is brutal enough. I hate wars, I hate violence of all kinds. And I believe in ghosts."

I went back to the Pan American Union, savoring memories of a dank indoor jungle and shrieking parrots. The birds were there, still noisy, but an adult's view of the jungle was reduced now to a modest skylighted patio with a few palms and shiny-leafed plants and a peace tree given by President Taft in 1910. My roadwork also took me past Lafayette Park, across from the White House, now undergoing a major manicure. Earlier this year, students from the area were invited to paint the wood fence surrounding the project with their versions of American history, and particularly the Presidency. One signboard enumerates the wars this country has fought, naming Vietnam near the top. "Just the idea," said my friend Friedlander, "that someone didn't wipe off that sign has done more for my confidence in the federal government than anything in years."

Georgetown is the social hub of Washington—more charming than Greenwich Village but less intriguing, less throbbing. I find it hard to relax completely in Georgetown bars. There's always someone at the door to check for coats and ties, and too many people inside with the earnest, button-down look of airplane commuters. At Nathan's—this year's spot—I squeezed in at the bar, while a mass of business suits and basic black dresses raised a discreet din behind me. At one point the bartender called the manager over and said, "You see that guy in the cardigan and tie?" From the sound of his voice, I thought he had spotted Lucky Luciano's ghost. "I don't want him in here. I don't want him in here," the manager snorted. He went off to evict the interloper, and I asked the bartender why.

"You can tell a lot about a man by what he wears," he said. "Know what I mean? Like if a guy doesn't understand what coat and tie means, what's he going to do when he gets drunk?"

I wanted to ask the bartender why he wasn't wearing socks with his penny loafers, but I got up and left and went down the street to The Guards, last year's spot. It was almost empty. All I heard was a woman telling her companion, "I don't care *what* Ralph Nader says . . . ."

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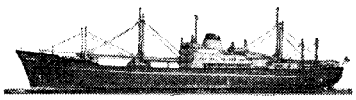

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102	Dec. 20	Jan. 3, '70	—	$290	$60	$230
329	Jan. 8	Jan. 22	$275	—	$60	$215
330	Jan. 29	Feb. 12	$275	—	$60	$215
105	Feb. 14	Feb. 28	$275	—	$60	$215
331	Feb. 26	Mar. 12	$275	—	$60	$215
106	Mar. 14	Mar. 28	$275	—	$60	$215
372	Mar. 27	Apr. 10	$275	—	$60	$215
PARIS						
112	Dec. 20	Jan. 3, '70	—	$300	$60	$240
334	Jan. 10	Jan. 24	$284	—	$60	$224
113	Jan. 24	Feb. 7	$284	—	$60	$224
335	Feb. 7	Feb. 21	$284	—	$60	$224
336	Feb. 21	Mar. 7	$284	—	$60	$224
337	Mar. 14	Mar. 28	$284	—	$60	$224
373	Mar. 28	Apr. 11	$284	—	$60	$224
LISBON						
108	Dec. 20	Jan. 3, '70	—	$282	$60	$222
109	Mar. 14	Mar. 28	$262	—	$60	$202
ROME						
123	Dec. 21	Jan. 4, '70	—	$340	$60	$280
125	Mar. 14	Mar. 28	$320	—	$60	$260
BRUSSELS						
116	Dec. 20	Jan. 3, '70	—	$300	$60	$240
148	Jan. 24	Feb. 7	$284	—	$60	$224
147	Feb. 28	Mar. 14	$284	—	$60	$224
AMSTERDAM						
142	Dec. 19	Jan. 2, '70	—	$300	$60	$240
145	Mar. 6	Mar. 20	$284	—	$60	$224
MUNICH						
121	Dec. 21	Jan. 4, '70	—	$317	$60	$257
345	Jan. 16	Jan. 30	$300	—	$60	$240
346	Feb. 8	Feb. 22	$300	—	$60	$240
347	Feb. 27	Mar. 13	$300	—	$60	$240
GENEVA						
117	Dec. 19	Jan. 2, '70	—	$312	$60	$252
119	Jan. 10	Jan. 24	$295	—	$60	$235
340	Jan. 19	Feb. 2	$295	—	$60	$235
120	Feb. 14	Feb. 28	$295	—	$60	$235
341	Feb. 23	Mar. 9	$295	—	$60	$235
242	Mar. 2	Mar. 16	$295	—	$60	$235
COPENHAGEN						
115	Dec. 20	Jan. 3, '70	—	$312	$60	$252
TEL AVIV						
132	Dec. 20	Jan. 3, '70	—	$490	$60	$430
349	Jan. 13	Jan. 27	$450	—	$60	$390
134	Feb. 6	Feb. 20	$450	—	$60	$390
350	Feb. 17	Mar. 3	$450	—	$60	$390
135	Mar. 7	Mar. 21	$450	—	$60	$390
351	Mar. 17	Mar. 31	$450	—	$60	$390
ATHENS						
127	Dec. 20	Jan. 3, '70	—	$395	$60	$335
129	Mar. 7	Mar. 21	$380	—	$60	$320

THREE-WEEK TRIPS

Trip #	Leave New York	Return to New York	Total Prepaid (Off Season)	Total Prepaid (Shoulder Season)	Including Accommodation Voucher	Thus, Real Cost of Round Trip
LONDON						
103	Dec. 21	Jan. 11, '70	—	$340	$110	$230
104	Jan. 3	Jan. 24	$325	—	$110	$215
332	Feb. 12	Mar. 5	$325	—	$110	$215
333	Mar. 9	Mar. 30	$325	—	$110	$215
375	Mar. 28	Apr. 18	$325	—	$110	$215
PARIS						
111	Dec. 19	Jan. 9, '70	—	$350	$110	$240
338	Jan. 17	Feb. 7	$334	—	$110	$224
339	Feb. 14	Mar. 7	$334	—	$110	$224
114	Mar. 7	Mar. 28	$334	—	$110	$224
376	Mar. 31	Apr. 21	$334	—	$110	$224
LISBON						
136	Feb. 7, '70	Feb. 28	$312	—	$110	$202
377	Mar. 29	Apr. 19	$312	—	$110	$202
ROME						
122	Dec. 13	Jan. 3, '70	—	$390	$110	$280
124	Feb. 28	Mar. 21	$370	—	$110	$260
BRUSSELS						
138	Dec. 13	Jan. 3, '70	—	$350	$110	$240
AMSTERDAM						
143	Jan. 9, '70	Jan. 30	$334	—	$110	$224
144	Feb. 6	Feb. 27	$334	—	$110	$224
MUNICH						
139	Feb. 7, '70	Feb. 28	$350	—	$110	$240
348	Feb. 20	Mar. 13	$350	—	$110	$240
GENEVA						
118	Dec. 20	Jan. 10, '70	—	$362	$110	$252
343	Jan. 19	Feb. 9	$345	—	$110	$235
344	Feb. 16	Mar. 9	$345	—	$110	$235
COPENHAGEN						
137	Feb. 28, '70	Mar. 21	$345	—	$110	$235
TEL AVIV WITH ATHENS						
131	Dec. 13	Jan. 3, '70	—	$540	$110	$430
133	Jan. 10	Jan. 31	$500	—	$110	$390
352	Jan. 29	Feb. 19	$500	—	$110	$390
353	Feb. 12	Mar. 5	$500	—	$110	$390
354	Mar. 5	Mar. 26	$500	—	$110	$390
ATHENS						
128	Jan. 3, '70	Jan. 24	$430	—	$110	$320

Note: A trip to New York City for the same period, while paying for $28 hotel rooms ($15 in Europe), $7 for dinner ($3 in Europe), and $9 for theater tickets ($2.50 in Europe), can cost you more than one of these trips. And, the European climate in the fall and winter is milder, because the temperatures don't drop as low.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Avanti!

IT IS RATHER a shame that a cinematically daring first film called *Coming Apart* will be attracting the curious principally because of its erotic content, when actually it represents something new and relatively significant in what, for purposes of easy identification, we can call the avant-garde movement in film-making. In New York, where much of the present ferment is located, Andy Warhol has been the somewhat dubious leader, and until recently was able to give aid and comfort only to the outlandish and untalented. The problem is that he had almost nothing to say, and therefore substituted camp and, at best, put-on. He was and is, however, a cunning self-publicist, and there are always some unwary critics around ready to find significance in amateurish improvisation.

Milton Ginsberg's film, while made with severely limited means, is something else again. He began with an idea that embodied both a story and the filmic method, and, in the milieu of the avant-garde, this makes it distinctly fresh. A psychiatrist whose own mental seams are beginning to give way decides to keep a film diary. In a borrowed apartment he sets up a camera, disguised as a mirrored object, in such a way as to focus on a mirror that reflects a good deal of the room. The mirror is behind a couch, and from this couch, by means of a remote control switch, the psychiatrist can click the camera on and off at will. There is, by the way, such a camera, so the feat is literally possible.

But Mr. Ginsberg intends to be more than or at least something other than literal. His film—and also the psychiatrist's film—records the disintegration of a personality, with part and parcel of it being the disintegration of his and his visitors' system of moral values. His estranged wife visits him, a former mistress, a former patient, a succession of girl friends. In the intimacy of the room their facades crumble, and one form or another of unsatisfying sex is the result. The method is not totally successful. The fixed camera angle requires ingenious staging and playing, but it does become static and a little wearisome after awhile. On the other hand, the very limitation of means creates some unusual effects, the most striking one being the very last, when a girl goes berserk and crashes the mirror that has been our vantage point, and we are now able to see only the blank, empty wall. Certainly a striking visual way of making a point.

Ginsberg shot more than he was able to use in the finally edited film; the cuts and the breaks in the action have a way of being arbitrary, almost haphazard. Yet, enough emerges for the pieces of the puzzle to fit into place. Rip Torn brings a precise understanding to his playing of the disturbed psychiatrist; Sally Kirkland, as a disturbed, hypersexual former patient is remarkably convincing. The film distresses and haunts, and is surely a vivid document of our erotically troubled time.

Very likely, to face it squarely, it is the eroticism—actual or promised—in the avant-garde film that makes it commercially viable. Agnes Varda, the French ultra-New Wave director, seems to have fallen for the Warholian pretense; she went to Hollywood to make, of all unnecessary things, a Warhol-type film about a ménage of three young actors and an avant-garde director (the real Shirley Clarke) who visits them. While the color camera work is infinitely superior to Warhol's clumsy technique, the material is fully as vacuous and, as a home movie, would be a good one to fall asleep by. It features two male members of the cast of *Hair* and that Warhol "superstar" concoction, Viva, who comes on perpetually stoned and flounders around in her unappetizing nakedness. Miss Clarke, by being herself, at least emerges as a human being, albeit vastly mystified, in what—for no apparent reason—has been called *Lions Love*.

Although Susan Sontag in her first directed film, *Duet for Cannibals*, does somewhat better than Miss Varda, this is because her actors are professionally capable. Otherwise, one wishes she would not have accepted a Swedish studio's misguided invitation to write and direct a movie. So now we have it, a Sontag movie, written in English, translated into and played in Swedish, and given back to us with subtitles. Nor does she allow us to make heads or tails of what her story is all about: An older couple erotically seduces a younger couple in a style bleakly reminiscent of Bergman, Pasolini, Godard, and Buñuel, all unfortunately mixed together. Miss Sontag was on the selection board that invited her film into the recent New York Film Festival while turning down *Coming Apart*.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Brooklyn Bow

THE NATION'S newest ballet troupe made its U.S. debut—it had had its official bow this summer at the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy—late last month in the handsome theater it will henceforth call home, the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Its founder-director is the twenty-seven-year-old choreographer-dancer Eliot Feld, who resigned last year from the American Ballet Theatre following enormously successful productions by ABT of his first ballets, *Harbinger* and *At Midnight*, and highly praised performances in several of ABT's masterpieces, among them *Billy the Kid*.

Feld, at that point, wanted a company of his own for which to choreograph and on which to imprint a style of his own liking. And, strangely enough, in a period in which amalgamations of existing companies has been discussed and in which ballet production costs are soaring, he got his way. He prevailed upon Harvey Lichtenstein, the bold and imaginative director of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, to see his two ABT successes and to fly to Canada to see his *Meadowlark* for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. Lichtenstein was sold on the talents of the intense, volatile youngster, and staked him to his company with the aid, of course, of foundation grants. Financial help has come from such individuals as Governor Nelson Rockefeller, fund organizations, the National Endowment for the Arts (federal), the New York State Council on the Arts, and the Rockefeller Foundation. Feld himself received a Guggenheim Fellowship for choreography.

The newest grant, $350,000, from the Rockefeller Foundation to the Brooklyn Academy of Music, will benefit the Academy's two resident modern dance companies, the Merce Cunningham Dance Company and Alvin Ailey's American Dance Theater, a drama group (the Chelsea Theater Center), and Feld's new American Ballet Company—the somewhat arrogant, conveniently unimaginative catchall name with which it is cursed.

At this writing, I want to make only a preliminary report on the new company—a fuller appraisal must come after the complete repertory has been on view and the performers have had the traditional shakedown. Feld himself, a dancer of more than ordinary theatrical powers, was out for the entire two-week engagement with a broken foot, but he covered his own roles with absolutely first-rate artists, such as Bruce Marks of ABT. But even in the midst of crisis, our newest ballet got off to a fine start.

The dancers, generally speaking, are quite young, quite handsome, and superbly rehearsed. Indeed, at the first presentations, the careful training of these youthful artists was so apparent that I wished they would get out of their training pants and really perform. The exemplary neatness of execution was there but not always the dazzle of theater. Mr. Marks displayed it, and with hypnotic power, in *At Midnight*, a Feld ballet in which he had orginally starred with ABT. But the star impact was missing from the first of Feld's U.S. premieres, *Cortège burlesque* to music of Chabrier *(Cortège burlesque, Souvenirs de Munich* orchestrated by Hershy Kay), décor by Robert Munford, and costumes by Stanley Simmons. Christine Sarry, a lovely little coquette and a fine technician, and the handsome and adept John Sowinski danced this *pas de deux*, satirizing the circusy aspects of performing, with no little charm; but it needed a real ballerina and a *danseur* to project outrageous behavior as well as do steps.

Donald McKayle's first choreographic success, *Games* (1951), to traditional street songs and shouts, was excellently danced by Feld's dancers as the underprivileged street urchins.

Herbert Ross's first choreographic triumph, *Caprichos* (1950)—based on Goya's commentaries of his own etchings of the same name, and set to music of Bartók (*Contrasts* for Piano, Clarinet, and Violin)—is impeccably executed and, truthfully, with a certain amount of dramatic verity; but the urgency underlying the American Ballet Theatre's performance of it is not yet realized by the baby company.

But there will be more to say at a later date about an important, attractive, disciplined, and talented new American ballet organization.

As a New Englander, I was affronted by the ineptitude of the choreography devised for an intensely dramatic and horrifying theme, that of the Salem witch-hunting era. As a theatergoer, I was outraged by the choreographic ineptitude of a new ballet by a choreographer of stature, experience, and, one had supposed, taste. I am referring to the first new work of the City Center Joffrey Ballet's six-week season recently closed, at the City Center. It is *The Poppet*, choreographed by the company's principal choreographer, Gerald Arpino, to music of Hans Werner Henze (Symphonies Nos. 1 and 3), with setting by Ming Cho Lee and costumes by Patricia Zipprodt, plus lighting effects, sound effects, projection effects, and offered with the arrogant notion that the treatment is rooted in "the sources" and "primitive depths" that the Arthur Miller play *The Crucible*—said to have inspired the ballet—somehow overlooked.

I don't want to prolong comments on one of the worst ballets I have ever seen, but it would be unfair simply to report affronts and outrages, and leave it at that. In brief, Arpino was guilty of bad stage craftsmanship when his introduction of the poppet itself (a voodoo-like doll) at the beginning of the ballet was remotely placed and casually offered, when his movements for the performers were less dance than pitifully superficial gestural emoting, or when the kicking of the Cross (which could have had a striking validity if choreographed) seemed the act of a petulant and not very bright child.

The examples of choreographic ineptitude in *The Poppet* are legion. The worst offense, other than that the ballet is an unbelievable bore, is that "the source" and the "primitive depths" were, though promised, at no time plumbed. The intense drama of the Puritan era was that the arena of that drama of faith and bigotry, repression and rebellion, self-flagellation and defiance was hidden within the being itself. That is where the battles took place. This is what Martha Graham means when she refers to the revealing of "the inner man" or to "give substance to things felt." Arpino's violence was overt, wholly superficial. Bodies were kicked and pummeled, girls screamed (as if they were Fay Wray trapped by King Kong), and mobs raced about. But just because simulated Puritan garb and the setting, which suggested scaffolding, were given visual accent, did not mean that Arpino ever got beyond a tawdry rumble in the streets of today's big cities. You can see better violence, if that's your thing, on TV. *The Poppet* is a ballet that not only affronts and outrages, it winds up as the ballet bore of the year—or, maybe, of the decade.

But let us not end on a negative note. The City Center Joffrey Ballet has danced brilliantly this season in many productions; Arpino has more choreographic smashes to his credit than failures; and New York's dance scene would be pale without the marvelous Joffrey artists. A *Poppet* is a reminder that even the best are vulnerable.

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Bataille du pont d'Arcole. Detail from the painting by Emil Jean Horace Vernet (1789-1863). On November 17, 1796 when his troops were unable to capture the bridge at Arcole, Napoleon seized the colors and led his men to victory in one of the most important engagements of the Italian campaign.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Cool Medium

FURTHER national demonstrations against the Vietnam war are scheduled for November and December, and on into next year, and television and radio naturally will cover each of them. Although press accounts of the broadcasters' handling of the October 15 moratorium were generally favorable, my own view is that television, particularly, failed to communicate the essential spirit of a day that searched the nation's conscience.

The failure illustrates the proposition that the degree to which reporters and commentators feel themselves to be personally involved in an event is the crucial factor in their reporting and interpreting of that event. Doing justice to an event, therefore, means taking into account the variable of involvement and consciously making an effort to balance reportage and commentary to compensate for hostility, indifference, or unrepressed sympathy.

In this sense, television collectively did not appear to be involved in V-M Day: it reported and interpreted it, but made no real attempt to get under V-M Day's skin. Television played it cool, objectively, dispassionately, which, as many people feel, is proper for networks to do when they are communicating events that are politically controversial. However, this wasn't the way television treated the moon landing, for example (I make the comparison conscious of the larger order of magnitude of the space event). There, the reporters and commentators were personally involved all the way, not inhibiting their own feelings in the slightest. They were clearly on the side of the space program; they had no qualms about joining the almost universal chorus of support, excitement, and suspense.

In national political campaigns and elections, the network staffs also allow themselves to become personally involved; overtly they do not back any candidates, but they leave no doubt about their enthusiasm for the political game. In covering the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago, reporters and commentators quickly developed a posture that was clearly hostile to the convention managers, although they avoided outright displays of sympathy for the demonstrators in the streets. People may quarrel about what television mirrored in Chicago, but the reflection was vivid.

The October 15 moratorium represented the kind of event upon which networks do not take positions. In backing off from any show of personal involvement, reporters and interpreters permitted the wine of the event to drain away.

V-M Day had a central stillness about it, nonviolent, unsensational yet dynamic. People felt deeply, their experiences were intimate; yet there was an open sense of sharing. Participants assembled, talked, listened to speakers, voted resolutions, marched, lighted candles. Crowds—of old and of young—behaved as individuals: that was the uniqueness.

Moments of revelation flashed on the TV screen, as when in Duluth, Minnesota, high school students, demonstrating against the war in a city that had never known such a phenomenon, sang "America, the Beautiful." Young war protesters on the Capitol steps in Washington contributed a mix-up of political symbols when they sang "Up With the People," the theme song of a traveling musical show sponsored by members of the radical Right. Georgia's Governor Lester Maddox, at an anti-protest rally in his state, led legionnaires in the singing of "God Bless America"; close-ups of the faces of the singers were grim portraits of superpatriots.

Viewers had to wait until the prime-time, business-as-usual shows were out of the way, before the CBS and NBC late evening specials came along. The CBS staff triumphed over logistics in assembling film clips from various cities and in lining up important persons; but although the commentators searched for the day's significance, their interpretations lacked both spirit and eloquence. They stayed clinically aloof. Why, on the other hand, could they exult with the spacemen, show excitement with election watchers, and express spontaneous revulsion at convention tyrants? The answer is national consensus—or at least the presumption of it.

The problem, then, is how to catch the true spirit of an event, if no consensus exists. One answer is for the network interpreters to stay cool if they refuse personal involvement, but to invite panels of involved demonstrators to do their own interpreting.

If the networks, however, do choose to be involved and to show it, let them allow panels of the non-involved to express their opinions. More of the spirit of V-M Day, pro and con, could have been communicated had the networks allowed panels of blacks, poor people, students, and John Birchers to express their thoughts about the meaning of the day, not merely in edited excerpts but in sustained conversations, just as the network newsmen did.

As it was, a single viewpoint, which reflected only white, middle-class, corporate America, had the exclusive privilege of selecting and organizing the image of a significant event. In a nation divided, it takes more than one viewpoint to articulate the meaning of social revolution.

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As Others See Us

LONDON: A Ghastly Tightrope

THE ONLY THING Hanoi and Peking always have worked for is an American loss of control (in Vietnam), leading to a withdrawal and a determination never to set foot anywhere in Asia again.

America might easily abandon European involvements as well, and pull the hard shell of its own natural wealth and interests right down over its eyes and ears. . . . It is, therefore, in all our interests that, however slowly he may appear to be getting out of Vietnam, President Nixon should never lose control. That is what this weird battle of wits is now all about. It is a ghastly tightrope to walk. But before we shake it too hard we might remember that we are all on it with him. —*The Sunday Telegraph.*

Honorable Settlement

IT IS ALWAYS possible that the South Vietnamese will prove capable of holding the Vietcong. If they do, then the United States will have won a great victory. It would be the honorable settlement that the American administration wants and is what they are working toward. Unfortunately, it is not the most likely result of an American withdrawal, and it may be that the best President Nixon can hope for is that the Communists will, in return for a settlement, allow the Americans to withdraw peacefully. It would undoubtedly be highly embarrassing if the Communists seized control shortly afterward, but it would be less humiliating than a retreat under fire.

—*The Times.*

EDINBURGH: The President and the Judge

JUDGE HAYNSWORTH is not, it would appear from his past record, in sympathy with the Supreme Court's views about the desirability or a rapid and at times painful breakdown of barriers between the races. Probably Mr. Nixon is trying to follow a middle-of-the-road approach, not seeking to turn the Supreme Court into a bastion of reaction, but instead wanting to inject a more staid, more conservative element into it, to balance the radicalism that it was noted for. Mr. Nixon is not, judging from his proposals to put the nation's welfare services on a more efficient footing, setting out to please the Right. Yet those who placed their faith in Senator Edward Kennedy will tend to see the appointment of Judge Haynsworth as evidence of the need to dislodge President Nixon in 1972. At the moment, however, he is riding high, and the Democrats find themselves in disarray.

—*The Scotsman.*

PARIS: Web of Contradictions

EACH DAY, the web of contradictions surrounding Washington's Vietnam policy grows tighter. Not the least of these is the attempt to reconcile negotiations with the enemy, the "Vietnamization" of the war and support of President Thieu. During his Saigon visit, which seems to have been rather hastily decided upon, Mr. Nixon pompously described the South Vietnamese head of state as one of the world's five great political leaders.

The American troop withdrawals, the second of which was delayed for a time by pressure from military leaders dubious about Vietnamization, bear little weight in the light of statements claiming U.S. policy is directed at showing the enemy he has no other choice but to negotiate. The word "capitulation" conveys the same idea. It may not reflect the President's thinking, but after five years of Mr. Johnson's policies Mr. Nixon will be hard put to convince the enemy otherwise. In the Vietcong's experience, all that is proposed in exchange for a thirty-year struggle is defeat. . . .

—*Le Monde.*

MOSCOW: In the Warmongers' Camp

THE DECISIONS reached at the eighth AFL-CIO congress [in Atlantic City] show that the developments in the United States and throughout the world have taught nothing to the U.S. trade union bureaucrats. They show quite openly that they remain in the warmongers' camp and oppose all working people of the world who want to achieve peace, progress, and justice on our planet. The reluctance of the trade union bosses to meet the demands of the working class halfway will undoubtedly lead to a still deeper crisis in which the AFL-CIO has found itself as a result of its leaders' betrayal of the interests of the working people.

—*Trud.*

FRANKFURT: No More World Sheriff

ASIAN GOVERNMENTS cooperate with the United States in looking ahead to the time when the Vietnam war will no longer be an American war. Some of the governments in this part of the world have been only too willing to rely upon the permanent presence of the United States. Unrest arises when the United States is unwilling to continue its role of world sheriff with the same enthusiasm.

—*Frankfurter Rundschau.*

BUDAPEST: How Big a Leap?

SUCCESS! Man has been on the moon. The myth of the ancient world, Kepler's dream, Verne's fantastic fiction have come to pass. Certainly we cannot appreciate as yet just how big that leap has been. The significance for scientific and technological progress of the new phase of space research opened by man's trip to the moon will be determined in the decades to come. However, we know one thing: success became possible because not only the three Apollo II astronauts but tens of thousands of scientists and technicians had worked self-sacrificingly and arduously to attain the great goal. This has been an example of operation, selfless mutual assistance, and efforts directed toward the common objective that is no less enchanting than the technical achievement itself. —*Magyar Radio.*

TAIPEI: Security and not Chaos

PRESIDENT NIXON has said his new strategy for peace means maintaining defense forces strong enough to keep the peace while not allowing wasteful expenditures to drain away resources needed for U.S. domestic programs. He said the United States would help other free nations maintain their security but would not rush in to do for them what they can and should do for themselves. The new peace strategy is based on a long-range concept of global significance.

In carrying out the new strategy, the United States should take firm steps to end the Vietnam war honorably. Ranking U.S. generals oppose continued withdrawals but the doves in the U.S. Congress want a pullout. It is up to President Nixon to show courage and determination in this instance.

In limiting commitments abroad, the United States should first help establish a collective security structure in Asia. If the United States is to continue withdrawing forces from Vietnam and Thailand, Peking will take advantage of the vacuum to cause more trouble. Nixon's new strategy for peace should lead to an increase of security and not to more chaos.

—*New Life Daily.*

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Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

More Respect

I'M TWELVE YEARS OLD. I'm writing to the *Journal* for one main reason. I think that your editors and the editors of all newspapers lack respect for men or women in superior positions. One such case is John Diefenbaker. In my opinion, "Dief" isn't a suitable name for a former Prime Minister. Just because you want to take up less space in articles on Dr. Diefenbaker doesn't mean you can just put anything down that you think of. I hope you will take my advice and have some respect toward these people.

—Patricia McHale,
The Ottawa Journal.

Until You Die

WHAT IS the true meaning of the word "mortgage"? "Mort" means death, so does mortgage mean that you try to gauge how much you can afford to pay each month until you die?

Coralie Carter,
Daily Express, London.

Nuisance

THERE ARE about twenty-two cattle sheds in Jawahar Nagar, a thickly populated slum. As soon as the cattle stop milking, they are left on the roads, making a nuisance to all and sundry. If anybody resists the free movement of the cattle, the owners immediately come on the scene and start a quarrel. The authorities are not taking suitable action against the owners.

—V. D. Bhat, (Khar)
Blitz, Bombay.

A Vote of No Confidence

HOW CAN OUR government, or any other government, expect to earn the confidence of its people when they send condolences on the death of a tyrant like Ho Chi Minh? No informed sources are ignorant of this man's record of bloody extinction of thousands of freedom and peace-loving people.

Such policies only reveal the hypocrisy of the diplomatic relationships between the nations, and do nothing to increase the trust and confidence of peoples in their governments.

In fact, it only increases our distrust of behind-the-scenes jugglery that barters away our hope of a peaceful and secure future.

—Andrew MacDonald,
The Telegram, Toronto.

Pushkin's English

RELUCTANT AS I AM to intervene in the dispute between two such redoubtable opponents as Mr. Vladimir Nabokov and Mr. Edmund Wilson, may I point out that in my recently published biography of Alexander Pushkin, I cite the evidence of a Russian army officer who is said to have had a perfect knowledge of English and who heard Pushkin both read Shakespeare in English and translate him into Russian.

Pushkin's pronunciation of English was somewhat eccentric, and when challenged on that point he laughed and said that he read English as if it were Latin. On the other hand, Pushkin's translation was, according to the evidence of this officer, "absolutely correct and his understanding of the language irreproachable."

—David Magarshack,
New Statesman, London.

Name Calling

I WAS BORN in Japan, but my fatherland is South Korea. Because of this, since I was in elementary school the Japanese people would call me "Chosen-jin" (Japanese name for Korean), and I would come home crying. . . .

I want the people of Japan and the mothers of Japanese children to know that Koreans are human beings the same as they.

—Kyoko Li,
Asahi Shimbun, Tokyo.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Thomas for Steinberg; Stokowski for The Juilliard

WHAT BEGAN in Philharmonic Hall as an auspicious evening for the familiar figure of William Steinberg in his new guise as music director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra ended with the debut of the unfamiliar Michael Tilson Thomas as his deputy. After a somewhat protracted intermission, the orchestra took its place, followed by Manager Thomas Perry. He announced that Steinberg was not feeling well enough to continue, and Michael Tilson Thomas, his assistant, would conduct the remainder of the program.

This was an inferential tribute to the thoroughness of Bostonian staff methods, for the first work Thomas (a second-generation descendant of the famous East Side theatrical family of whom the patriarch was Boris Thomashefsky) was called upon to direct was Robert Starer's new Concerto for Violin and Cello. Thomas, a slender young man with an engagingly modest manner (he took his first New York bow standing beside soloists Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello, then hopped onto the podium), gave ample evidence of familiarity with the score—doubtless gained by doing his homework at rehearsals—and a capable plan for dealing with it.

This was no easy assignment, for Starer (of Israeli background and American citizenship) is a composer with an unconventional mind and a personal sense of tonal combinations. Furthermore, a concerto with two soloists poses rather more than twice the difficulties of the ordinary sort. Wise performers that they are, the Bostonians—which includes the soloists, who are leaders of their respective sections of the orchestra—gave no indication of special attention in the special circumstances. Doubtless there was a more than normal amount of sidelong glances from the corners of the eyes, and careful counting during rests. In all, the results did not deviate from expectable BSO excellence.

Starer's previously noted unconventional mind and personal sense of tonal combinations did, however, produce something of an inversion of expectable values. Rather than stating his premises clearly and then proceeding to argue their validity, he began with a rather fragmentary, non-consecutive kind of (seemingly) improvisatory rumination. It gathered organic unity as the first movement progressed, and added laughter to its virtues in a sprightly Scherzo with some jazz-derived elements. Artfully, Starer put the expressive emphasis just where it should be, in a well-formulated Andante that was joined without pause to the finale.

The Andante abounded in long-flowing lines for the two solo strings that evolved into a persuasive kind of nocturnal reverie. Here the fluttering background for muted strings in their highest registers suggested faint, cricket-like chirpings in the distance. It is difficult to recall anything as imaginative in this vein since Bartók wrote into the slow movement of his Piano Concerto No. 3 the sounds of the birds he heard twittering during a visit to the lulling surroundings of Asheville, North Carolina, in 1944. Starer's invention reached its height here, and it may be enough to keep interest in the work alive until all the ingenuities of his writing and the skill with which the work is constructed have a chance to assert their more subtle appeals. As a performance, it profited from the discipline of the soloists and their relationship to the orchestra as well as from the musicianly resource of Thomas.

Appeals to hindsight are always difficult to resist, and the facts of Steinberg's indisposition may or may not have been involved in some characteristics noted in the evening's opening works. These (Beethoven's *Consecration of the House* Overture and the Second Symphony of Brahms) were polished and full of finely drawn details, but with not quite the vitality that the orchestra and its conductor have produced in other circumstances. The rousing applause for the tumultuous climax of the last movement of the Brahms may belie this statement, but it could be interpreted as an effort of the will to provide a lift where it had not been present previously. It was achieved with seasoned professionalism.

By the Saturday night program in Carnegie Hall, Thomas was also further on the way to seasoned professionalism than he had been on Wednesday, as Steinberg's physician decreed a period of rest before he resumed conducting (it was said that he had had an operation during the summer and was not yet at top strength). Thus Thomas carried on at a Thursday-

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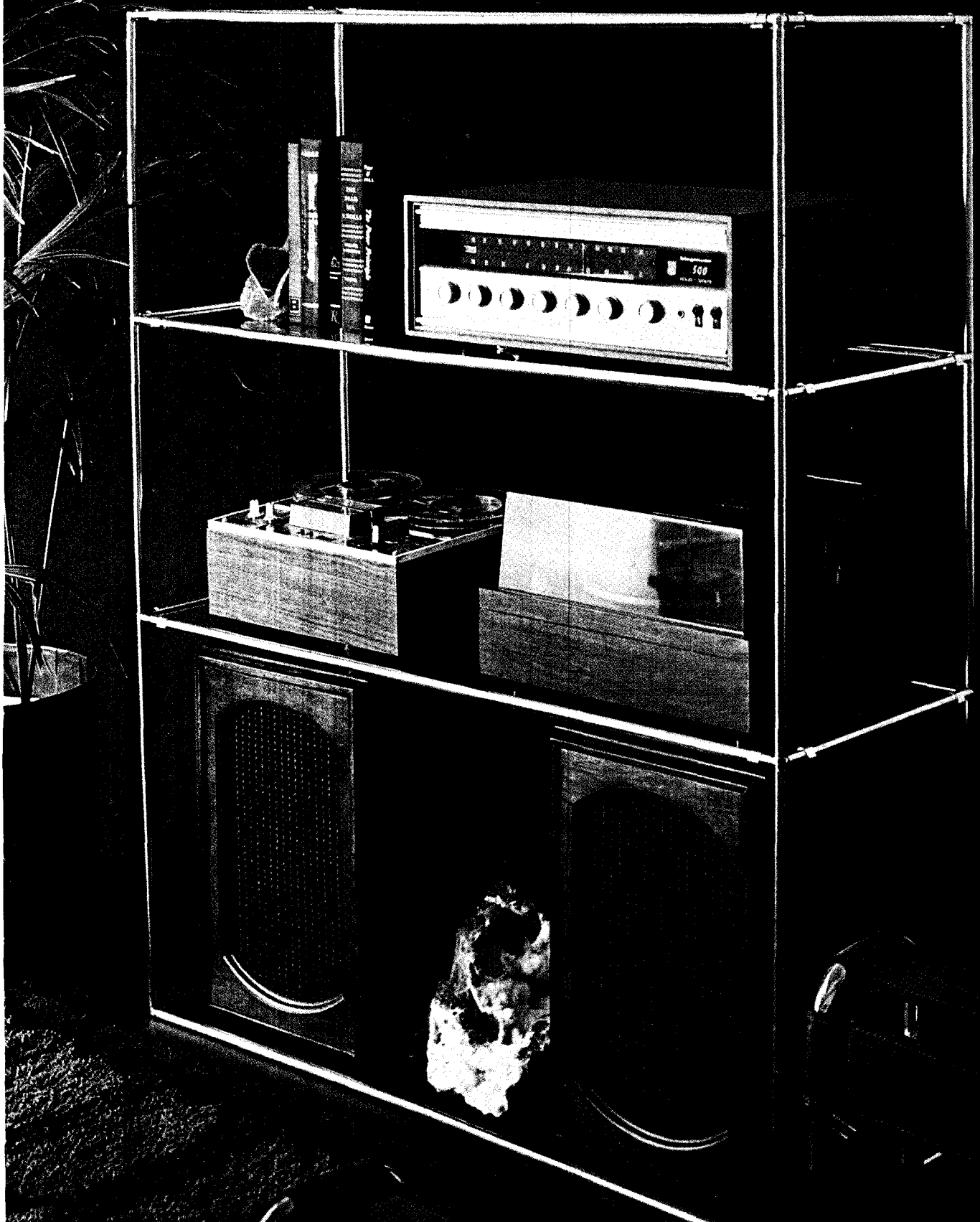

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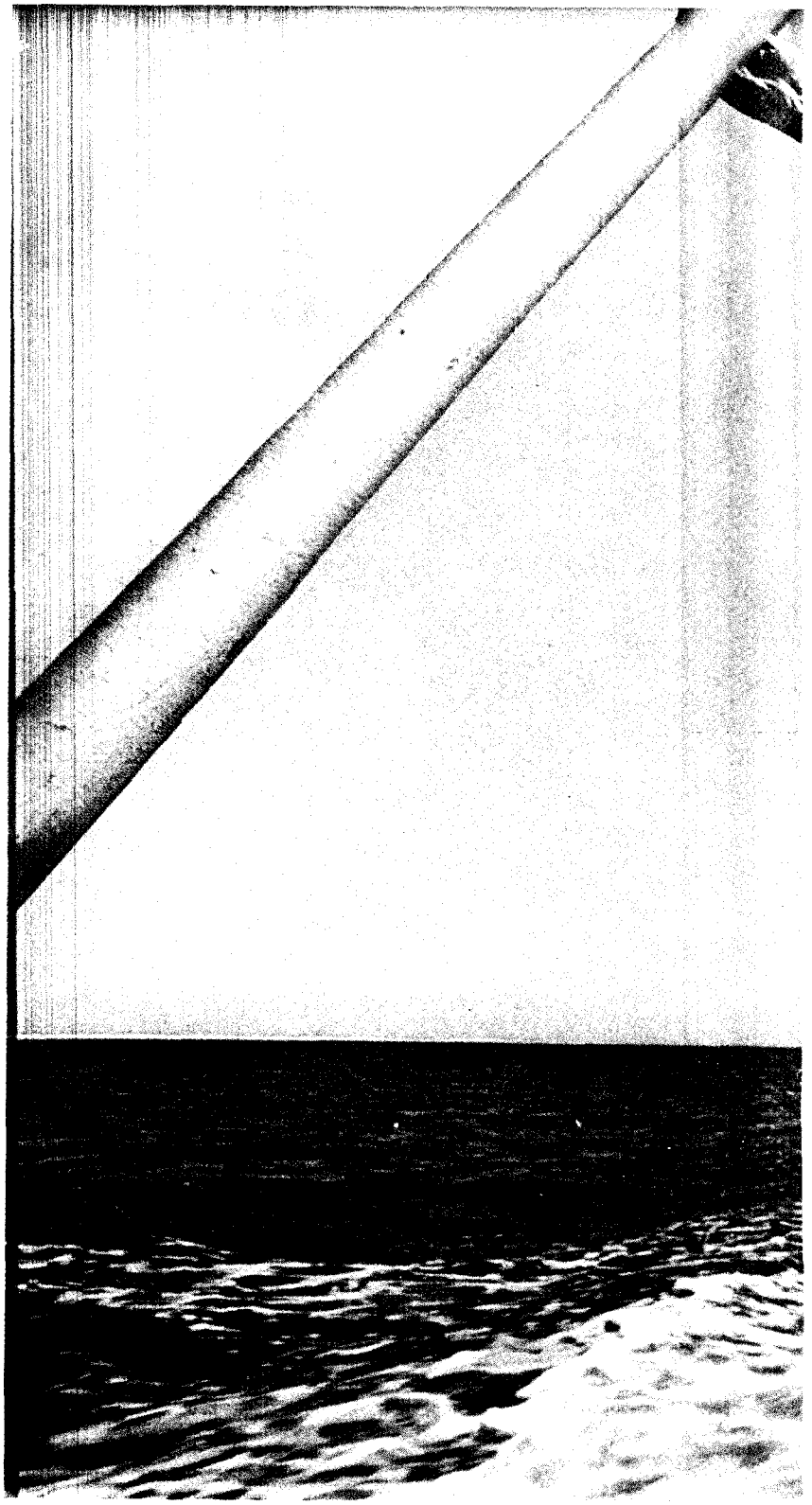

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"The seas give up their secrets grudgingly, challenging men to get what they can. But this is the kind of challenge I like. It may take many more years of work to get the answers to our questions. But when we do, we'll know how to use the sea in a way which will preserve its resources for generations to come."

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night concert in Villanova, Pennsylvania, with a repetition of Wednesday's program in Philharmonic Hall on Friday night. This was followed by his first appearance in Carnegie Hall, which involved not merely a change of locale, but a total change of content: a sequence of symphonies by Benjamin Lees (No. 2), Haydn (No. 55), and the Schubert C-major.

Or, it should be added, that was what the audience expected. What it received was a mixture of elements included in a program conducted by Thomas in Boston several weeks before: Ives's *Three Places in New England,* Stravinsky's Variations ("Aldous Huxley in Memoriam"), the Haydn Symphony No. 98 (in B flat), and Debussy's *La Mer.* Here, with the benefit of a pre-concert rehearsal, Thomas was more on his own resources, which provided more variable results. Best of them, to this taste, came in the brief Stravinsky tribute, which was concise, well articulated, and effectively controlled. The Ives tended to the bombastic (especially in the middle section called "Putnam's Camp, Redding, Connecticut"), the Haydn to the laconic and impersonal. (*La Mer* I did not hear.) On the whole, Thomas earned honors for resourcefulness in a situation where some might have panicked.

Which is more durable, a building or a man? Thirty-eight years ago, The Juilliard School opened a new building on the upper West Side with a concert in which Leopold Stokowski was an invited participant. Late in October The Juilliard School took official cognizance of the prior building's obsolescence by dedicating its new facility in Lincoln Center with a concert (telecast by CBS), and once again Leopold Stokowski was a participant.

After a longish delay in which the invited audience sat out television's absorption with the unseen millions, Stokowski gave the youthful members of the Juilliard Orchestra a lesson they should remember as long as they live in the proper performance of Wagner's *Lohengrin* preludes (to which they responded sensationally well); violinist Itzhak Perlman demonstrated the benefits of his work with Ivan Galamian in a glowing performance of the first movement of Paganini's D-major Concerto; Shirley Verrett showed her beautiful voice to advantage in music of Mozart and Donizetti; and Van Cliburn powered his way through the E-flat Piano Concerto of Liszt. It was an impressive exhibition of recent Juilliard talent, foreign as well as home grown, that might have been amplified to include others of earlier years. Jean Morel took up the leadership function where Stokowski left off.

Bernadette Devlin

Continued from page 32

try as sold as deeply to capitalism as Ulster itself. One's sympathy is wholly with Miss Devlin in her description of the first civil-rights march, which took place in August 1968. Everyone was in good humor until the police began to block their peaceable entrance into the town of Dungannon. "Most of the people on the march," she says, "hadn't really thought about civil rights: they had come with a sort of friendly curiosity to hear something. I do believe that for the first time it dawned on people that Northern Ireland was a series of Catholic and Protestant ghettos. The meeting got very angry but it was still a passive anger."

She sensed then, and at the Londonderry march in October, how deeply out of touch were their supposed leaders. "In spite of their 'civil-rights' label, the politicians had demanded *Catholic* equality and majority rule in *Catholic* areas." A man fails to get a job not just because he is a Catholic but "because there are not enough jobs, and there are not enough jobs because investment is made on the grounds of profits, not on grounds of people's needs. The crowd at that first-ever civil-rights march was interested in people's needs. . . . Ordinarily Derry is a dead city: about one in five of the men is unemployed and the whole feeling of the place is depressed. But it was electric that day. You could see it in people's faces. . . . So the Unionist government did the civil-rights movement a favor. They gave it life in one day . . . but what horrified me was the evil delight the police were showing as they beat people down, then beat them again to prevent them from getting up, then trailed them and threw them on for somebody else to give them a thrashing. It was as though they had been waiting to do it for fifty years."

Tremendously impressive is the account of how long the civil-rights group continued as "a disciplined, non-violent force." These marches were mainly organized by students, and we see pathetically, if a little comically, the man, later to become president of the Students' Union of Queen's College, standing in the street in floods of tears from frustration caused "by the continual stalling of the police. . . . The general public were 100 per cent with the students—something pretty new in student demonstrations."

The students' group was christened "The People's Democracy"—and when Ian Paisley had so stirred up ill-feeling that violence was used against them to a point where by being *subjected* to it, Miss Devlin reports, "we *were* leaving a trail of violence behind us," they decided to abandon marches in favor of meetings at which everyone present was allowed the fullest possible freedom of speech. The group went to the Northern Ireland Parliament, and there demonstrated, carrying on a debate on human rights "from three o'clock in the afternoon to about seven o'clock, and we could be heard all over the Houses of Parliament. Every time we spotted an M.P. we called him down to sign our statement, and honorable Members of Parliament were hiding behind pillars and peeping out to see what was going on."

The British press was watching and reporting—almost unanimously in favor of the demonstrators. On the resumed attempt to march there was one especially agreeable scene when the police had begun to charge and Bernadette shouted through the megaphone: "Everybody sit down as quickly as possible and then we'll see who's causing the violence." The spectacle of police falling over the demonstrators and each other was not lost on the photographers.

The story of the furor caused by Bernadette's election success and her maiden speech in the British House of Commons is well known. A friend of mine who was present confirms the tremendous effect of it, and another who met her in New York told me that his overwhelming impression was one of an immense sincerity. Both in London and New York Miss Devlin was subjected to all the wearing and absurd results of being the latest sensation.

A change came in Bernadette's public image, and probably in herself, during the battle of the Bogside, an area of Londonderry that is a Catholic ghetto. Here the barricades erected by the householders remained longest, and around them the fiercest battles were fought. And here we suddenly find this girl-leader, the proponent of non-violence, throwing petrol bombs made by small children who had quickly acquired the skill. Well, she had been called Joan of Arc, and Joan of Arc had fought. But surely she should offer us at least a glimmer about the line of argument that drove her to this change of attitude. Obviously, the situation had greatly worsened; Miss Devlin states that the police, not the mob, burnt down several rows of Catholic houses. It was in fact houses in the Catholic area only that were destroyed en masse, but we do urgently want some word in defense of what so many of Bernadette's admirers felt to be an abandonment of her principle of non-violence. *Is* there a point at which violence against violence becomes legiti-

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mate, or is that the point where martyrdom must be accepted for oneself and for those who have trusted one?

The Price of My Soul ends with another element in the author's short but crowded life which fascinated me because I have been mixed up with the same movement in England. Bernadette became involved in the squatters' campaign, first observing it in London, then working for it in Londonderry. In England and Ireland alike, local and central governments have broken down on the question of adequate housing for the underprivileged. Not only is there a desperate shortage, but many houses stand empty, waiting until the authorities are ready to demolish them in order to build something else, to create a new road or widen an existing one. This may persist for many years and, as Bernadette observed, even the worst of these houses was better than anything the poorest were currently occupying. Committees were formed both in London and Londonderry to help desperate families to take over these premises (which they had *begged* to be allowed to rent). Local authorities have tried various tactics—from damaging the houses before leaving them unoccupied to hiring thugs to turn out the squatters. Their furniture has been thrown out of the windows; squatters have been struck—including, in one case at least, a pregnant woman who miscarried in consequence of a blow from an iron bar.

After many struggles a group of housing Associations led by Shelter has succeeded, by full exposure of these shocking tactics, in persuading the authorities in several London suburbs to rent the houses to them. They in turn sublet to the tenants and promise to vacate them for the authorities when—and it is often not when but *if*—their grandiose schemes are actually ready to be carried out. Meanwhile our societies can help these families to save and can put schemes afoot for something more permanent. This book claims great success for the housing campaign in Londonderry, but of *how it succeeded we learn nothing.*

Bernadette Devlin feels that in entering the British Parliament she made a vast mistake—that it is her job to achieve better conditions for those most in need and that Parliament is the last place in which this can be accomplished. Whether or not her contempt is wholly justified, she has sensed something for which she has not yet found expression. The curse of our age in every country is that we are run not by the Parliament or Congress we elect, but by the unknown men who make up the bureaucracy.

Maisie Ward

Alan Paton

Continued from page 32

deify the past. Its message is the same as T. S. Eliot's:

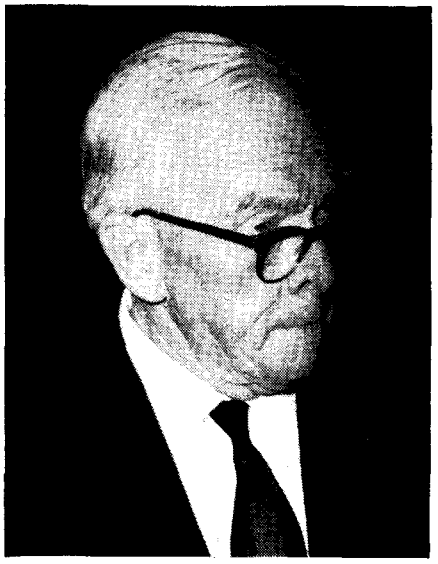
> We cannot restore old policies
> Or follow an antique drum.

For You Departed was first made public when Paton read substantial portions of it in Rhodes University Theatre on July 8, 1969. Before beginning, he explained:

> This document is a very intimate one; nevertheless I will read portions of it, because I think as you get older you don't wish to keep intimate things so close to yourself as you did when you were young.

As he began to read there was absolute silence in the crowded auditorium—not just the usual cessation of rumblings, but an embarrassed silence bespeaking disbelief, as if those present were shocked into stillness by the revelations unfolding before them in staccato, yet austere, musical rhythms. Gradually, as the work's range of mood, humor, and movement emerged, there were stirrings of laughter at witty anecdotes followed by repeated wholehearted bursts of laughter during the reading of episode "Thirty"—a highly amusing narrative about a family card game called Reformatory Bridge (to which Paton's skill as a raconteur may have added spice). The stillness returned as he read of detentions, house arrests, and searchings by the security police, but the sanity of humor pervaded even these somber recitals. He told, for example, about a statement he had written in anticipation of being arrested the day he was to fly to Swaziland to visit Bishop Reeves in the aftermath of the Sharpeville massacre in 1960:

> No one came that day to arrest me [he reminisced to his departed wife], and when I left at dusk I gave the document into your safe-keeping. You hid it on top of one of the cupboards in the guest bathroom, but as you lay in bed it became oppressively clear to you that when the security police came, they would go straight to the top of the cupboards in the guest bathroom. So you took it down from there and put it into your rolled-up red-and-white umbrella hanging in your dressing room. Then back in bed it became equally clear to you that when the police came, they would go straight to your red-and-white umbrella hanging in the dressing room. Then you had an inspiration of genius (which admittedly was based on the assumption that the security police were all gentlemen), and you took the document and taped it to your stomach, and then got back into bed.



—Hepburn & Jeanes, Grahamstown.

Alan Paton: "It is a strange story and now it is done."

As Paton ended this first public reading with a final variation on the refrain of his favorite Russian kontakion: " . . . it is a strange story and now it is done. I have made my song, alleluya . . .," no one in the audience doubted that a powerful work had been unveiled; the ovation was fervent.

The emancipation of white persons from color prejudice, a recurring motif in the book, is a theme that has been frequently explored by Paton. In *Cry, the Beloved Country* we observe the elder Jarvis as he gradually emerges from the closed mental world of his habitual assumptions and unexamined biases, seeking to understand the unprejudiced spirit that informed the life and actions of his murdered son. In his great biography of Jan Hofmeyr, Paton traces with infinite care the efforts by South Africa's prominent liberal statesman to overcome a fundamentalist morality that placed prohibitions and denials before affirmations, and his parallel struggle to free himself from white South African intolerance.

Paton's reiteration in this new work that the pilgrimage toward release from conventional white South African attitudes is brought about gradually and fearfully enforces the sincerity of the personal, intimate details. The reader becomes, as it were, a trusted friend who shares in the joys and vicissitudes of the pilgrim.

In its homiletic thrust, the book traces the ascending path out from "the halcyon days" of thoughtless acceptance of white South African privilege with its unreasoning pride in the sun and the gold and the generosity of nature that tempts a riot of color

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from the flowers and shrubs in all seasons. The pilgrim must proceed from this complacency to a growing sensitivity for human suffering, and ultimately to a willingness to suffer himself for what he believes in. The pilgrim's willingness to suffer—a spiritual plateau reluctantly arrived at with many a backward glance ("I remember once that you wept a little for the self that you had left behind. I had just been visited by a senior security policeman . . .")—is presented in the book explicitly as something derived from the nature of the author's faith. It should be emphasized that this religious conviction is more remarkable for a proper sense of the absurd than for doctrinal orthodoxy. Skeptics will find it comfortably congenial.

Paton succeeds in establishing the simple sincerity, the naturalness almost, of this faith as he describes the frequent bedside communions that sustained his wife through the prolonged agony of her final illness. Indeed, in a curiously paradoxical way, he does something more: he convinces us of his acceptance of her suffering—not complacently, but with the deep understanding that to be reconciled to it without outcry against God is an essential element in his own Christianity. Its genuineness is manifest when he speaks of her determination to reject the cruelty of the state:

> Where did your courage come from? It was your religion of course, that strange Christianity of yours that took seriously the story of the Cross, that understood with perfect clarity that one might have to suffer for doing what one thought was right, that rejected absolutely the kind of Crossless geniality that calls itself Christianity.

Looked at exclusively as a memoir, this work is essentially the story of a marriage, with many surprising disclosures. At the age of twenty-two Paton is attracted to a married woman six years his senior. Her husband dies, and within months of her widowhood they pursue a secret courtship. Following the joys of awakening love come difficulties, the painful blow of hearing her say that she can never love him as she loved her first husband. And on their wedding night he sees with shock that she is wearing her first husband's wedding ring.

In 1935 Paton—by then thirty-two—was put in charge of Diepkloof Reformatory, a prison ("as foul a place as ever I saw") staffed by sixty professional wardens in the employ of the Department of Prisons. Four hundred African youths aged from seven to twenty-one, who had been convicted

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of offenses ranging from petty theft to murder, were housed in wood-and-iron buildings surrounded on all sides by a high barbed-wire fence. At night they were locked in, twenty to a room, "with one bucket full of water, and another bucket for urination and defecation." In the mornings "the stench . . . was unspeakable." Paton first persuaded the fearful prison staff to leave the dormitories unlocked at night. This permitted the lavatories to be used when needed, and as a result "typhoid fever, which had been the scourge of the reformatory and the cause of many deaths, almost completely disappeared."

Dorrie Paton, dismayed when Alan received the Diepkloof assignment, refused at first to be uprooted from her beloved Natal, or to face the unfamiliar world of urban, black Johannesburg. It was a month before she followed him there, and meanwhile he was falling in love with a young woman who shared his literary interests. He renounced the girl; Dorrie Paton put away her first husband's wedding ring, and as their marriage grew stronger, so did their commitment to a nonracial ideal. "It was at Diepkloof," writes Paton, "that we began to feel that the color-bar that ruled South African life was unendurable. So far as we were able we threw it our of our lives."

The alternate arrangement of past and present episodes in the book results in some ironic juxtapositions. For example, the account of increasing freedoms from restraint at Diepkloof Reformatory is abruptly interrupted by reference to an event at the time of writing, when Paton went to Johannesburg to bid farewell to Bill Hoffenberg, professor of medicine at Cape Town, who not only had been banned but prohibited from teaching because of his work for Defense and Aid and his chairmanship of the Student Advisory Panel. The themes of freedom and affirmation and those of prohibitions and intolerance are strongly counterpointed thereby.

The story of Bill Hoffenberg's banning and voluntary exile is the first of the episodes dealing with the Liberal Party, to which Paton and his wife had devoted their full energies from its founding in 1953. In the book Paton confines his remarks chiefly to its final phase after 1964, when some of its young adherents took part in a foolish conspiracy that enabled the authorities to identify liberalism—and the Liberal Party—with subversion. On April 24, 1968, addressing the last legal multi-racial protest meeting to be held in Johannesburg, Paton recalled what he had said to the remnants of the party in 1965 after some forty of its leaders had been banned:

> Stand firm by what you believe; do not tax yourself beyond endurance, yet calculate clearly and coldly how much endurance you have; don't waste your breath and corrupt your character by cursing your rulers and the South African Broadcasting Corporation; don't become obsessed with them; keep your friendships alive and warm, especially with people of other races; beware of melancholy and resist it actively if it assails you; And give thanks for the courage of others in this fear-ridden country.

The only time in the course of this book that Paton adopts a tone verging on anger concerns this very point. Striking out at his tormentors, he cries to his wife:

> Is it not strange that you and I, all our lives till then blameless before the law, should find ourselves followed by security police, and have our telephone tapped and our letters read, and have our house searched, and receive threats of death, and anonymous letters that were almost without exception obscene, and have a security policeman sitting in hotel dining rooms watching us eat as though there were a danger that when we swallowed we might swallow the Army and the Air Force and the Government and all?

The chairman of the Liberal Party, Peter Brown, who had been imprisoned without trial for four months during the Sharpeville emergency in 1960, was banned for five years on July 30, 1964. When this ban expired on July 30, 1969, Brown was banned for five more years. Paton protested in an eloquent speech but otherwise the arbitrary renewal of this shocking restriction received little attention. In England the *Manchester Guardian* alone found it newsworthy. With few exceptions the rest of the press in Europe and the United States remained silent—a silence that encompassed several other restrictions on freedom in South Africa during the same month that men landed on the moon.

These have included the conviction of the editor of the *Rand Daily Mail* for contravening the Prisons Act; the passage of a law permitting censorship of works in manuscript, and blanket censorship of new editions of works printed in South Africa; the proposal by the responsible Minister that there should be no appeal to higher courts against decisions of the Censorship Board; and the introduction of a law permitting the Bureau of State Security to forbid the introduction at its discretion of *any* evidence in *any* court of law.

Nevertheless, those of us in the United States who hoard gold, honor the ritual of diamond engagement rings, and spend more than $20 million in one year on South African rock lobster tails can hardly use the press as a scapegoat. All of us seem determined to agree with the practical wisdom of Rosetta's advice to Emble in Auden's *The Age of Anxiety*:

> If ever you see
> A fuss forming in the far distance,
> Lots of police, and a little group
> In terrible trouble, don't try to
> help . . .

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

FATHER, DEAR FATHER

In the first column, Jo Ann West of Cheverly, Md., lists some fathers prominent in literature. She asks you to pick out their children from the second column, and their authors from the third. The Family Relations Court is on page 54.

1. Anchises ( )	A. Aeneas	1. Balzac
2. Baptista ( )	B. Anastasie and Delphine	2. Butler
3. Simon Dedalus ( )	C. Arkady	3. Dickens
4. Soames Forsyte ( )	D. Bianca and Katharine	4. Galsworthy
5. Oliver Gant ( )	E. Ernest	5. Goldsmith
6. Père Goriot ( )	F. Eugene	6. Joyce
7. Grandgousier ( )	G. Fleur	7. Malory
8. Isaac of York ( )	H. Gargantua	8. Proust
9. Nikolai Kirsanov ( )	I. Gilberte	9. Rabelais
10. Leodegraunce ( )	J. Guinevere	10. Scott
11. Dr. Manette ( )	K. Lucie	11. Shakespeare
12. Theobald Pontifex ( )	L. Natasha	12. Tolstoy
13. Charles Primrose ( )	M. Olivia and Sophia	13. Turgenev
14. Count Rostov ( )	N. Rebecca	14. Virgil
15. Charles Swann ( )	O. Stephen	15. Wolfe

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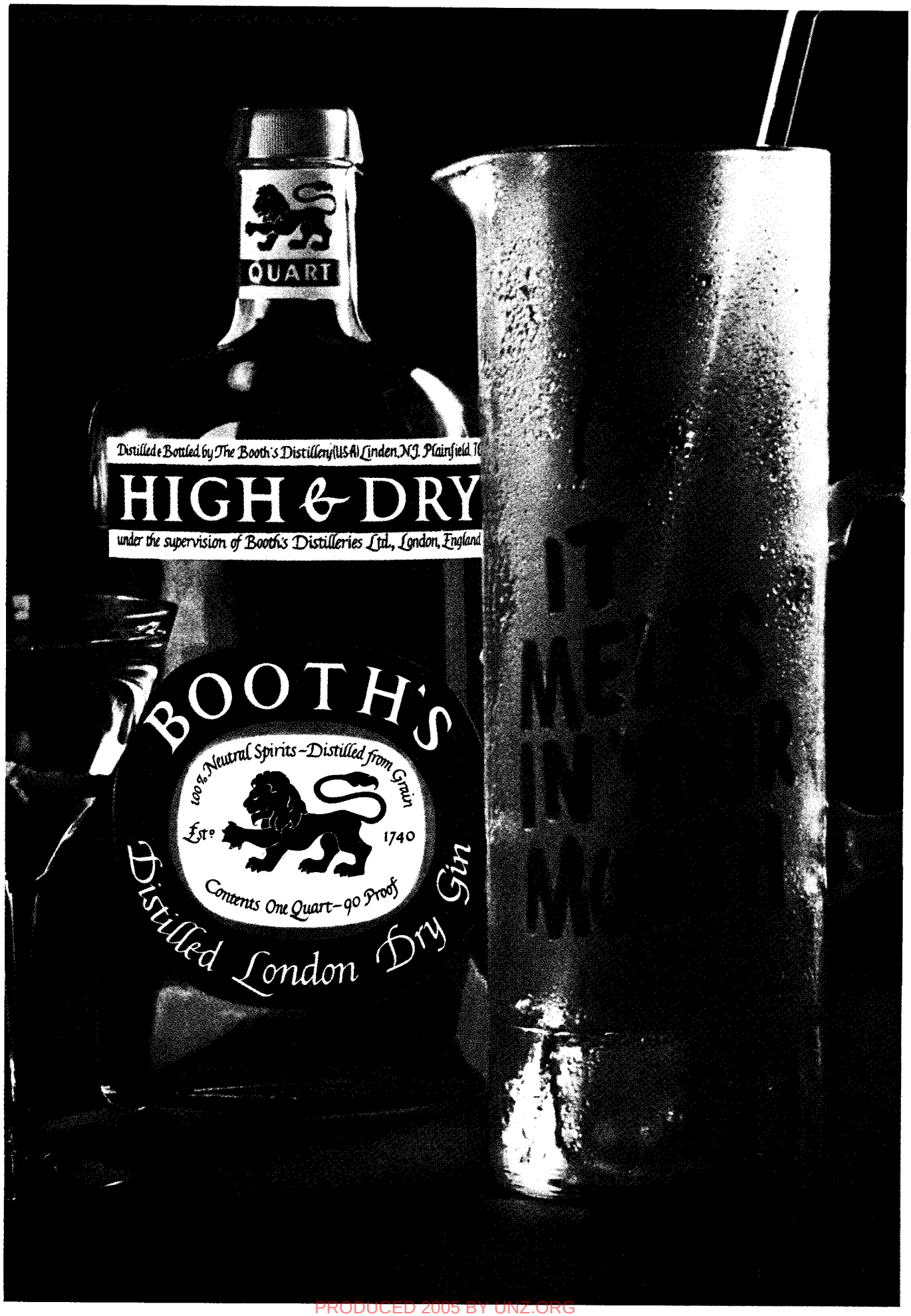
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Denmark is a fairy tale surrounded by Europe. Taste a bit of its magic.

Cherry Heering.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

It was inevitable that the character of Hamlet should intrigue Slavs. Turgenev was fascinated by the brooding figure "with his penetrating, keen, and skeptical mind." Tolstoy was mystified: "There is no possibility of finding any explanation whatsoever of Hamlet's actions or words, and therefore no possibility of attributing any character to him." The latest appearance of the Melancholy Dane in Russia occurs in Vasili Fyodorov's volume of verse *Third Cock-Crow*, now partially translated. In "Hamlet at the Collective Farm" a film version of the play is being projected in the dark hall of the *kolkhoz*, and a prematurely old woman sits silently observing it. The poet wonders what the neuroses of the prince could possibly mean to a woman whose personal tragedies must have been more real than Hamlet's. He asks:

> What's Hamlet to her?
> She has breathed Hell,
> Suffered a war,
> Known death too well.
> Mortally stricken
> Blind miles away,
> Her husband saw
> Her hair turned gray.

Yet Fyodorov is aware that behind her silence the catharsis of the drama is operating, and that "from the height of her suffering" the aged lady is as concerned as if Hamlet were her own son.

Untroubled by censors, Fyodorov (born 1918) won the Russian Federation State Prize for this, his fifth collection of poetry.

After the critical success of *Z*, by the young emigré Greek novelist Vassilis Vassilikos (*SR*, Nov. 16, 1968), one would expect his new novel, *The Photographs*, to take up again the theme of the destruction of liberty in Greece with American assistance. The topic this time, however, is the separation of two lovers and the impossibility of rewarming a cooled passion. Indeed, this time Vassilikos indulges in an allegorical framework. His setting (as before, Salonika) he calls Necropolis. His hero, Lazarus, "returns from the dead" after three years to seek out his old love, Helena, whose photographs have sustained him as "a refuge during every difficult moment of his life." Lazarus's intention is to accede to Helena's desire for marriage and to take her to live in Ouranopolis ("heavenly city") where happiness and greater freedom await them. Odysseus returned after two decades to find Penelope unchanged, but the girls of Ithaca were apparently more constant than those of Salonika. Helena will have no part of Lazarus, and he learns the hard way the difference between truth and poetry. In this "literary" work Vassilikos does not abandon his staple themes of love of liberty, hatred of poverty, dislike of modern cities, etc. The French translation of *The Photographs* is published by Gallimard.

The most significant recent novel from Spain is Ramón Hernández's *Palabras en el muro* (Words on the Wall), published by Seix Barral in Barcelona. Born in 1935, Hernández is a trained engineer and sociologist with brief residences in England and on the Continent. He is moreover Spain's strongest candidate in what *Insula* calls the competitive confrontation with the brilliant new generation of psychological novelists and narrative technicians from Hispanic America. The title of this novel refers to a Spanish prison wall, and the three protagonists whose stories are figuratively written on it are condemned killers: Sabino, Albero, and Genaro "the Mute." Each panel of this prison triptych is a double one, for frequent flashbacks from the existence of the trio in their cell relate their lives, loves, and crimes in the outside world.

An Oedipal type, Albero has indulged in an incestuous relationship with his neurotic mother and killed his step-father. Sabi, a playboy from the Costa Brava, has murdered his loving American mistress, and the former Don Juan is now reduced to homosexual adventures in a sordid prison. Techniques of the Newer Novel abound: alternations of past and present, actions breaking the narrative thread, transitions from first to third person, etc. Fortified by his sociological and psychological investigations of prison behavior, Hernández seasons his long (544 pages) tale with a varied assortment of rogues and tyrannical guards, representing a penal system in need of reform. I have not seen his first novel, *El buey en el matadero* (The Ox in the Slaughterhouse), which, unlike *Palabras*, won little critical praise in Spain. The English-reading public ought to be given an opportunity by some publisher to enjoy this second novel, one that took courage for a Spaniard to write.

Unhappy Klaus Mann (1906-49), son of Thomas Mann, took his own life at Cannes, disillusioned at the state of the world. That he himself was a more interesting person than those in his few plays (considered erotic) and novels (one based on the life of Tchaikovsky) is affirmed by the reissuance of an expanded edition of *Heute und Morgen* (Nymphenburger, Munich), a collection of his essays, polemics, and reminiscences, some heretofore unpublished. The book is especially strong on portraits: Chaplin, Garbo, Henri Barbusse, Bruno Walter, Thomas and Jan Masaryk, *et al.* Two essays to which Mann obviously attached importance are *"Krieg und Sexualität,"* written in 1930, in which he analyzes Magnus Hirschfeld's theory of war as the product of sexual psychoses and worries about a "world-shattering" orgy of sadism menacing Europe, and *"Homosexualität und Fascismus"* in which he expresses concern at Soviet attacks on

"Sorry, I can't afford to be a lucky winner."

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homosexuality. As a good radical Mann was convinced that such moralistic attacks characterize Fascist or bourgeois decadent states. Even though the despair revealed in this collection foreshadows Klaus Mann's suicide, the essays remain valuable as pioneer attempts at *antifaschistische Publizistik*.

Light relief is provided by Renate Rasp's *Eine Remmstrecke* (Distance to Be Run), a collection of ironically risqué poems published by Kiepenheuer & Witsch. With pungent verses of only a few syllables each, the attractive (to judge from her photograph) poet records her fleeting memories and concerns while practicing smiles before a mirror, spreading cold cream over her face, or lolling about on a Sunday morning. Intimate, fragile lines, perhaps; but one accepts willingly her first-page invitation: *"Komm, wir rennen über mich weg!"*

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1 A 14, *Aeneid*; 2D 11, *Taming of the Shrew*; 3 O 6, *Port. of the Artist, Ulysses*; 4G4, *Forsyte Saga*; 5F 15, *Look Homeward, Angel*; 6B 1; 7H 9; 8N 10, *Ivanhoe*; 9C 13, *Fathers & Sons*; 10 J7, *Morte d'Arthur*; 11 K3, *Tale of Two Cities*; 12 E2, *Way of All Flesh*; 13 M5, *Vicar of Wakefield*; 14 L 12, *War & Peace*; 15 I 8, *Swann's Way*.

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Harvard University

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Hermann Hesse's Popularity

In his article "How Hermann Hesse Speaks to the College Generation" [*SR*, Oct. 18], Henry S. Resnik states that "Evidence abounds that the works of Hermann Hesse have replaced Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* as a literary fad on the American campus." Perhaps Mr. Resnik does not recall the popularity of Hesse's works on the campus during the late Fifties, before most American students had even heard of J.R.R. Tolkien.

Nada L. Mach,
Santa Cruz, Calif.

As a college sophomore, I am appalled at the snide insinuations that Mr. Resnik makes, particularly that this generation is incapable of comprehending or appreciating as complex a work as *The Glass Bead Game*. Worse, he indulges in such pejorative phrases as "euphorically dumb underground newspapers," "teeny boppers," "subverbal hippies" (whatever *that* may be), "weekend hippies" (ditto).

But these remarks are more than derogatory; they betray a sentiment which negates the very essence of Hermann Hesse, as such gross simplifications as Hesse's "overriding anti-intellectualism" and "stereotyped" plot schemes reflect either a total rejection or basic misreading. This is most obvious in Mr. Resnik's assertions that "Hesse himself would probably have hated the kind of adulation his novels have received" and the subsequent "cheapening" of his works. Quite oppositely, Hesse would have been ecstatic to see the multitudes of his admirers.

Michael Kalman,
Stony Brook, N.Y.

I found H.S. Resnik's review of *Peter Camenzind* and *The Glass Bead Game* terribly trivial, depressing, patronizing.

Thomas C. Lewis,
New York, N.Y.

Henry Resnik interprets both Hesse and the student mentality with remarkable accuracy. He says what needs to be said, and does it with candor and kindness.

Raymond Wolfe,
Geneseo, N.Y.

Granted *Magister Ludi* is good; but Mr. Resnik fails to convincingly show how, or why, it is a cut above *Steppenwolf* or *Narcissus and Goldmund*. This seems crucial to the thrust of his article.

Kenneth D. Ayers,
Atlanta, Ga.

Neglected History

Elizabeth Janeway, in her review of *Everyone Was Brave: The Rise and Fall of Feminism in America* [*SR*, Oct. 11], finds it difficult when reading history to remember that "half the human race" is female. She must have overlooked one of the greatest historical literatures ever written, that of the Jews and Christians.

As a result the perspective in which she sets her otherwise useful review is a most provincial one indeed. It prevents her from considering that the very problem of her concern, "the subordinate sex" in modern society, may actually be due in part to the widespread neglect of a history that gives far more dignity and prominence to woman than the really masculinized history of Greece and Rome.

Dewey J. Hoitenga, Jr.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

You women should stop accusing men of having created a "Man's World." It is all your fault: your passivity gave men all the power for causing the mess the world is in today.

Women are more honest, more efficient, more humane and definitely more peace-loving than men. Half of the voters around the world are women; get organized, throw out men from office at the next elections and establish finally peace on this tormented globe.

It is up to you now; don't blame us any longer!

Antony Levitt,
San Francisco, Calif.

"Near-Impeachment"

Howard N. Meyer says in his review of the new books on Grant [*SR*, Oct. 18] that the "entire set will encompass the conflict over Reconstruction, the inadequately understood period of Johnson's Presidency and near-impeachment. . . ." The House of Representatives voted to impeach Johnson by 126 to 47. That's "near-impeachment"?

What Mr. Meyer means is that the Senate nearly convicted Johnson of the impeachment charges (phoney as they were), failing by one vote (35 to 19) to get the required two-thirds majority.

George Johnson,
Wausau, Wis.

Johnson was impeached by the House, tried by the Senate, and saved from conviction by the vote of Senator Edmund G. Ross, whom the late President Kennedy immortalized in his *Profiles in Courage*.

Morris D. Forkosch,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Younger Oldster

By what peculiar bit of geriatric gerrymandering has David Dempsey, reporting the International P.E.N. Congress [*SR*, Oct. 18], turned Jules Romains, who was born in 1885, into a "ninety-five-year-old" vice president?

Harry Zolin,
West Newton, Mass.

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Fiction

ROVER YOUNGBLOOD:
An American Fable

by Thomas McAfee
Richard W. Baron, 208 pp., $4.95

"I DON'T KNOW WHY it is I like to fight so much," Hiwasse said. "With me it's next thing after a woman. No, third best thing. Whisky comes second. Might as well say second and third because whisky and fightin comes together. After I been fightin I feel relaxed and good, like I do now."

Hiwasse, a full-blooded Cherokee, deep-scarred on face and arm, and Rover Youngblood, sixteen-year-old runaway, are passing the whisky bottle back and forth in the woods and rethinking their recent encounter. It would have been a glorious, slam-bang tavern brawl straight out of farce if it weren't for the vicious reality of it all. Hiwasse had crowned one of the sordid anti-heroes with a Budweiser bottle, given a hot-foot to another, and then pelted the mêlée with fresh eggs as he and Rover beat their retreat through the kitchen while the jukebox dinned the scene at flank speed and maximum decibels. A rouser.

The affair of the Top Hat bar in Bennett, Alabama, is one of the episodes in the four-day, seventy-mile travels of Rover Youngblood from the God-fearing backwoods to dazzling neon and decadence in civilized Manfred City, pop. 42,000. It is a trip recounted in the vernacular and fraught with peril for the author as well as the young adventurer.

Rover's pa has whupped him once too often, this time for drinking homebrew and staying out until 3 a.m. courting and "taking pleasure" with a nubile girl-child who meets him every Sunday in a back pew at the Shady Groves Church. Rover's ma always says, "Any boy that's got his heart in the right place, believes in God Almighty, goes to church regular and I don't care with who—he's heading in the right direction."

Having had enough, what with the fresh blood-letting from his pa and Sandra Jean's allegations of pregnancy to reinforce her aspirations for marriage, Rover saddles up his mare, Bessie, in the night and heads out for Manfred City. The trip involves a killing, the befriending of a pathetic nine-year-old Negro waif whose sad eyes have seen almost every harshness of life, brushes with a new and even sillier version of the KKK, a kindly little old lady who writes bad verse and cooks a fine breakfast, and a fantastic encounter with the Lord Jesus Turner, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,

...but just look at her now!

When Su May first came to our Home in Hong Kong, the other children called her "Girl-who-will-not-laugh."

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whose labors in the vineyard have earned him a red convertible named the Dreama Glory and a gaunt companion called the Virgin Mary. The odyssey ends in a bordello in Manfred City with a bird-brained whore who thinks the recordings of *El*vis are just *fab*ulous.

But, alas, Rover Youngblood is no Tom Jones. From Fielding and Sterne to John Barth the picaresque has demanded a singularly firm comic unity, and Tom McAfee cannot avoid making it clear that some things are ugly and hurtful. *Rover Youngblood* has high moments of pathos and unbuttoned comedy, but it is too keenly realized to be really comic, and the pain is too explicit to be satiric.

Still, one despairs anew for the Deep South, and perhaps this is the moral of the fable.

Robert L. Perkin

Robert L. Perkin is former book review editor of the Rocky Mountain News in Denver.

THE EGG OF THE GLAK AND OTHER STORIES

by Harvey Jacobs

Harper & Row, 276 pp., $5.95

A COLLECTION of an author's short stories is rather like a box of chocolates: no matter how different the contents of the pieces may be, there is a certain over-all likeness. In this case it is provided by Harvey Jacobs's style. Whether writing about Los Angeles or Teheran, he uses a sophisticated, ironic turn of phrase that wakes up the reader with its freshness. ("My name is Martin Stern. I look like a secondhand lion.") It is this quietly amused, wry approach to his material that gives distinction to Mr. Jacobs's work.

The eleven stories in *The Egg of the Glak* range from slapstick to fantasy. "Reasons of Health" is about an American businessman, Hilton Lamb, in Teheran, who is seized by a con man claiming to represent "Public Health." After a drunken evening and a hilarious trip to an Iranian brothel, Hilton departs some $300 poorer, convinced that he is suffering from cholera or another fatal disease. It is a broad, funny farce.

Mr. Jacobs's attempts to incorporate the supernatural into today's world are less successful. The title story deals with a college campus policeman, Harold Martin, who inherits $5,000 from an eccentric professor with a letter expressing the hope that Harold will use the money to buy and hatch an egg of a Glak, a species of bird previously believed extinct. The difficulties that ensnare Harold in his attempt to carry out his dead friend's wishes are more strained and silly than amusing.

The same is true of "In Seclusion," a tale with possibilities that don't materialize. It deals with Monica and Jay, a pair of movie stars who have an affair with maximum publicity while making a film of *Beowulf*. After they have shed their respective mates and married, they are sent by their studio into seclusion in a ruined abbey by the sea. The studio also thoughtfully sends a powerful columnist to spy on their first night there, but doesn't count on a sea monster rising from the deep, attracted by the lure of meat for dinner. The result should have been funnier than it is.

It is in a simple account of a boy's first brush with the world of music that Mr. Jacobs is at his best. Harry Craft's parents give him his choice of instruments and a course of lessons. To their surprise (and somewhat to Harry's) he chooses the guitar, and thereafter on Saturday mornings he is conducted by his hopeful mother uptown to Fifty-seventh Street for his lessons. Harry's feelings about his guitar and about his teacher, Señor Erranda, and finally about guitar music in general ring absolutely true.

Mr. Jacobs, whose stories have appeared in such varied media as *Mademoiselle, Fantasy and Science Fiction,* and *Playboy,* is an uneven writer, but when he sticks to reality his dry humor would be hard to improve on.

Elizabeth Easton

Elizabeth Easton is on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

THE LAST LONG JOURNEY

by Roger Cleeve

Scribners, 271 pp., $4.95

AS ERNIE MAHER TRAVELS toward his dangerous mission in the jagged mountains of northwest Kashmir he begins to think of the man whom the Indian government has sent him to find, the Englishman who has been smuggling guns from Pakistan into India-held Kashmir, and whom Ernie has loved and hated since boyhood.

Their ambivalent friendship began when Robert King, godlike young son of an English army officer in New Delhi, gruffly allowed ten-year-old Ernie to join in a football game, even though Ernie was a despised Anglo-Indian. It continued as the King family accepted Ernie as a friend, and while the boys went to school together and then on to Oxford. It ended when Ernie and Robert's sister, Rowena, fell in love. In a swift and deadly sentence Robert killed the romance and the friendship.

As Roger Cleeve moves his dark antihero from train to bus to horse to mule to exhausted foot travel, these flashbacks gradually illumine the present, until past and present converge at last in a wild and inevitable climax.

This is the kind of psychological suspense novel that pleasantly whiles away a few hours and which doesn't need to be taken too seriously—unless one is still concerned with the long-ago problem of British snobbery toward Anglo-Indians. Surely today the problem is the lighter Indian's snobbery toward darker fellow-Indians? But the background is superbly done, obviously by someone who is completely sure of what he's talking about.

Margaret Parton

Margaret Parton lived in India for five years as a correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune.

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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1370 will be found in the next issue.

WEE SB ICN WFPRWEU, NK-XNGIPFO RWF, QFSY ICWI ICN GHPFXPGWE MVUPFNUU SB EPBN PU IS NFDSZ PI.

—UWRVNE MVIENH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1369

There is nothing so awkward as courting a woman whilst she is making sausages.

—LAURENCE STERNE.

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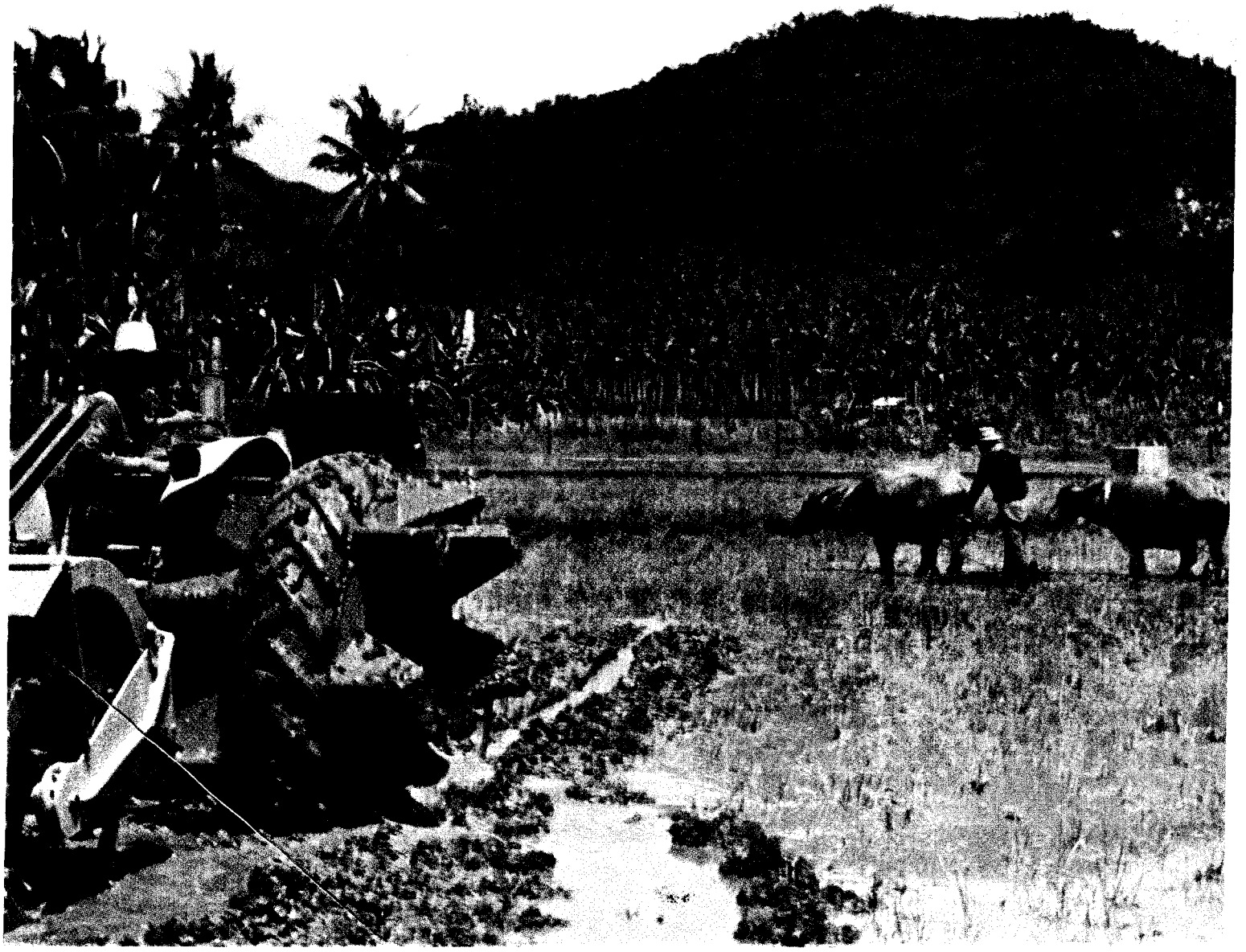

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Social History

THE RAW AND THE COOKED

by Claude Lévi-Strauss, translated from the French by John Weightman
Harper & Row, 387 pp., $10

THE ORAL MYTHOLOGY of primitive peoples differs in fundamental ways from the written literature of civilizations. Having no known authors or origins, myths and folk tales seem to be uniquely public products rather than the yield of individual creativity. A myth must be continually recounted for it to remain alive, for its only source of perpetuity is the intrinsic interest and meaning that it has for each generation. Unlike a book, it is subjected to continual review and criticism, albeit implicitly, and it is prone to embellishment and loss in the process of its transmission. Oral literature thus enjoys a flexibility that is a function of its mode of communication and which allows each generation to adapt it to its own context and problems.

Myths are the creations of collectivities, and their study is at once literary analysis and a probe into the social systems in which they are told. It can be said that societies think aloud about themselves in myth, a premise that has led traditional anthropology into inquiries into *what* was being thought. Claude Lévi-Strauss, the author of *The Raw and the Cooked,* goes beyond this question to ask *how* the thinking proceeds, for he finds in myths clues to the universal structures of human thought.

Lévi-Strauss has published three volumes of his series on mythology: *Le Cru et le Cuit, Du Miel aux Cendres,* and *L'Origine des Manières de Table. The Raw and the Cooked* is the first of these to be published in English translation, though the current interest in Lévi-Strauss's writings guarantees that the others will appear in the not distant future. His mythology project is a massive one, and it has taken him through an analysis of a significant segment of the native mythologies of North and South America, the world's richest areas in oral literature. To understand the problems posed by *The Raw and the Cooked,* it is necessary to outline some of the characteristics of the narrative tradition in tropical South America, which is the subject of the volume.

Mythology and folklore in the basins of the Amazon and Paraguay rivers are deeply concerned with the relation between man and the natural world. They relate episodes from a heroic past, when man and animal were not fully differentiated as they are today. Animals had the form of humans, though they were intrinsically animal, and humans changed into animal forms either by their own volition or as the result of their conduct. Animals and humans spoke to each other, and they married and fought each other. The stories commonly conclude on the theme of the transformation of the animal in human form into the animal in his animal form, or in the conversion of men into animals. In this sense they are origin myths, just as other parts of the corpus of mythology tell of the creation of topographical features, social groupings, and discoveries and inventions, such as fire, fish poisons, bows. But they are not so much explanations of the natural order as its poetry—fantasies on the theme of man's position in nature that find their meaning, according to Lévi-Strauss, in the workings of the human mind.

The author sees an internal grammar or musical score within myths. That is, they exemplify an order of presentation of ideas that have a logical relationship to one another which determines their sequence within the myth. Consistent with his dialectical approach, Lévi-Strauss interprets the relation between these categories to be contrastive and oppositional; the elements of the myth present contradictions, just as the elements of human social life contain internal contradictions. This is not simple analogy, however, for he regards both myth and culture, or the patterns of social life, as objectified, crystallized thought. Mind, myth, language and society thus work according to the same processes and principles. But the dialectical process also resolves the contradictions, and so do the myths. Between each set of oppositions Lévi-Strauss finds a mediating element: water, for example, bridges the contradiction of heaven and earth; funeral rites stand between the living and the dead, and bodily adornment serves to link man the animal and man the human. Myths express the dissonance of the world in metaphor, while asserting its order.

The fundamental opposition expressed in myths, according to Lévi-Strauss, is that between culture and nature, or the antinomy involved in man's transcendence over the natural order from which he emerged and back into which he may fall. The myths, then, are not so much about man's union with nature as about his escape from it. The human mind seizes upon this contradiction between culture and nature as the ultimate external expression of its own dialectical processes, and uses the oppositional elements within the natural setting to objectify its underlying structure. Man does not think *about* nature in myths, he thinks *with* it and *through* it. Lévi-Strauss, in his analyses of 187 myths, finds this process to be latent

"Make a wish."

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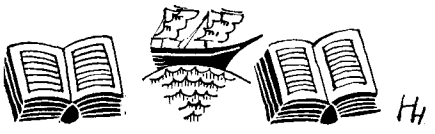
in the recurrent theme of man's control over fire, for it is through fire that the raw, which is natural, is converted into the cooked, which is cultural.

Myths are the ultimate metaphorical language, and their analysis must always unveil meanings that are not manifest in their texts. Lévi-Strauss works toward the raw-cooked opposition through a series of myths that have nothing to do with cooking or fire. This brings us to the heart of his comparative approach, but it requires a further note about certain general characteristics of myths.

The most important of these is that myths travel by word of mouth from society to society until they achieve intercontinental distributions. But they do not make the journey intact; they are broken into thematic parts that are diffused separately and reinterpreted by the recipient societies according to their own systems of meaning. Lévi-Strauss takes a radical view of such change, for he finds that the content of myths is often *inverted* when they cross social frontiers. Because the myth components are not victims of random change, he is able to view the narratives of historically connected South American societies as transformations of each other, and he is thus able to find the underlying meaning of a myth through understanding its inverse relation to the myth of another society in which the meaning is clear. Lévi-Strauss's book is developed along the same lines he attributes to the myths: it pushes ever outwards in both geographical space and in thematic content, but it continually recloses upon itself to reveal the truth within the metaphor.

The Raw and the Cooked resembles a myth in another way: it is vastly repetitive and it must be reread several times before its meaning becomes clear—just as a myth contains repetitions and is told over and over. Lévi-Strauss would agree with this, for he says that his mind, being structured like that of the primitive, must commune with itself in the same way. Though one would not cavil with his stand on human psychic unity, there is enough room within the concept to lead to the suspicion that the oppositions he finds in the myths really exist in his own mind. This makes reading the book a curious experience. The reader oscillates between a skeptical "no, no, he can't do that" and an admiring "I'll be damned, he did it." But he is left with the uneasy feeling that it is something only Lévi-Strauss can do—a reaction which ungraciously masks a grudging admiration.

The charge that Lévi-Strauss is indeed a man of great insight, but subjective and non-scientific in method, is similar to what people have long said about another dialectician, Sigmund Freud. They have further resemblances.



Both Freud and Lévi-Strauss operate on the assumption that human psychic *processes* are everywhere the same and that opposition and contradiction are their principal characteristics. Moreover, both find that these contrapuntal elements are reflected within culture, though neither sees culture as simply an emanation of mind.

On the other hand, there are radical differences between them. Freud analyzed mythology to find absolute meanings that are directly related to universal features of psycho-emotional development. Lévi-Strauss analyzes myths to find meanings that are inversely related to other meanings, but which have no absolute referent except to these oppositions. Freud found a hidden world in the unconscious emotional life; Lévi-Strauss finds his in human logic. Freud built a psychology around a libidinal economy; Lévi-Strauss has erected a sociology on a pleasure principle of the intellect. They share a vision of reality as movement and becoming, but their results are inversions of each other—just like the myths. To understand Lévi-Strauss, then, we should think of him as The Anti-Freud.

Robert F. Murphy

Robert F. Murphy, chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Columbia University, has published on the topic of South American mythology.

WIT TWISTER #138

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Young ____, who's a farmer's daughter,
Drenches thirsty ____
with water,
Fills the ____, ____
the tractor,
Longs to date a movie actor!

(*Answer on page* 87)

Shirer

Continued from page 31

who sought national independence for a subject people in a small, weak country, with Hitler, head of a powerful nation seeking dominion over Europe. Even more recently we had a fresh and startling example of a man marked by the past, when Speaker of the House John W. McCormack urged Congress to vote for a huge military appropriations bill. McCormack said: "I wonder how many of you realize how close we came to losing World War II? I don't want to take a chance again."

The New York Times commented October 5 on McCormack's statement:

> Such references to the nation's tragic unpreparedness at the time of Pearl Harbor makes a strong, emotional appeal to those older Americans whose ideas on defense were formed—and fixed—by World War II experience. But they do not offer a rationale for judging security requirements in the 1970s . . . In their common search for a more secure America in a peaceful world, ordinary citizens and their representatives in Congress have an obligation to cast off the simplistic illusions of a bygone era and come to grips with the complex realities of a more perilous age.

Shirer's history teaches us that isolationism is a defeatist policy and that dictators who seek vast dominion cannot be appeased out of their ambitions. But this does not mean that every adversary is Hitler, or that all revolutions are identical, or that the alternative to total isolationism is total interventionism. Surely there must be something in between—an enlightened internationalism, an understanding of common destinies and also of the limitations of national power that impose priorities even on the mightiest.

Shirer's studies of the rise and fall of the Third Republic and the Third Reich together give us new insights into one of the most tragic periods of man's history. These stories are interesting in and of themselves, but they are not sure charts to the future unless the future exactly replays the past—a very rare occurrence. Among the few constants in human affairs are man's capacity for self-destruction and the fallibility of experts. If there is any lesson to be drawn from the history of French decline from the peak to the pit in only fifteen years, it might be found in the contrasting rise in Germany and Japan, now that they have divested themselves of empires and the ambition for world dominion. The will to dominate has destroyed all great powers throughout history.

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FALL BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Foreign Exchange

by JOHN DONOVAN

The second Biennale of Illustrations Bratislava (BIB) has begun in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, where it will remain until late 1969. The recipient this year of the Grand Prix in this international exhibition of original art from children's books is Eva Bednarova, a young Czech artist. In addition, five artists exhibiting at BIB are customarily awarded Golden Apples, ten artists receive attractive medals and certificates, and there is a variety of other awards.

The United States is represented by seventy-six illustrations by sixteen artists, selected for BIB by a committee of the Children's Services Division of the American Library Association. Of them, Blair Lent's marvelous pictures in *From King Boggen's Hall to Nothing-at-All* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.95) received a medal, as did Eleonore Schmid's illustrations for Etienne Delessert's *The Tree* (Harlin Quist, $3.95). Although *The Practical Princess*, by Jay Williams (Parents' Magazine Press, $3.95), received its first and only publication in America, the work of its Dutch artist, Friso Henstra, was submitted by The Netherlands, not the U.S., and received a Golden Apple.

In a decade that has seen the beginnings of, or the increased influence of, several developments of international scope in children's literature BIB is the most recent activity. The International Board on Books for Young People (IBBY), organized in 1951 to be "a world conscience for international children's literature," has firmly established itself as the prestige of its Hans Christian Andersen Awards has grown and the celebration of the IBBY-sponsored International Children's Book Day on April 2 each year has become more widespread. The International Federation of Library Associations (IFLA) set up a special section on library work with children in the 1960s; in its sixth year the annual Bologna, Italy, Book Fair, devoted exclusively to children's books, has emerged as an important place for children's book editors to meet their counterparts from abroad, and the prestige of the International Youth Library in Munich has increased almost as rapidly as its collection, which now numbers about 100,000 volumes.

There has, of course, always been an exchange among countries that publish children's books. Traditionally this has taken the form of arranging for the translation of foreign authors into various languages. But now there is greater participation from all over the world in the events bringing children's literature specialists together. It is significant that of the thirteen BIB jurors this year, one, Maurice Sendak, was an American, while others came from Brazil, Japan, and both sides of the Iron Curtain.

Some—a British children's book editor, for example—have wondered aloud if this increasing internationalism is really desirable, if, should the young people's literature community become "one world," children's books might lose the vigor and flavor local and national talents bring to books. Expressing another view, Anne Pellowski says in her book *The World of Children's Literature* (Bowker, $18.75):

> There has been a tremendous increase in the number of translations and exchanges, but the greatest proportion has involved the dozen or so countries which produce three-fourths of the world's books. Exchanges among these countries are not to be dispar-

JOHN DONOVAN, who is the executive director of the Children's Book Council, is the author of *I'll Get There. It Better Be Worth the Trip.*

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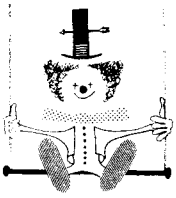

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aged, because there is as much need for understanding among them as there is anywhere else. Yet might it not be true that the commercial and governmental channels are so taken up with the volume of materials to be contended with from these dozen countries that they have no time, patience or resources left to explore sufficiently the possibilities of exchange with their neighboring nations and with others passing through the same phases of development?

Whatever one's attitude concerning this interesting trend, we and our friends abroad certainly do not agree when it comes to evaluating the art in children's picture books. BIB is before anything else an exhibit of art, and not of books in which pictures appear. Thus an American looking at BIB observed that the jury's president, the Czech artist Adolf Hoffmeister, must leave behind him the idea that the purpose of supplying illustrations for children's books is to make a book, and not just a picture.

In children's books each nation follows its own course. Countries like Great Britain, the Soviet Union and the United States, with a tradition of respect for this area of literature, have much to learn from their contacts with each other and from countries just now developing a children's literature. An appreciation of how far apart we are, as revealed by BIB, cannot fail to have a sobering effect on any children's literature enthusiast from America.

On the Fiftieth Anniversary of Children's Book Week in the U.S. (Nov. 16-22) it is encouraging, however, to reflect on the impact that event has had on other nations. Its success here has spurred various countries to sponsor children's book weeks of their own. The Scandinavian countries have them; so do Canada and Japan, The Netherlands and Iran. If the American conviction that a week should be set aside to celebrate children's books is taken up throughout the world, internationalists will take heart.

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

For the Youngest

Where Is Daddy? The Story of a Divorce. *By Beth Goff. Illustrated by Susan Perl. Beacon Press.* 28 *pp.* $3.95. "Once there was a little girl called Janeydear. She lived in a house with her daddy and mommy and a dog named Funny." With this inauspicious note of writing-down begins the first book for very young children on divorce. Daddy disappears and Mommy explains that he isn't coming back; Daddy takes Janeydear to the beach and explains that there is going to be a divorce, which Janey doesn't understand. She and Mommy go to live with Grandpa and Grandma, Mommy gets a job, and Janey—more disoriented than anyone realizes—shows her anger by being sulky and then by hitting the dog. "He went away like you and Daddy and I hate him!" she screams. Then Mommy understands; she takes Janey to work with her so that her absence will be explained, and both she and Grandma talk to Janey and make it clear that adults are gone because they have to be, that Mommy and Daddy love her dearly. The writing is rather stiff, but the story offers no pat solutions and it may prove very helpful to parents. Ages 3-5.

—From "The Sky Dog."

The Very Tall Little Girl. *By Phyllis Krasilovsky. Illustrated by Olivia H. H. Cole. Doubleday.* 30 *pp.* $3.50. To each his own woe, and the young child who is tall for his age is all too familiar with adult expectations. The little girl in this non-story was six inches taller than average, hard to fit, looked askance at because she played with simple toys, and was never chosen for an elf or a kitten in school plays. She *did* have some compensations: reaching the cookies on the highest shelf in the supermarket, being able to see over the heads of the others at movies, playing Mrs. Santa at Christmas. The illustrations are lively in cartoon style. The ending, however ("But best of all, being tall made her different from all the other little girls."), is not very convincing since the catalogue of disadvantages casts some shadow on being different; nevertheless, the aura of the book is merry and both the problems and delights very real. Ages 4-6.

The Sky Dog. *Written and illustrated by Brinton Turkle. Viking.* 30 *pp.* $3.95. To a small child playing alone on a summer day there is an endless fascination in clouds drifting through the sky, and to a boy who has no dog of his own the fleecy outline of a sky dog can be captivating. So it was to the child who watched wistfully and could hardly believe it when a real dog, white and fleecy, padded up to him. Boy and mother take the dog home, advertising for an owner; when the end of vacation comes and the dog is unclaimed, the po-

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lice give permission for the boy to keep the pet he has come to love. The illustrations have the lazy, warm feeling of summer, and the story, simply written, has the delight of a wish granted plausibly, and the never-failing appeal of a dog story. Ages 4-6.

Someone Small. *By Barbara Borack. Illustrated by Anita Lobel. Harper & Row.* 35 *pp.* $3.50. Jealousy of a new baby is an old theme, but this is a long-term look at adjustment. A much-loved little girl looks with disfavor on all the attention given to her baby sister, who hasn't half the attraction of a newly acquired pet bird. But the bird's charms are limited and the little sister becomes a playmate; when the bird dies, the two little girls have a reverent burial service, and then they run in to ask if their father will take them for a ride in their pajamas after supper. The illustrations echo the sweetness of the story, told in a grave and direct style. Ages 4-7.

Mrs. Poggi's Holiday. *Written and illustrated by Saul Lambert. Random House.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. Brilliant, clear colors and lively caricatures add to the light-hearted charm of an amusing story, slapstick and sunny, about the spontaneous eruption of festivity in an Italian town. Bonsi was full of hard-working people, too busy to play, too busy to dance. One of the busy people was Mrs. Poggi, who cleaned the Town Hall. Seeing that the old holiday flags were dusty, she scrubbed them and hung them, gay colors whipping in the breeze, to dry. The baker, up early, saw them and immediately began to plan his holiday baking. "Today is a holiday all day," spelled the icing on a magnificent cake—and that started a chain reaction which resulted in a town-wide festival that has been celebrated ever since. Mrs. Poggi never told a soul. Ages 5-7.

And It Rained. *Written and illustrated by Ellen Raskin. Atheneum.* 48 *pp.* $3.75. Deliberately and delightfully stylized illustrations in blue, green, and yellow are a background for a dramatic series of events, noodlehead style. The potto, the parrot, and the pig are determined to have a proper high tea at the proper time—four o'clock. But every day at five past four it rains. They try one unsuccessful gambit after another, each day a small and damp fiasco. Finally the potto has a great thought. If the food is too dry and the tea is too strong, the rain will only improve both. This is gay nonsense with a Swann-Flanders lilt to it and amusing animal caricatures tucked away amid the luxuriant foliage of the rain forest. Ages 5-8.

Anatole and the Thirty Thieves. *By Eve Titus. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $4.50. To be sure, one needs brains to be a detective, and one must have a sensitive palate to be Official Cheese Taster at the Fromagerie Duval, but to be a mouse who is truly magnificent, it does no harm at all to be the seventh son of a seventh son. It is his instinct which tells Anatole, who has just heard that the factory was depleted of cheese by daring robbers, that it is the bookseller

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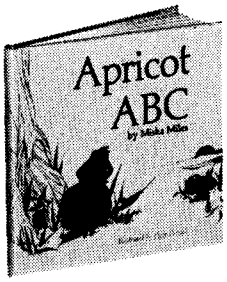
Take WALKER, THE WITCH, AND THE STRIPED FLYING SAUCER, written and illustrated by the popular *New Yorker* artist, *James Stevenson*. Who hasn't dreamed of seeing a flying saucer and meeting its pilot? In this charming story for the picture-book set Walker also meets a witch and learns to fly himself, all in one weird and wonderful night. Ages 4 to 8 $3.95



The right book can stretch a child's imagination

Like *Miska Miles'* APRICOT ABC, which is so much more than an alphabet book. It takes the younger children from A–an apricot tree–through a world of plants and living creatures. APRICOT ABC is ecology for kids too young to know the word, in delightful verses and pictures of birds and bees and flowers and a hungry old hen, all done with verve and distinction by *Peter Parnall*. In full color. Ages 4 to 8 $4.95*

And it can be attractive to look at, too

In THE BEAR SEEDS by *James C. Asendorf*, a determined young lady named Mary decides she wants a bear more than anything else. How she finds bear seeds, and grows a bear named Custer, is told in a most imaginative way for all children who have ever treasured a secret friend. With delicate and witty turn-of-the-century drawings by *Ingrid Fetz*.

Ages 6 to 8 $3.50

The right book can appeal to the whole family

HOW SIX FOUND CHRISTMAS is a book for reading aloud, for reading over and over again, for the whole household to share. In this story by a fine young illustrator, *Trina Schart Hyman*, A Cat, A Dog, A Hawk, A Fox, A Mockingbird and A Girl all go looking for Christmas. What makes this such a superb Christmas book is that it turns any day it's read into Christmas Day. All ages $2.95

The right book can have the qualities that make classics

TIME TO GO HOUSE by *Walter D. Edmonds* is the new book by the Newbery award-winning author of *The Matchlock Gun* and other great stories for children and adults. It tells what happens in the big house in the country when winter comes and the people go, leaving the place to field mice like Smalleata and Uncle Stilton, and house mice like Raffles. And what marvelous adventures and blood-curdling dangers they face! Illustrated by *Joan Berg Victor*.

Ages 8 to 12 $4.25

PISTOL by *Adrienne Richard* is a novel about a maturing boy in a beautiful but dying land. Billy Catlett, "Pistol," goes from wrangling horses to selling shoes in a boom-town of Depression days, in this fresh, strong, authentic story set in the windswept, drought-ridden Montana of the 1930s. We believe it is one of the outstanding novels published for young readers this year. Ages 12 up $4.95*

***Atlantic Monthly Press books**

Good hunting, good reading, from the children's book editors of

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rather than the barber or the baker who is the culprit. Subtly spying, Anatole discovers that the cheese is to be shipped to America, so he arranges a boarding party at Le Havre. Grateful: M. Duval; impressed: the captain (of all things, M. Duval's brother, who changes the name of his ship to the *Anatole*) exuberant: all the mice of Paris. Entertained: all staunch followers of the previous exploits of Anatole. Bracing as ever, the tongue-in-cheek tall tale is illustrated in a light, humorous vein that echoes the bravura of the writing. Ages 5-8.

Fly Homer Fly. *Written and illustrated by Bill Peet. Houghton Mifflin.* 60 *pp.* $4.50. Nobody, but nobody, can draw a bird cocking a leery eye as can Bill Peet, and in a bouncy, breezy book that contrasts urban and rural life styles (pigeon-wise) he has ample opportunity to do so. Homer lives alone in a barn until a sparrow convinces him to try the delights of Pigeon Plaza in Mammoth City. Lots of company, free food from humans, no work and all play. Alas, Homer finds himself at the bottom of the pecking order and smog-bound to boot, so he takes off with the help of some sparrows who, once they have adjusted to fresh air, decide it's country life for them, too. The writing is fresh and funny, the dialogue has some bite to it, and the puns are not too liberally distributed. Ages 5-8.

The Story of a Singular Hen and Her Peculiar Children. *By Mary Stolz. Illustrated by Edward Frascino. Harper & Row.* 52 *pp.* $3.50. When she woke that morning, the hen remembered that she had no chicks. "Oh, cluck," she said glumly. "Birdbrained, that's what you are." The rest of the barnyard mothers had disappeared and their young were desolate, so the hen decided that all progeny in sight were hers. Glad to have a reasonable facsimile of a mother, the young animals turned happily to the hen, but try as they might the piglets and ducklings and kids couldn't get the hang of pecking and cheeping. The dénouement is predictable: with the return of the real mothers, the hen is abandoned; in fact, the irritated animals remind the forgetful hen that "We asked you if you would look after the children for us. We didn't say adopt them." On this wistful note ends a story that has two levels: the obvious one of fun and nonsense, the deeper one of relationships, a bonus to the more perceptive child. Ages 5-8.

—*From "Anatole and the Thirty Thieves."*

Rain Rain Rivers. *Written and illustrated by Uri Shulevitz. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 30 *pp.* $4.50. A charming book, this is quite different from the opulently colored and humorous work that won for Uri Shulevitz last year's Caldecott Award. There is no story, though the small girl who is pictured on the first page, cosily snuggled on her bed listening to the rain, reappears on the last page. Pictured in between are a torrent of rain, streaming city streets, soggy meadows, swollen brooks, a broad and beautiful sweep of gray-green hills, seas lashed with rain and wind—a whole watery world of wet, blurred scenes that are wonderfully evocative and hardly need the accompanying description. Ages 5-9.

The Eggs: A Greek Folk Tale. *Retold and illustrated by Aliki. Pantheon.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. Good for storytelling or for reading aloud, this tale has an easy, colloquial style of writing and illustrations (some in color, others black and white) that capture both the atmosphere of the setting and the humor of the plot. A sea captain is told by an innkeeper that a platter of eggs he'd had six years before—and not had time to pay for—would cost 500 gold pieces. By now, he'd be rich, he complains, with a huge chicken farm (picture of complacent innkeeper complete with hookah and harem damsels luxuriating amid a flock of chickens) and he threatens legal action. The captain is in despair, but a clever lawyer outwits the mercenary innkeeper. Ages 6-8.

Lakshmi: The Water Buffalo Who Wouldn't. *Written and illustrated by Mehli Gobhai. Hawthorn.* 30 *pp.* $4.25. Slight, but quite endearing, this tale of a *coup d'état* in the home of an Indian family is illustrated with pictures that glow with color and are softer than Gobhai's usual stylized work; because they are boldly composed, the book is very good for use with a group. To Gokul's family the water buffalo is tremendously important, since from her comes milk and cheese, dung for fuel, and fat for cooking. Lakshmi will allow nobody but Gokul's mother to milk her, so a crisis arises when mother is ill. Father protests at the solution, but gives in; to the great amusement of his family, he dons his wife's red head cloth and bracelets—so Lakshmi submits. This can be read aloud to the younger children or read by ages 7-9.

If You Lived in the Days of the Wild Mammoth Hunters. *By Mary Elting and Franklin Folsom. Illustrated by John Moodie. Four Winds Press.* 71 *pp.* $3.95. Who were the mammoth hunters and where did they hunt, and what did they do when they found no mammoths? Did dinosaurs live at the same time? How do archeologists know about the people of

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The adjectives Publishers' Weekly uses to describe A NECKLACE OF RAINDROPS have been Joan Aiken's hallmark since her Wolves of Willoughby Chase established itself as a modern classic of children's literature. The 1969 winner of the coveted Guardian Award for Children's Literature, Miss Aiken celebrates the occasion with two books that would be prize winners in any year!
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that time? A continuous text is composed of questions like these and the answers, very simply written and always distinguishing between known fact and conjecture. An excellent book on prehistory for the very young. Ages 7-9.

The Little Cock. *Written and illustrated by Joseph Domjan. Retold by Jeanne Hardendorff. Lippincott.* 34 *pp.* $4.95. *For more* than 150 years Hungary was under Turkish rule. In the story of the dauntless little cock that outwits the greedy Turkish Sultan there is a bravado that reflects the resistance of a conquered people and the timeless humor of the clever individual that prevails over might. The Sultan, hearing the small cock crow in elation when he found a diamond halfpenny, has his soldiers take the coin. Try as he will, the Sultan cannot get rid of the cock; in the best folktale fashion, the story ends with the hero getting not only his own back but a small fortune in gold and jewels. The tale is competently told, and the illustrations are magnificent: black-and-white woodcut designs on the pages that carry print alternate with double-page spreads of color woodcuts that have the richness of intricately patterned stained glass. Ages 7-9.

Before You Came This Way. *By Byrd Baylor. Illustrated by Tom Bahti. Dutton.* 30 *pp.* $4.75. "You walk down this canyon, this place of high red cliffs and turning winds and hawks floating in a far white sky and you wonder: 'Am I the first one ever to come this way?' " The entire book is infused with a sense of wonder and quiet reverence, a vivid imagining of what the majestic canyons held in the days when primitive men lived in the great rocks of the Southwest, and the land was abundant with wild things. *Before You Came This Way* is based on prehistoric Indian petroglyphs, and the illustrations, in tones of brown on handmade bark paper, are in the rugged style of cave drawings. Evocative and poetic, a distinguished book. Ages 7-9.

For the Middle Group

ABC's of Space. *By Isaac Asimov. Walker.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. A is for Asimov, B is for book, C is for congratulations. Big, clear photographs and diagrams in a stunning red, white and black layout of background and print make this space primer as good-looking as it is informative. The writing is direct and the print large. Each letter gets two pages, with a term and illustration on each: "A is for Apollo (explanation), a is for astronaut (explanation), B is for Biosatellite. . ." Younger children can enjoy the pictures even if they can't understand every word. Ages 8-10.

The Time-Ago Tales of Jahdu. *By Virginia Hamilton. Illustrated by Nonny Hogrogian. Macmillan.* 64 *pp.* $4.50. In a small, hot room in Harlem Mama Luka sits each day, telling the stories of the mischievous Jahdu of time-ago. Each day Lee Edward comes to Mama Luka's and pleads for a story. He picks a place in the air, and Mama Luka, with the en-

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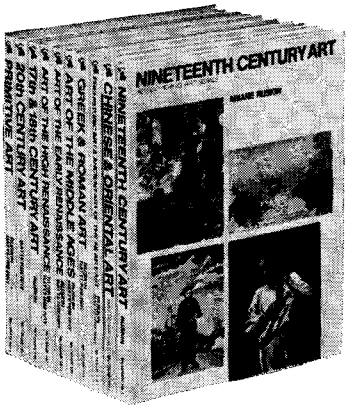

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1817

ticing ritual of the skilled storyteller, cups the spot in her hands and swallows it, and tells the tale. At the close, after describing "How Jahdu Became Himself," Mama Luka has fallen asleep, and Lee Edward muses happily at the prospect of someday becoming, like Jahdu, a strong, black, prideful boy. The stories are beautifully narrated, but it is the contemporary setting that gives the book meaning and power. The soft, soft illustrations have a quiet strength; the mood is warm and tender, the writing poetic. Lovely to read aloud to younger children, but primarily for ages 8-10.

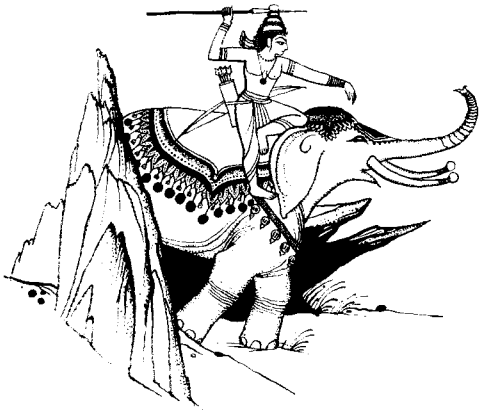
The Wizard of Washington Square. *By Jane Yolen. Illustrated by Ray Cruz. World.* 126 *pp.* $3.75. David, who has just moved to Greenwich Village, is moping about Washington Square Park one day when he runs into a girl his own age who assures him that there really is a wizard living under the fountain. Scoffing, he goes along with Leilah to the Arch, where he sees a small door, and there he is, the wizard of Washington Square, a tiny man, forgetful and wistful, aware that he is second-class material and can't remember most of his magic. In the several adventures the three share, there is a palatable mixture of magic, nonsense, and a lighthearted splash of local color; Leilah and David, for example, get up a petition on the wizard's behalf, and all the Villagers sign without even asking what it is. A blithe and bouncy book. Ages 8-10.

I Thought I Heard the City. *By Lillian Moore. Collage by Mary Jane Dunton. Atheneum.* 37 *pp.* $3.75. Although some of its poems are urban by association only, this is a pleasant collection, conservative in subject matter but often freshly imaginative in concept and phrasing. With few exceptions, however, the illustrations are pedestrian. The poems are about trees and birds, rain and snow, the beauty of a bridge at night, a construction project; few are about people, none about problems. Ages 8-10.

A Time for Watching. *By Gunilla Norris. Illustrated by Paul Giovanopoulos. Knopf.* 82 *pp.* $4.50. Swedish boys, like boys everywhere, are made restive by idleness and the absence of a "best and only friend." Ten-year-old Joachim, whose mechanical interests had often led him into trouble, couldn't stop thinking about all the marvels in the house next door, where old Gubben Janson repaired watches. After practicing an invasion of Janson's property, Joachim was hauled off to work with his father at the post office—where he promptly interfered with business by taking a scale apart. Bit by bit, Joachim realized that his father was right; like the friendless, surly Janson, he had brought disapprobation upon himself. Only when Joachim begins to show consideration does he start a train of events that lead him to his cherished goal. Although the pace is sedate and the writing subdued, the story is perceptive without being introspective; it has universal application and a most satisfactory conclusion. Ages 8-10.

A Book of VENUS for You. *By Franklyn Branley. Illustrated by Leonard Kessler. Crowell.* 72 *pp.* $4.40. Surrounded by clouds, Venus has always aroused the curiosity of laymen and astronomers, as long ago as the Greeks, who called it the "evening star," and extending to science fiction writers of today. Text and diagrams make clear the reason that the ancients thought, because of the planet's orbit, that it was two different stars, and later scientists had erroneous theories. Not until astronomers analyzed the data sent back by *Mariner II* was there reliable information, later augmented by another space probe. The book closes with a discussion of some of the questions as yet unanswered. Accurate, lucid, and simply written, this is another fine book by the chairman of the American Museum-Hayden Planetarium. Ages 8-11.

The Falcon Under the Hat: Russian Merry Tales and Fairy Tales. *Selected and translated by Guy Daniels. Illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. Funk & Wagnalls.* 112 *pp.* $5.95. The widow's son and the beautiful princess, the wife so shrewish that imps return her to her husband, the crafty animal that outwits a predator, the posing of three riddles, and other familiar folk themes are included in this collection. The book has an easy, conversational flow, vivacious dialogue, and a relish for the successful ploy, making it engaging to read aloud as well as silently. The romantic illustrations are, for some of the tales, appropriately comic. The introduction



—*From "The Ramayana."*

(addressed to adults) discusses the oral tradition and some of the distinctive attributes of the Russian conventions in the genre. For reading aloud to younger children and for independent readers ages 8-11.

A Few Flies and I: Haiku by Issa. *Selected by Jean Merrill and Ronni Solbert. From translations by R. H. Blyth and Nobuyuki Yuasa. Illustrated by Ronni Solbert. Pantheon.* 96 *pp.* $3.95. One of the greatest Japanese haiku poets, Issa was a gentle man whose love for all living creatures is reflected in his work. The poems selected for *A Few Flies and I* are chiefly about animals; some have a shy humor, many are simply descriptive, but all are well chosen for younger readers. "All the while /I pray to Buddha/I keep on killing/mosquitoes."

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"The crow/Walks alone there/As though tilling the field." Most of the pages are quite bare save for a tiny, effective drawing and a few lines of print, a harmonious expression of the gravid simplicity of the genre. Ages 8-11.

Journeys: Prose by Children of the English-speaking World. *Collected by Richard Lewis. Simon & Schuster.* 215 *pp.* $4.95. Collected in part through UNESCO, this companion volume to *Miracles* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), an anthology of poetry by children, is a joy. The children are from four to fourteen, they live in nine countries, and their comments run the gamut: thoughtful, ingenuous, poignant, merry, imaginative, and evocative. Some excerpts: "Peace is like a quietness of war." "Grandpop bends to pick some flowers; he is like a seagull with a broken wing." And from a five-year-old: "I know how daytime changes into nighttime. Daytime melts." The selections are arranged under such headings as animals, family life, other children, myself, and fantasies. Delightful. Ages 8-12.

Hugo and Josephine. *By Maria Gripe. Illustrated by Harald Gripe. Translated from the Swedish by Paul Britten Austin. Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte.* 168 *pp.* $3.95. Oh, what a responsive chord this will strike in the bosoms of girls who dislike their names. Josephine hated her real name so much that she refused to answer to it in school, where her classmates teased her and the teacher tried to smooth over an awkward situation; but it was Hugo who defended her and became her staunch friend. Hugo, very much his own man, is the most convincing example of self-possession to come along in many years of childrens' books, and the quiet, episodic story of his and Josephine's friendship has an innocent charm. There's a Swedish flavor, but the appeal is universal, with thanks to the translator who preserved the artless, direct style of the author. Ages 9-10.

Big Ben. *By David Walker. Illustrated by Victor Ambrus. Houghton Mifflin.* 134 *pp.* $3.50. It's the author's easy, colloquial style that makes this more than just another dog story, since the plot is but a variation on the threatened-pet theme. The Bruce family had acquired their St. Bernard, Big Ben, as a gift from some kennel owners, and Ben is so gentle that Tim and Jinny Bruce are afraid he's a coward. When the irascible Mr. Grummet, on the next farm, complains that Ben has killed his sheep, the children hide the dog in a forest cabin where their friend Topper lives; then they find bear tracks and know that their pet is innocent. Ben adds to his laurels by bringing Tim, who has been hurt, home on his back. The tightly constructed story is enlivened by Topper, who is a salty old rascal. Ages 9-11.

Goldie the Dollmaker. *Written and illustrated by M. B. Goffstein. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 55 *pp.* $3.50. Although the stiff, bare illustrations break the mood somewhat, here is a story that has a genuine sweetness, a wistful Luise Rainer charm. Living alone, Goldie lavishes her love on

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THE LOST ZOO *by Christopher Cat and Countee Cullen/illustrated by Joseph Low*

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by May Garelick/illustrated by Leonard Weisgard

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WAR FOR THE LOT: A Tale of Fantasy and Terror *by Sterling E. Lanier*

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by Lynn Hall

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THE STORY OF COMOCK THE ESKIMO
As told to ROBERT FLAHERTY. Edited by EDMUND CARPENTER. "A story of human tenacity, expertly put together." —*New York Times*. "Tiny primitive Eskimo sketches effectively complement the moving reportage."—*School Library Journal* (starred review).
Ages 10-14. $4.50

Simon and Schuster

the dolls she makes, painting into each little wooden face her own gentle smile. Shopping one day, Goldie sees an expensive Chinese lamp and extravagantly buys it. A friend tells her she's crazy, but Goldie is consoled by a dream of the man who made the lamp. "I made the lamp for you, whoever you are," the voice says, and the little dollmaker, listening, is comforted, knowing well that happiness can lie in the making of beauty. Not a childlike theme, but so simply told a tale that children can appreciate the delicacy, which is in the concept rather than the writing. Ages 9-11.

A Cavalcade of Goblins. *Edited by Alan Garner. Illustrated by Krystyna Turska. Walck.* 227 *pp.* $6.50. From a wide variety of sources, Alan Garner has compiled an anthology that is as useful for storytelling as it is fascinating to read. Many tales are prefaced by a brief explanatory note; sources are given in an appendix, and some unusual poems are included. There are Celtic legends, American Indian tales, excerpts from epics, African folklore, stories from Russia, Norse mythology, Australian verse. Ages 9-12.

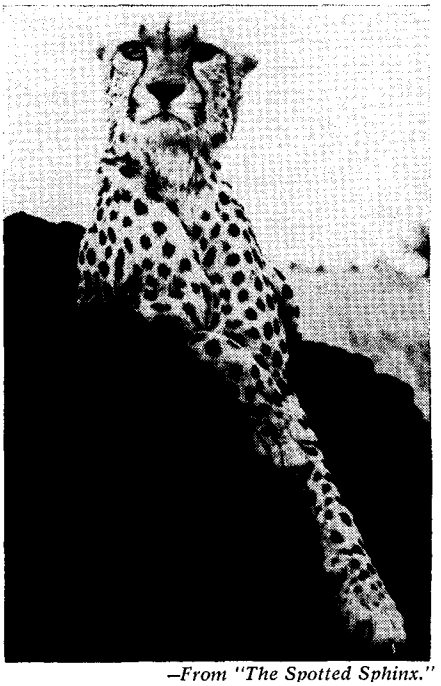
Have a Ball. *By A. Harris Stone and Bertram M. Siegel. Illustrated by Peter P. Plasencia. Prentice-Hall.* 63 *pp.* $3.95. Down with rote learning and pre-packaged experiments with answers on the last page! Two science educators suggest a series of experiments that are easy to set up and require no elaborate equipment, and it is up to the reader to investigate the physical principles involved. Does a baseball really curve? Which marble hits the ground first, the one dropped from a height of five feet or the one shot horizontally at the same height? Does the size of a ball have an effect on how much of it floats above water? Lively style, clear directions and diagrams, and working examples of the scientific approach make this a stimulating book. Ages 9-12.

The Button Boat. *By Glendon and Kathryn Swarthout. Illustrated by Suzanne Verrier. Doubleday.* 160 *pp.* $3.95. A button boat is for catching clams, and this button boat is manned by eleven-year-old Dicksie and her younger brother Auston, who live in complete isolation with their stepfather. They have never seen a movie, they have no friends, they are not allowed to go to school; they just bring home clams so that Poppa, who drinks and curses them, can live. When they find a bag full of money, Auston and Dicksie become involved in a melodramatic bank-robber chase sequence which ends with no escape from Poppa, but at least a promise that they can go to school. Typical of the brusque burlesque humor accented by pathos is Dicksie's last act: knowing that she is dirty and smelly, she tries to get rid of the clam odor by pouring some of Poppa's beer on herself. Despite weak moments, this is a breezy and amusing tale. Ages 10-11.

The Art of India: *By Shirley Glubok. Designed by Gerard Nook. Macmillan.* 48 *pp.* $5.95. In the temples and statuary of India there are infinite and intricate repetitions of the Buddha, the Hindu gods, and the traditional stories about them; the last, similarly, reappear in the delicate miniatures of the Moghul period. Shirley Glubok does not mention some of the minor Indian crafts, so this book has less variety than various others in the series; the designer has compensated for that by his use of color in the pages, and by the dignity of the format. The text is simply written, of necessity emphasizing religion rather than history in explaining the motifs of Indian art. Ages 10-13.

Plants for Pots: Projects for Indoor Gardeners. *By D. X. Fenten. Illustrated by Penelope Naylor. Lippincott.* 128 *pp.* $4.95. For a child with no experience, this is a good book; for a child (or adult) who has dabbled in gardening, it is still a good book. The instructions on planting, feeding and watering, propagation, and transplanting are clear and precise; the illustrations are both informative and attractive. The first section discusses some of the house plants that can be grown from seeds and roots rescued from the garbage pail; there are brief descriptions of unusual plants, making a terrarium, forcing bulbs, growing window-box plants from seed, and a calendar of plants through the year that includes gifts and edible plants. Ages 10-14.

The Young United States: 1783 to 1830. *Written and illustrated by Edwin Tunis. World.* 159 *pp.* $6.95. In the past, Edwin Tunis's books have described some aspect of life in America or served as a reference work on a single topic (wheels, weapons, et cetera); here for the first time is a book that combines historical events and an examination of all aspects of life during their period. The arrangement is topical, the material ranging from general subjects, such as travel or education, to specific areas (New York City) or kinds of settlements (the inland towns). Though direct and serious, the writing is not stiff, and the black-and-white illustrations are delightful to look at as well as rewarding



—*From "The Spotted Sphinx."*

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to study for the information they impart. The lengthy index reflects the meticulous research so evident in the book. Ages 10-14.

Julia Harrington. *By Richard Bissell. Little, Brown.* 85 *pp.* $7.95. Julia never existed, but there were thousands of twelve-year-old girls just like her living in small towns in the United States in 1913. Her diary is a delight: exactly right for the time, exactly right for her age, filled with endearing naïveté and prim comments, swooning raptures and artless reflections on her family, friends, hometown, new inventions, political parroting, and the first premonitory rumbles of the approaching war. The illustrations, which equal the diary in charm, are reproductions of original material of the period: advertisements, pages from mail-order catalogues, cigar-box labels, etc. The women are improbably wasp-waisted, the valentines drip with flowers and lace, the girls on the cigarette cards are too coy to be true, and the Horatio Alger types are too manly for mortal belief. Ages 10 up.

"Banner, Forward!" The Pictorial History of a Guide Dog. *By Eva Rappaport. Photographs by the author. Dutton.* 127 *pp.* $6.95. Banner, a Golden Retriever, was one of a litter specially bred for the qualities needed in a dog to guide the blind: intelligence, gentleness, courage, and responsiveness. Photographs follow her from blind puppyhood through first training, three months of living with a family in which a 4-H member continued her education while the dog learned to live with people moving freely about a home, before she returned to school for traffic training. Then the big event: the new class of students came to San Rafael school to train with their canine guides. (If it doesn't put a lump in your throat to see the blind owner's face when she first caresses Banner, you are made of stone.) The book follows Banner to her new home, showing how much a dog becomes a loved, intrinsic part of the life of an unsighted person. Detailed, informative, and sensitive without being sentimental, the book is written with a patient affection. Ages 10 up.

For Older Boys and Girls

Name: Johnny Pierce. *By Barbara Rinkoff. Seabury.* 124 *pp.* $3.95. A teen-age boy takes a long look backward. Johnny, ashamed and confused, wondered how he had ever come so far as to get into trouble with the police. He had been one of a gang that had borrowed a car; the only one who protested, he was the only one picked up. He knew that Mick's gang spelled trouble —why had he come along? His story is all the more convincing for being an ordinary one: a busy father, a querulous sister and charming little brother, both of whom received more attention than he did, and a restlessness engendered by his age and his search for something to do when his best friend was busy with other things. The family situation is perceptively drawn, the writing and characterization competent, and the outcome restrained and realistic. Ages 11-13.

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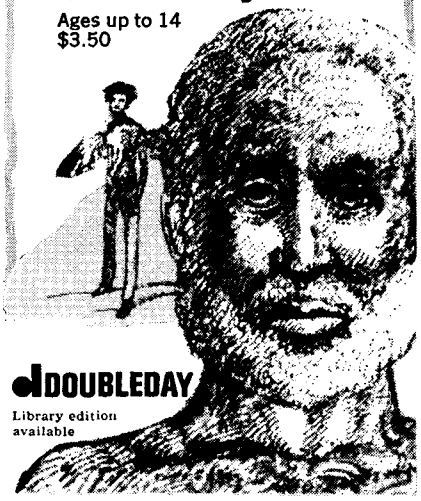

DOUBLEDAY

Library edition available

The Cedars of Charlo. *By Virginia Weisel Johnson. Morrow.* 192 *pp.* $4.50. Becky had dreamed for years of having a horse of her own, golden and topaz-eyed; how could she resist spending her fifty dollars at the horse auction, even though the horse was old and thin? Her father angrily refused to let her keep Hobby in their pasture, so Becky took him to Spike's and trained him there for the horse show. The first surprise of this unusual horse story is that Becky doesn't win a ribbon and loses interest; the second deviation from formula is that the old cowboy, Spike, loses his fight against the loggers even though Becky has ridden desperately for help. No formula here, but a well-integrated story of an adolescent girl adjusting to the disappointments of life. Implicit through her characters is the author's plea for conservation of natural resources. Ages 11-14.

Standing Lions. *By Mary Ray. Illustrated by Janet Duchesne. Meredith.* 212 *pp.* $5.95. Yesterday Diomedes of Argos had been a boy; today he was a king. Challenged by another young king, Leander of Tiryns, Diomedes fights until yet another enemy declares himself: Thyestes, the High King. The younger men make a pact against their common foe, and the story of their growing friendship under stress is set off by a contrapuntal theme of treachery and collusion within the royal household. Not a glorification of war, the story, narrated by the guardian of Diomedes, offers a vivid view of the shifts in allegiance during the feudal period in pre-classical Greece. Although the writing is often stately, the book has momentum and drama. Moreover, the historical material is smoothly incorporated, giving a convincing picture of the Mycenean age. Ages 11-14.

The Mermaid's Daughter. *By Joyce Gard. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 320 pp. $4.50. Since she had been chosen as the maiden who would embody on earth the Mermaid Goddess, Astria was not supposed to leave her isolated hut, but something called her to the shore. There lay the almost-drowned body of a stranger, a young man so handsome that she immediately fell in love. Nursed to health, Hallorigs wed Astria and was accepted by her people. As the mermaid's daughter, she is sworn never to leave the islands, but when Hallorigs is reported killed in battle, Astria marries a soldier and follows him to Britain, where she becomes involved in the struggle between conquerors and conquered. Romantic and touched with mysticism, this story of Britain and the Scilly Isles in the time of the Roman occupation is written with a skill and intricacy that deftly meshes the imaginary and the historical. Ages 11-14.

Cleared for Takeoff: Behind the Scenes at an Airport. *By Charles Coombs. Illustrated with photographs. Morrow.* 190 pp. $4.50. The Los Angeles International Airport is used as an example of the myriad activities the existence of which are known to the public but the details of which are never seen. In addition to the handling of passengers and baggage, airlines must provide maintenance and repairs, fuel, food, and perpetual briefing information. The airport personnel includes police, firemen, freight handlers, and those titans in the flight control tower in whose hands lie so many lives. The U.S. Bureau of Customs and the FBI handle much of the passenger load at international debarkation terminals, and the airport staff battles with the problems of ground traffic and expansion, always lagging behind the need. The photographs are clear, the writing is brisk, the topic interesting. Ages 11-14.

Wonders of Ancient Chinese Science. *By Robert Silverberg. Illustrated by Marvin Besunder. Hawthorn.* 126 pp. $3.95. China in the eighteenth century, when many ambassadors from the Western world reported on conditions there, was a backward country with little scientific knowledge and no apparent interest in European inventions. But for centuries before then Chinese scientists had led the way; their astronomical observations have been invaluable, and their list of inventions long: gunpowder, kites, block printing, umbrellas, wheelbarrows, the magnetic compass, paper, the spinning wheel, and a primitive seismograph. Although written in a heavy, solid prose, this is a most interesting book, in which the scientific record is preceded by a good capsule history of ancient China. Ages 11 up.

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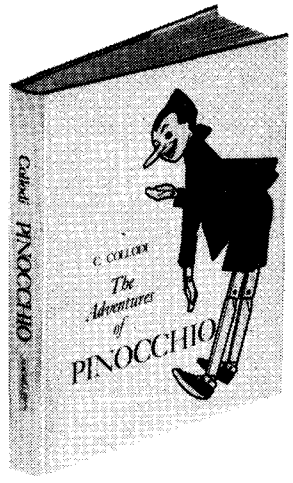

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When Movies Began to Speak. *By Frank Manchel. Illustrated with photographs. Prentice-Hall.* 76 *pp.* $3.95. In a sequel to *When Pictures Began to Move* (Prentice-Hall, $3.95; *SR*, Aug. 16) the history of the motion-picture industry is covered up to the present, the most interesting aspect of the book being the efforts of the sound-film pioneers to develop and perfect the techniques made possible by De Forest's invention of the audio amplifier. With a nod to Disney as a technician and businessman, Frank Manchel discusses the outstanding directors, the landmark films, the end of the star era and the unionization of the industry, formula films, wartime movies, the McCarthy influence, foreign cinema, and the effect of television on the industry. Not comprehensive, but a balanced picture given in crisp, informal writing. Ages 12-15.

Claudia, Where Are You? *By Hila Colman. Morrow.* 191 *pp.* $3.95. "My mother is a very nice woman and lots of people like her," Claudia explains. But Claudia really doesn't really like her at all; she is sickened by her mother's pretensions and petty self-deception, her refusal to accept Claudia as she is. Some of the story is told by the author, and here there emerges a corrosive picture of a woman who persistently deludes herself; Claudia's mother is certainly the strongest characterization in the book. In the alternate chapters, Claudia describes her flight to the East Village and her experiences as one of the many teen-agers escaping from the homes they resent. Claudia convinces her parents that she is not coming home, and they accept defeat. The story reflects with honesty the rejection by many young people today of parental standards, and it is all the more effective because Claudia's rebellion is not engendered by tragedy or melodrama. Ages 12-16.

City in All Directions: An Anthology of Modern Poems. *Edited by Arnold Adoff. Illustrated by Donald Carrick. Macmillan.* 128 *pp.* $5.95. His selection catholic and discriminating, Arnold Adoff is well on his way to becoming one of our distinguished poetry anthologists. The eighty poems here include a spectrum of form and style over a broad span of years, from Lorca and Rilke to McKuen and Yevtushenko. Although most of the poets are American, the contributors represent many countries, and they write about many cities, so that the book has, like a symphony, variations on a theme that only intensify the cohesion of the whole. Ages 12 up.

The Ramayana. *Adapted by Elizabeth Seeger from the English translation of Hari Prasad Shastri. Illustrated by Gordon Laite. Scott.* 244 *pp.* $6.95. Handsomely illustrated, this flowing, simplified version of one of the great epic legends of India is told in a richly ornamented prose that fits the romantic and elaborate saga of the perfect prince, Rama, whose fidelity and courage are matched only by the faithfulness and humility of his beautiful wife, Sita. An introduction describes the evolution of the Ramayana from oral tradition in Aryan times until it was written down in (probably) the fourth century B.C., later to be rendered into Sanskrit and later still, in a shortened version, into Hindi. The tale is permeated with religious reverence, magic, adventure, danger, and lofty morality. Ages 12 up.

The Shaping of England. *By Isaac Asimov. Houghton Mifflin.* 278 *pp.* $4.50. The charm of Asimov as a historian is in his effervescent outpouring of odd tangential facts, gossipy comments, and erudite asides on etymology. Familiarity breeds a relaxed and conversational peregrination through English history from the first tribal settlements to the signing of the Magna Carta, with a few pertinent side-trips and more than a few colorful comments on the succession of great and near-great historical figures. Lineage tables of English and Scottish kings, a chronology, and an index add to the book's usefulness. Ages 12 up.

Fogarty. *By Emily Cheney Neville. Harper & Row.* 144 *pp.* $3.95. Nobody in Willow Flats could understand Dan Fogarty. He'd graduated from college, quit in the first year of law school and come home; all he did was hang around Malone's garage, working once in a while. Always reading. His only friend was fifteen-year-old Paul LaGoy, who had tagged after Fog since grammar school days. Very few people

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knew that Fog was working on a play, and nobody knew that he was desperately in love with a girl who'd forgotten his existence. His mother tried to be patient but she was puzzled and often exasperated. Fog lives in New York during rehearsals and until his play is put on, off Broadway. It is a total flop, and Fog goes home—not disconsolate, but having come to a decision. All of the time he has given to Paul has been an investment: he is going to be a teacher. The book has the candor and realism of the author's Newbery winner, *It's Like This, Cat* (Harper & Row, $3.95), with a protagonist who is like so many of today's young adults, but no formula situations. The characterizations, not only of Fog but of all the minor characters, is magnificent. Ages 13-16.

The Waters of November. *By Howard Greenfeld. Illustrated with photographs. Follett.* 159 *pp.* $7.95. On the fourth of November 1966 the rising waters of the Arno burst over embankments and poured through the streets of Florence, into the homes and stores, the churches and museums, carrying thousands of tons of oil-impregnated mud that damaged or ruined the personal possessions of Florentine citizens and the art treasures that belong to the world. This is the dramatic story of that tragedy, vividly told and illustrated with stunning pictures of the flood, the salvage operations, and the work of restoration in which thousands of volunteers from all countries participated. Almost as moving is the description of the restoration now (and for years to come) in progress. Ages 14 up.

The "essential" magazine about children's books

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Danger—Men Talking! A Background Book on Semantics and Communication. *By Stuart Chase. Parents' Magazine Press.* 215 *pp.* $4.50. His goal better communications among men, Stuart Chase analyzes the pitfalls and posts the warning signs that will help the reader clarify his thinking and structure his arguments. He discusses linguistic theories, the deviousness of human speech, the channels of communication, and semantics, with some tangential potshots at bigots, television, war, and guilt by association. Although much of this has been covered in books for adults, *Danger—Men Talking!* provides an excellent introduction for the young reader. It is written with vigor and brightened by frequent quips. The bibliography is alluring. Ages 14 up.

Poems from India. *Selected by Daisy Aldan. Illustrated by Joseph Low. Crowell.* 158 *pp.* $3.50. This sampling of the storehouse of Indian poetry is made more valuable by the introduction, in which Daisy Aldan briefly surveys the ancient classics which, like ancient Indian art, are permeated with religion, before moving on through the centuries to contemporary verse. The book is divided into five sections: poems of ancient India, Sanskrit court poetry, other poems of the middle period, old Tamil poetry, and poems of modern India, the last being by far the longest section and the most varied. The contemporary poetry has comparatively little humor but is rich in imagery and romantic idealism, often bittersweet, often passionate in self-examination. In addition to author and title indexes, there is an index of translators. Ages 14 up.

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DOUBLEDAY

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For Young Adults

Hound of the Sea: The Story of a Racing Yacht. *By Leonard Wibberley. Washburn.* 152 *pp.* $4.95. It is 2,000 miles from California to Hawaii, and the crew of *Cu Na Mara* (Hound of the Sea) sailed them in sixteen days and two hours, unofficially, having been disqualified from entry in the Trans-Pacific Yacht Race. They'd just gone along for the ride. Undaunted ("Madness overtook me."), Leonard Wibberley entered the *Cu Na Mara* the next year and qualified, thereby enabling us to enjoy a blow-by-blow description of the ecstasy and the agony of yachting. Well, of racing. The writing is vigorous and witty, and the book, which should fasci-

(*Continued on page* 88)

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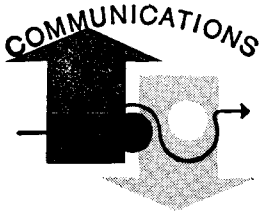

Communications Editor:
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Of Computers and Blacksmiths

SR Communications

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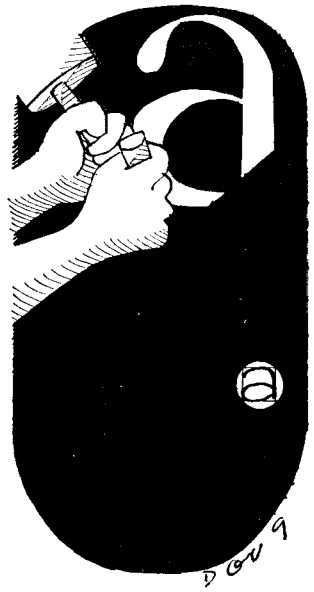

It's always good to have friends who will write your editorials for you and such is the case this month, thanks to Otto Silha, the enterprising executive vice president and publisher of the Minneapolis *Star* and *Tribune*. Mr. Silha, who is also in charge of the American Newspaper Publishers Association's permanent committee on new equipment and printing systems, recently reported startling progress in the expensive and sometimes painful introduction newspapers across the country have had to computer technology. So, we're passing the information along.

The ANPA's technology research committee has as its prime objective the development of systems that will enable newspaper publishers to use electronic typesetting machines, editing devices, and other advanced ways of effectively putting a paper to bed. The biggest bottleneck right now is in the plate-making process, and, after having spent several million dollars in researching a practical photo-image letterpress plate, one is now actually being tested at the South Bend *Tribune*. The ANPA is confident that this testing not only will eliminate the bottleneck in the film-letterpress process, but will improve greatly letterpress reproduction, though using the same presses newspapers now have, if slightly modified.

Some of the other computer developments being tested around the country include one at the Los Angeles *Times*, where an integrated classified advertising system is being set up on a computer program to provide makeup of the highly complicated classified section of any newspaper quickly and almost automatically. The Miami *Herald* has begun to use IBM equipment to make up photo-composed display advertising via computer. *The New York Times*, appropriately, is in the process of building the largest and most extensive computerized news information storage and retrieval system in the world. When one considers the number of facts published in a single issue of the *Times*, the full implications of such a system, and its availability to editors across the country, are staggering.

Recently, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the MIT campus, a small group of newspaper publishers watched in amazement while an "editor" used a cathode-ray tube to edit stories with and without light pens. Moreover, ready references were available during the demonstration by recall from electronic storage; hard-copy prints were made instantly from microfiche. These items are but a few of the buoys in the channel of forward technological thrust by newspapers, already in the throes of geometric printing changes (when "permitted" by unions).

Meanwhile, both CBS and RCA have recently demonstrated in their laboratories electronic video recorders capable of providing audio-visual information in the home by using film cartridges played through a special device on an ordinary television set. Both the CBS and RCA systems will soon be capable of handling color, but in any case these advances in electronic technology parallel and probably are equal to the exciting forward movement of newspaper production methods. So, as Silha points out, here are two communications channels joined in battle for what may well be the major struggle for possession of the home communication center foreseen by 1975, at which point electronic and print media will have come full circle and joined hands at the top.

Another step in the direction of what can only be called progress comes in the intelligence that the International Typographical Union is considering amending its own laws to modify the requirements for "bogus"—the resetting racket that has plagued newspaper treasurers since before the turn

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of the century. That bogus should still be insisted upon by a typographical union at a time when papers are actually being set electronically is somewhat similar to agreeing that the local blacksmith will no longer have the right to the prime traffic corner at Third and Main Streets. The ITU is considering dropping bogus to head off the Fannin bill (S.1547) in Washington, and similar legislation at the state level in California, that would make it illegal for a union to demand services not desired or required by an employer —in other words, featherbedding. If bogus isn't featherbedding there is no such word, and every honest printer will admit it to you privately. To even have bogus as a bargaining issue at this late date is absurd, for such make-work subterfuges cannot survive if the basic system of typesetting changes—and it is changing.

Startling technical progress in the production of a daily newspaper cannot come too soon in a communications business beset on every side and fighting for its very life. Although several attempts have been made, no publisher in the New York area has yet been able to secure sufficient assurance against featherbedding from local

newspaper unions to start a sorely needed standard-size evening paper. It may seem incredible to anyone living away from New York, but the fact is that the greatest city in the U.S. has no afternoon paper except the tabloid *Post*, though every small town with any sense of pride is served by at least one standard-size evening publication.

Sadly, too, we report the death a few days ago of the enterprising suburban *Suffolk Sun*, whose banner we waved on these pages a year ago with all the assurance in the world that this noble experiment would succeed. The Cowles people apparently thought otherwise; maybe they ran into the buzz saw that decapitated the *Herald Tribune*, the *Mirror*, the *Journal*, the *World-Telegram*, and combinations thereof within the frightening space of three years. Since we still get several telephone calls each week from unemployed former newspaper colleagues, calls begging for any sort of assignment or suggested job in any field, we can only feel contempt for mechanical unions that won't admit that printing technology is exploding and that the only possible means of survival for the newspaper industry is to move toward the computer and the ANPA's remarkable discoveries involving editors with pencils of light and presses that turn and print without type set the way it was in 1889. —Richard L. Tobin.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Required Reading—SR Division

I think three of the articles in the October 11 *SR* should be required reading for faculty and students in communications courses at universities and colleges around the country. I have so informed the faculty of my own school, the University of Washington, where I taught journalism and public relations for forty years. The articles are: Fairfax M. Cone's enlightening comments on taste and truth in advertising; Herbert Brucker's analysis of objective and interpretive reporting; and L. L. L. Golden's insistence on performance as the basis for good public relations.

Byron H. Christian,
Professor Emeritus,
Seattle, Wash.

Memos to Fax Cone

Fairfax M. Cone in "Memo to Tomorrow's Madison Avenue" [*SR*, Oct. 11] has seen fit to classify both the National Association of Broadcasters and the National Rifle Association as bald-faced lobbies (which is probably libelous to NRA). Wouldn't it be better to save that term for organizations such as the National Association of Razor Blade Manufacturers? We could then call the National Association of Mustache Wax Makers a hispid-faced lobby. Putting the best face on the matter, the National Association of Broadcasters would become a two-faced lobby (or a bold-faced lobby) and the National Rifle Association a high caliber lobby.

John H. Rasse, D.M.D.,
Marshall, Mo.

To the television viewer numbed by commercials, Fairfax Cone offers some positive encouragement. He assures us that the messages in commercials must be "honest" or products won't sell, and he draws a sharp line between advertising and entertainment. It is astonishing, however, that Mr. Cone gave no attention to the incident that has probably done the most to discredit advertising in the post-World War II era. I refer to the scandal of the *$64,000 Question* quiz program and its effect on public attitudes.

One cannot be certain where the idea of dishonesty originated, with the advertising agency or the sponsor. But someone other than contestants and audience decided that it would further the sales of nail polish to deceive millions of viewers into thinking that rehearsed contests

were spontaneous demonstrations of expertise. And so the advertising framework for the program shaped the content to its own ends. So far as I can remember, the commercial messages themselves were informative, attractive, and no more dishonest than any other advertisements for cosmetics. Yet, the whole package was a shameful fraud.

The fact that sprays of spot commercials have now largely replaced the single-sponsor program may make it less likely that the public can again be so cynically manipulated. But the advertiser's tarnished image remains, together with the public's suspicion of his motives and resentment of his methods.

Florence N. Trefethen,
Lexington, Mass.

As a knife-in-the-back-scarred veteran of thirty years on mad Mad. Ave., I take strong exception to many of Fairfax Cone's comments such as: "most people now know, dishonest advertising has become a small part of the total." Anyone looking perceptively at TV and printed ads will find that many, not "a small part," of today's ads are dishonest, particularly measured by William Blake's lines: "A truth that's told with bad intent/Beats all the lies you can invent."

FTC bulletins reveal a constant barrage of outright advertising lies, for example: the TV commercials exaggerating the vegetable content of a leading brand of soup by using glass marbles to force vegetables to the surface; the cigarette brand promoting low tar content even though it contains about five times as much tar as the lowest tar brands; the battery anti-freeze using an acid-test demonstration that does not apply to mixtures actually found in automobile cooling systems; the claims of mouthwashes in spite of an FDA report showing that there is no convincing evidence that mouthwashes have any therapeutic advantage over water; many more examples, including dozens documented by name in my controversial book *The Permissible Lie: The Inside Truth About Advertising* [*World*].

Mr. Cone brushes off the damage inflicted on people by advertising frauds on major, rather than small, repeat items as "sold, for the most part, in person-to-person confrontation by live salesmen and not by advertising." Advertisers themselves would disagree vehemently since they spend hundreds of millions, probably billions, of dollars advertising "automobiles, heating systems, and major appliances" and other "products of infrequent purchase."

Cone correctly condemns "tasteless presentation in advertising," yet *The Permissible Lie* quotes him as saying, " 'The best test of any advertisement is this: could you say it to a friend without feeling like an idiot?' He's the adman who dreamed up the line: 'Aren't you glad *you* use Dial soap? Don't you wish *everybody* did?' One wonders whether Cone tries that on his friends."

I applaud Cone for his many fine efforts,

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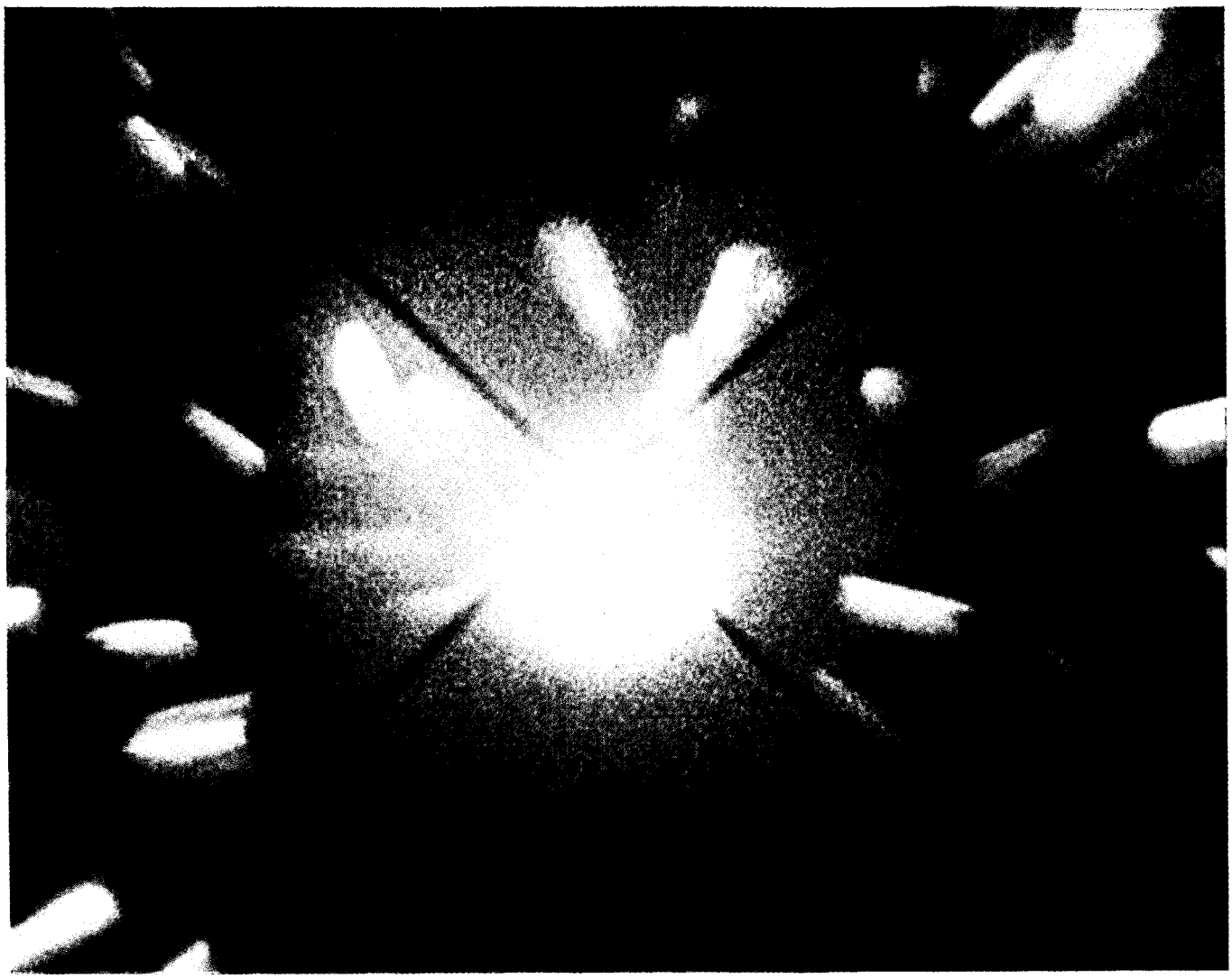
Western Electric: we make Bell telephones. We were also the first to put the laser on the job in industry.



Photograph taken through optical system of laser being used in thin-film circuit production.

It was the darling of science fiction and scientists alike. But in 1965 engineers at Bell Labs and Western Electric took the laser out of the laboratory and put it on the job. The first industrial use in history was in Western Electric's Buffalo plant drilling holes in diamonds used in making telephone wire.

Today the laser is on the job in many Western Electric plants... drilling, welding, cutting, measuring, and even inspecting microscopic material we use to make equipment for the Bell telephone system.

And the laser, once a gleam in the scientist's eye, was added by Western Electric to the arts of manufacturing.

Western Electric
Manufacturing and Supply Unit of the Bell System

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The Koerners aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

Romero is a small farm village clinging to the mountains of Colombia, South America. Poverty is extreme. Illiteracy is almost total. Electricity, sanitary facilities and running water are nowhere to be seen, and small children haul water from the river three miles away. There is a school in the district, but convincing parents that education should take precedence over water-hauling is a hard argument to win.

The Fuentes are one of the village families. Poor even by Romero's sub-standards. The mud-brick house with dirt floors they live in isn't even theirs. The two-acre farm behind it provides all the income for the family of nine. Most of the time there isn't enough to go around. Yet, this has been a good year for the Fuentes. Their 7-year-old daughter Luz Marina has been able to stay in school.

This miraculous stroke of luck is because of a family living in New York, who are helping Luz Marina. They're the Koerners. Through Save The Children Federation, they are contributing $15.00 a month to help.

For Richard and Marianne Koerner the $15.00 a month is not an extreme sacrifice. Yet, with three robust boys of their own, there are many ways they could use the money. But Richard, whose job involves foreign travel, doesn't have to imagine the poverty the Fuentes endure. He's seen it. He knows, too, that Save The Children can do a remarkable number of things with the money.

First, Luz Marina's immediate school needs are taken care of. Secondly, funds are available to the family to carry out their self-help plan to raise hens. The eggs will help improve the family diet and increase the family income. Finally, a small portion of the Koerner's contribution, together with money from other sponsors, has been lent to the villagers. With their own hands and sweat, they're building a water storage tank and a pipeline. Hopefully, the new water supply will increase the crop yield and the village's income so that some day they will no longer need help.

Self-help. That's what Save The Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy a child a few hot meals, a new coat, or shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give people the boost they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa, Greece, the Middle East, as well as Appalachian and American Indian children. You can select the child's nationality and will receive a photo, regular progress reports and a chance to correspond and visit.

Richard Koerner hopes that one day, one of his business trips will enable him to meet the Fuentes. Many sponsors do visit their children, and tell us that it is one of the most gratifying experiences of their lives.

The Koerners know they can't save the world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Koerners. How about you?

National Sponsors (partial list):
Faith Baldwin, Hon. James A. Farley, Gene Kelly, Mrs. Eli Lilly, Paul Newman, Mrs. J. C. Penney, Frank Sinatra.

Save The Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid.

Save The Children Federation

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

I WISH TO CONTRIBUTE $180 ANNUALLY TO HELP A CHILD.
☐ WHERE THE NEED IS GREATEST ☐ LATIN AMERICA
☐ AMERICAN INDIAN ☐ APPALACHIA ☐ KOREA ☐ GREECE
☐ VIETNAM ☐ AFRICA ☐ MIDDLE EAST

ENCLOSED IS MY FIRST PAYMENT
☐ $15.00 MONTHLY ☐ $90.00 SEMI-ANNUALLY
☐ $45.00 QUARTERLY ☐ $180.00 ANNUALLY

I CAN'T SPONSOR A CHILD. ENCLOSED IS A CONTRIBUTION OF $_____

☐ PLEASE SEND ME MORE INFORMATION.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE **SR 11/8/9**

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and agree with his statements on improving TV programing. I urge him and all advertising people, as recommended in my book, "to change emphasis in creating and using advertising *first* to serve the public best, and second to make the sale and boost profits for business." Unhappily, to make profit no matter what is the overwhelming goal of business, while consideration for the truth and the public good is a poor second at best; the record proves it.

SAMM SINCLAIR BAKER,
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

IF I WERE not a compulsive reader, I should never have got past the third or fourth paragraph of Fairfax Cone's "Memo." Mr. Cone shows some awareness of the current situation in TV, but on the question of honesty in advertising, how has he kept his innocence in this wicked world?

Advertising is a direct descendant of the snake-oil salesman's pitch, and the family resemblance is plainly visible—even though, like the ancestor who was hanged as a hoss thief, it's something we're not supposed to talk about. But deception in advertising is a time-honored technique. The courts acknowledged this when they distinguished between fraud, which was actionable, and "puff," which was not. A perfectly good distinction, but it doesn't make advertising honest. In fact, the morality of advertising is that of the inflated claim ("New! Improved!"), and the shell game ("Twenty per cent more effective!"), with a dash of *caveat emptor* and a disclaimer (in which I'm afraid Cone has joined) of responsibility for the nature of the thing advertised (cigarettes, whisky, dangerous toys for children, fire-hazardous cleaning agents).

There is no salvation in institutional advertising. I wouldn't quarrel with the messages in the instances cited by Cone. Still, in its own sophisticated way, the institutional ad is part of the shell game. It gives the advertiser a substantial tax deduction, which we pay for, and it diverts public attention from other less high-minded activities that the advertiser is busy with.

Advertising is not the blameless victim of the permissiveness and the crudeness of our age, Cone notwithstanding. It has made its own contribution to these unlovely aspects of life in the world today, through its unremitting, insistent, and sometimes highly skillful efforts to sell the product. I gravely doubt that honesty, except in such superficial terms as can be articulated by the FTC, can ever become the accepted standard of such a business.

MRS. BARBARA L. KAISER,
Larchmont, N.Y.

Violence and Its Consequences

I WAS GLAD to read R.L.T.'s editorial "When Violence Begets Violence" [*SR*, Oct. 11]. Just last week I was hit by a stark, if true, realization. I teach art in an elementary school. A second-grade class was in the art room and I needed a quick, clean, crayon assignment to keep them busy while they took turns at a more messy project. I told each child to draw a TV screen as big as the paper and put his favorite TV show on it.

The results surprised me, both in concentration on the assignment and the end products that showed more detail and perception than the children seem to be able to put into pictures of real experiences. They did not draw violence, although many of the programs they portrayed have violence in them. I was startled by the fact that the children could apparently perceive and draw the vicarious TV experience more easily than they could draw real experiences.

If this is generally true, the violence they see must be leaving a residue that they will reflect sometime somehow, a residue of visual and auditory impressions without any real insight into the pain and consequences of violence.

I thank *SR* for bringing to its readers' attention the findings of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence.

MRS. ERIKA LUITWEILER,
Doylestown, Pa.

THE "common-sense logic" R.L.T. refers to is the same logic that tells us murderers are the worst parole risks, that planting potatoes under the full moon is best, etc. *SR* is doing its readers a disservice by presenting expert opinion (i.e., the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence) as fact, and by stating that they "conclusively connect TV with violent behavior." Their content analysis does conclusively demonstrate that there is violence on TV, but this could hardly be interpreted as a link between this violence and overt behavior. If their evidence is so conclusive, why do they indicate the need for further research? In any science, behavioral or physical, expert opinion may be helpful, possibly even correct, but it is just that—opinion, and should never be presented as fact.

If TV is such a tremendous catalyst for violence, how do we explain the violent history of our nation before TV? Or comic books, or paperbacks, or dirty movies? In this time of frustration and concern over what appears to many to be a sick society, we tend to attack scapegoats that are easy marks, rather than engage in what could be painful introspection. We do not like the image TV reflects to us, so we feel it is necessary to smash the mirror.

I do not object to *SR*'s efforts, nor the efforts of the commission to reduce violence on TV, for I feel all such efforts are to be commended. However, I do object strongly to irresponsible reporting of premature claims of conclusive evidence that could lead to an overreaction to symptoms without adequately considering the disease.

RALPH E. PETERSON,
University of Kentucky
Northern Community College,
Covington, Ky.

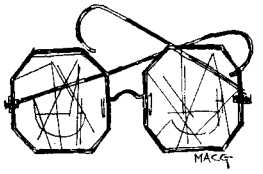
SUPPOSE we could eliminate all violence from TV entertainment, what then could we do about news—censor it?

RONALD H. JUMP,
Jefferson, O.

TO RELATE TV to the violence of our society is begging the point. The present state of violence is not new, but has been going on since the founding of America. Only the nature has changed, coupled with the massing of people into our cities. Surely the routine cruelty inflicted on the black people of this country from its beginning up to the present can justly be described as bestiality and the norm of the day. Also, the massive killing of the American Indian must be classified as the greatest level of violence experienced among civilized people.

The general nature of the American society as dictated by its history is destined to maintain high levels of violence; the reduction of the mayhem, killings, tortures, and outright brutality by 30 per cent or more on TV would not relieve this state of affairs. The American people (white majority) need to re-examine their psyche and decide on a new morality. It is because the American public has from the beginning hardened its sensibilities against cruelty that there is no public rally against violence on TV today. Violence, as the networks indicate, is truly what the American society wants; violence is what the American society was built upon.

GEORGE LANGFORD,
Chicago, Ill.



Accolade for Brucker

RE: Herbert Brucker's "What's Wrong with Objectivity?" [*SR*, Oct. 11]. For the past few years, the public has been subjected to a kind of brainwashing by the communications media in this country, and all in the name of news reporting. We live in a city that has a newspaper called the Chicago *Tribune*, and it is legendary for its history of slanted news reporting. We always took that for granted. But we have decided that all the newspapers (even the erudite *New York Times*) seem to be falling victim to the suggestion that "there is no such thing as objectivity, therefore, let's not even try."

We have exceedingly well-educated friends who never subscribe to daily newspapers, and do not even have a television set. We had always thought them unwise because they *must* be missing something. Now we have decided they were right all along. What we are fed daily on network newscasting and in our daily papers, because it is now so obviously trying to convince us of a certain point of view, turns out to be *mis*-information simply because it is not complete information upon which to make an intelligent judgment.

SR should take Brucker's remarks seriously. Would you honestly call your publication balanced in its handling of issues? When was the last time you had anyone but a flaming liberal to review a political book?

MADELYN V. POWELL,
Chicago, Ill.

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A Czech Newspaperman

by JOHN HOHENBERG

When I was in Moscow this past summer, three of *Izvestia*'s editors side-stepped the embarrassing problem of Czechoslovakia while questioning me closely about the meaning of the uproar of dissent on the American campus. I fenced with them for a time, not really wanting to indulge in the homely American custom of ferocious self-criticism before the Establishment of the opposing superpower. Finally, to escape from an awkward situation, I told the gentlemen of *Izvestia* that one of their associates on *Pravda* had come to the conclusion that most American campus radicals were anarchists and had no program.

The judgment of the analyst for *Pravda*, however, did not impress the gentlemen of *Izvestia*. They observed with some justice, I thought, that their opposite number at *Pravda* was not of an age group that could be expected to communicate with the young people of a country that had an entirely different philosophy of government. "Isn't it more likely to be true," one of the *Izvestia* editors demanded, "that the young people of the American universities don't know what they want?"

I replied that it was too large a question to be easily decided, that I didn't know the answer, and that I must think about it. Since I was unable to obtain any observations on Czechoslovakia, I took my leave. But during the rest of my stay in the Soviet Union, and later in my visit to Russian-occupied Czechoslovakia, I kept thinking of all the brilliant and devastating answers I could have made at *Izvestia* as a self-appointed champion of American youth and a defender of the free press. But somehow, none of the imaginary rhetoric was very satisfying. Because the more I saw and heard in the unhappy heart of Eastern Europe, the more questions I wanted to ask—questions that were perhaps even more difficult to answer.

I remember talking with an old journalist in Prague on a beautifully sunny summer's morning. My wife and I had been able to find him through mutual friends, but we scarcely thought he would have the courage to talk about the plight of his country, his people, and his profession. We were wrong. Sitting there in his plainly furnished room in an ancient building near the center of Prague, he meditated over what had happened to Czechoslovakia since the Soviet-led invasion of August 20-21, 1968. It was almost a monologue, delivered in a low and unemotional voice, as he bent over a cup of thick black coffee.

"For twenty-five years," he said, "we journalists told our young people that our future lay with the Soviet Union, that they could trust the Russians, that our hope was for the development of a truly beautiful communist society. And what happened? The Russians invaded us, occupied us, because we insisted on free discussion, on a free press, on Dubcek's socialism with a human face." He sighed and absently stirred his coffee. "At one stroke, we have lost a whole generation of young people. They will never again believe anything we older people tell them."

A professor at the Charles University, the ancient citadel of learning in the center of Prague's medieval remains, was far more conscious of what it might mean if he were seen talking with two Americans. Although our conversation at the beginning was about inconsequential things, he kept shifting about and glancing nervously from one side to the other—the "Hitler *blick*" of another evil time in the history of Czechoslovakia. When I turned to the general subject of the press under Russian occupation, he reverted to the history of the newspapers of Bohemia under the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. And when at length I asked him about his country's young people, he could only exclaim in despair: "It is difficult to talk of such things, is it not?" And I agreed. In the presence of such anxiety, which surely must have been justified, serious discussion was not possible.

The young people were well able to speak for themselves, fortunately. They showed no fear; nor did they, for that matter, seem to have much respect for their elders. Having little to expect from their social order, they were plainly interested in the opiates of self-indulgence and pleasure at whatever cost to themselves. Many were much like American youngsters: the boys with long hair and exaggerated, skin-tight costumes, and the girls in the briefest of miniskirts. They would say frankly, if asked, that they didn't know what was to happen to them, and were perfectly willing to talk of their revulsion against the Russian occupation. But few thought anything of serious resistance.

It was only at night, near the statue of Good King Wenceslaus in the center of Prague, that the depth of the feeling of the young Czechs became evident. For this had been the rallying point of Prague's resistance in the brave days of the "Czech spring" of 1968, when Alexander Dubcek had been the leader of a boldly revisionist Communist Party. It was here that the young people came by the thousands to show their support of Dubcek against the threat of Russian intervention. And it was here, after the occupation, that Jan Palach burned himself to death in protest, leaving a message for his fellow students at Charles University not to follow his example. During the long summer evenings, as the first anniversary of the Soviet invasion approached, the young people gathered once more about the base of the statue in hushed and shadowy groups. They brought with them flowers in pots and glass jars and even tin cans, and placed them about their patron saint in a gesture that was partly defiance, partly

—*Wide World Photos.*

Young Czechs protesting in Prague—"able to speak for themselves."

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remembrance of things past, partly mourning for the freedom of which they had dreamed and which now was not to be theirs.

"We are willing to wait," one said. "We are willing to wait for twenty years if necessary. But we can tell you this: We will not always live this way."

It is no accident, when the Russians sent in Czech troops to crush a small demonstration in Wenceslaus Square on the anniversary of the occupation, that the flowers at the base of the statue were flung into the street, the jars shattered, the cans overturned. Nor was it merely a matter of maintaining order that caused the security forces to disperse the young people from their appointed meeting place. Yet, it couldn't be done as a permanent matter. The boys with the long hair and the girls with the miniskirts were back in the square soon enough. They felt secure with their own troops; as for the Russians, they knew enough to keep out of sight in a land that was simmering with outrage and anger and sheer frustration.

And what of the Czech press? Once so brave and uninhibited in its enthusiasm for the new socialism of Dubcek's dreams, it was now shackled. It whispered its dissent in Aesopian syllables when it dared, but it had precious little opportunity to do so. The rebellious weeklies, the font of the opposition to the complaisant press of communist tradition, had been suppressed. In each of the thirty dailies, there was a pro-Russian watchdog—a new editor-in-chief for the party papers, and a censor for the non-party press. Nearly 100 of the 4,500 members of the Czech Writers' Union were proscribed and unable to work as journalists, because they had written too much of the truth; some had menial jobs, others were being cared for by friends.

But they still had spirit. One of them, reminded that the Warsaw Pact invasion forces of 500,000 or more had now dwindled to only 70,000 Russians, flared up: "Whether it is seven, seven hundred, or seventy thousand Russians really makes no difference. This is an occupied country, and we will not rest until they are gone. The Soviet Union has forfeited the respect of every citizen of this country."

I remember calling at one of the Czech dailies and talking to a sad-faced editor about his paper and his staff. "We have a new editor-in-chief," he said. "The government has brought him in because the Russians approve of him and he makes sure of what goes into the paper. What can we do?"

"How long will this last?" I asked.

The editor shrugged. "A long, long time. They have seen what we can do if we have a chance, these Russians. We won't have such opportunities again very soon."

There were others among the Czech journalists who tried, in the painfully polite manner with which they address Americans, to make it clear that their ideal of a free press was scarcely something of which I would approve. "Let us not forget," one of them said, "that eighty-five to ninety per cent of the journalists of Czechoslovakia were communist and remain communist, and we hope the world remembers it. Because it shows how false the Russians were when they said they had to invade us to prevent us from overthrowing the Communist Party. We didn't want to do that. We wanted to develop our own system in our own way for our own country."

"Like the Rumanians?" I suggested.

Again that hopeless shrug I saw so many times during my all-too-brief time in Prague. "Yes, the Rumanians did it better than we did. They dissented from the Russians, but they didn't advertise it in their press and, so far, they have not had to suffer for it. I suppose you would say they were smarter than we were."

For the journalists, as for the young people, there was little hope in Czechoslovakia's future. The bold white symbol — the name of "Dubcek!" — was fading on the walls of many a building in Prague on which it had been painted; his own fate was foreordained. People knew he would be thrown out of the government by the very officials who had once sworn fealty to him, and were not surprised when it happened. Here and there were freshly painted taunts, "Husak-Rusak," linking Dubcek's successor, Gustav Husak, to the Russians.

Ordinary people, when given an opportunity, referred wistfully to that gallant time when they had been able to say what they wished, read whatever they chose, and go wherever they pleased. But with Dubcek's downfall, the press, radio, and television remained stiffly correct within the Russian meaning of that much-abused word. The unions could mutter about slowdowns; yet, they were well aware that their leaders faced severe punishment if such delays in work decisively interfered with production. The Russians had it in their power to punish fourteen million people by creating shortages of materials and food, if necessary. As for the young dissidents, their Students' Union was dissolved. A new and loyal party group took over the Writers' Union with undetermined consequences to the journalists who remained under proscription. And the foreign press went under strict surveillance with the resultant expulsion of a number of correspondents. It was not enough for the fearful Czech regime to force the *New York Times*'s Tad Szulc out of the country. His successor, Paul Hofmann, was also expelled because of the "hostile attitude taken by your paper against the CSSR."

For Czechoslovakia, the age of dissent was over.

With the defection of Anatoly Kuznetsov to a safe haven in Britain, the world learned that there had been a small movement of sympathy for Czechoslovakia among a few Soviet writers. Kuznetsov himself had been ashamed, but he had been able to do precious little to make his feeling of protest mean anything. The fate of such writers as Yuli Daniel and Andrei Siniavsky, still in confinement after their 1966 show trial, was an object lesson in what could happen to dissident authors or journalists in the Soviet Union. When Pavel Litvinov and six of his associates tried to lead a sympathy demonstration for the Czechs in Red Square, they were beaten up and most of them went to prison.

Alexander T. Tvardovsky, the editor of *Novy Mir*, still clung to his post despite official displeasure over the kind of material he published in his magazine. Yet, it was only a question of time before he would be replaced. After all, he had been the foremost defender of the great novelist Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, whose works had been proscribed in his own country although they appeared in most of the major cities of the Western world. Nor was Tvardovsky the only remaining symbol of independence in the Soviet orbit who trembled on the brink of professional oblivion. The onetime hero of Soviet youth, Yevgeny Yevtuchenko, had been removed from the board of the magazine *Yunost* to discipline and to punish him.

Once he had rebuked his critics with these lines:

> They tell me: Man, you're bold!
> But that is not true. Courage was never my strong point.
> I simply considered it beneath my dignity
> To fall to the level of my colleagues' cowardice . . .
> One day posterity will remember
> This strange era, these strange times, when
> Ordinary common honesty was called courage.

I found much more of such courage in Prague than I did in Moscow. True, the excesses of Stalinism seemed unlikely to return. But in the press, in the literature, in the theater, and in the arts, there was precious little dissent for the foreign visitor to see. It was only in the movies that a modicum of criticism of Soviet life was permitted,

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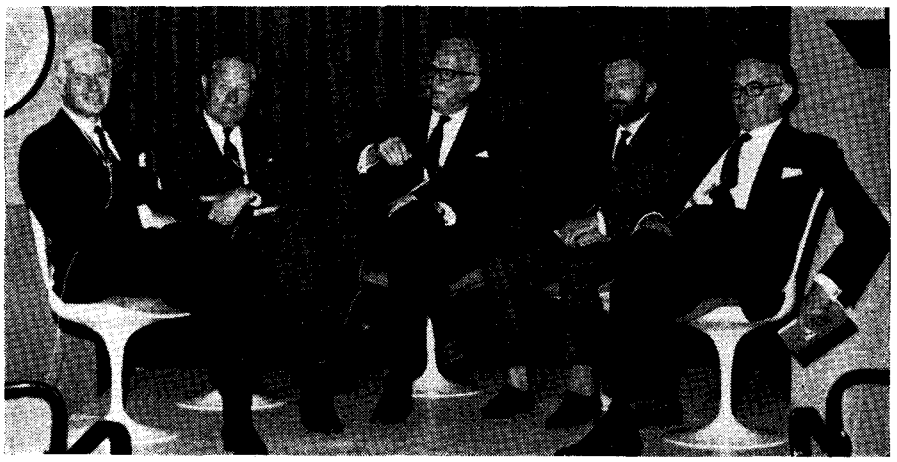
and, even here, such films were not advertised in advance and were shown only a night or two at a time in theaters far from the center of Moscow.

I remember once seeing a Moscow teen-age girl with long hair, tight-fitting Levi's, a tight sweater, and hippie beads at a market. She was wearing a button that celebrated the return of the first American astronauts to reach the moon, a souvenir that was issued broadcast by the American Embassy in Moscow to any Soviet citizens who would take them. It was the young lady's symbol of protest. When I asked her whether she was interested in any particular movement, she replied quite earnestly, "I love all people. I want peace for all people. I am only interested in the truth."

Perhaps I wasn't in Moscow long enough, but I saw only one like her. If there are others, it would be news. For Soviet youth, only one path is open and that is the one approved by their government. There is no sign that they are discontented with their lot, either from what little I could see or from the vantage point of friends who have known the Soviet Union for decades. It is only in Czechoslovakia that a whole generation of young people has been lost to the system that shattered their belief, robbed them of hope, and imprisoned a whole brave people.

In the light of such experiences, I think I would be better prepared today to interpret the meaning of the uproar of the American campus for the three gentlemen of *Izvestia*. It is evidence, first of all, that our generation of young people, far from being lost to us, is actually a profound and beneficial influence on national policy. They have released a wave of moral indignation against the inequities of our society that has had an impact on our political system and has shaken the cherished values of an older generation. Had it not been for them, and a section of the press that amplified their youthful voices into a full-throated roar of protest, the movement to foreclose the Vietnam war might not have reached its current stage, and the end might be even further off than it now seems to be. It is their generation that has been in the vanguard for more than a decade in breaking down some of the barriers to the achievement of a multiracial society and for this, as well as for their conviction that they must take political action, we are profoundly indebted to them.

True, in crushing all dissent including that of the youth, the Soviet Union has established law and order in Czechoslovakia today. But, gentlemen of *Izvestia*, permit me to ask one small question in return: Was it worth all the trouble it has caused you?



Panelists at Westinghouse Conference included (from left) Max Kohnstamm, Charles E. Bohlen, George W. Ball, Christopher Layton, and Sir Eric Roll.

Forecasting the Seventies

by JOHN TEBBEL

LONDON.

Twenty-nine experts from many fields peered into the Seventies here recently and found prospects for the decade ahead to be more uncertain than promising for the world and its people. The experts were gathered for a four-day conference sponsored by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, a force that can be expected to play an important part in shaping that future and whose twelve television and radio stations in nine major American cities constitute the most influential of the non-network groups. Westinghouse modestly refrained from discussing its own product; instead, Group W, as it is known, flew some eighty-five leading American business executives and community leaders to hear the forecast and engage in a running dialogue with the forecasters.

In the speeches and conversations, the perspective was inevitably American, and nearly all agreed that if the problems of the world are to be solved in the Seventies, it won't be through the present policies of the Nixon administration. The businessmen, many of them presumably Nixon supporters, heard an abundance of criticism of the President, both direct and implied.

The tone of the conference was set by a panel of eight Group W correspondents, brought in from its bureaus. Bernard Redmont, chief of the Paris bureau, reporting on the peace talks there, argued that when the negotiations are eventually concluded, peace "will come on terms no better than those available right now, and for that matter, available to us in the past. . . . Our whole negotiating posture in Paris has foundered and failed because it has been based too often on myths, erroneous assumptions, and faulty judgments."

From Washington, Sid Davis, chief of the bureau there, granted that it was not an easy period for the President, but he pointed out that "the real danger in a 'quiet Presidency' is that it could become an 'insulated Presidency.'" However, Davis believed that Mr. Nixon would be a formidable candidate for re-election in 1972. "While it is too soon to judge where he is going," Davis added, "it is clear that his zigging and zagging leaves him plenty of maneuvering room in the center."

Turning to other sore spots in the world where American policy, or the lack of it, may determine events in the Seventies, Charles Bierbauer, Group W's Eastern European correspondent, predicted that arms limitations talks with the Soviets "will be a prolonged affair, like the Paris negotiations, but conceivably they will lead us to a European security meeting broader than the bilateral talks. Many Western observers feel Moscow wants European security talks merely for the propaganda value of gaining recognition of East Germany. Yet the existence of two Germanies is a reality that must be admitted on the way to improving East-West relations."

As for the Middle East, correspondent Jay Bushinsky described the situation as "a military standoff, a waiting game, with each side hoping that the other will cave in first." While they hedged their bets carefully, others at the conference appeared to agree that a major war in the Middle East was not likely in the Seventies.

Japan, said several speakers, will

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emerge as a world power in the Seventies, and there was much discussion of what this might mean to the rest of the world, both in economic terms and in possible shifts of the balance of power. David Willis, Group W's Far East correspondent, asserted that the Seventies would "undoubtedly see Japan even more firmly established as the second largest economic power in the free world, third in the entire world; so it is inevitable that Japan will begin exerting real diplomatic force in Asia as well. . . . The nature and direction of this force will be a phenomenon of crucial importance to the United States."

In Britain, according to Group W's foreign news editor, Ed de Fontaine, there is a profound public apathy toward the nation's political parties and their leaders. "Britain's people," he said, "seem to recognize that the nation's problems are domestic."

Several British leaders were among the speakers, including Edward Heath, Leader of the Conservatives, who gave an amiable campaign speech but then, in a rare burst of perception, pointed out that those who venture to anticipate the next decade might recall how the Americans stood in the optimistic presence of President Kennedy at the beginning of the Sixties and how the staggering events of the succeeding ten years upset even the most sanguinary prophets.

On the other side of the political fence, Richard Marsh, the Labor Government's Minister of Transport, expressed concern about the dangers of urban growth, which he described as "the biggest threat to society since the flood." The real battle to be fought in the next decade, he predicted, would be between the private car and public transport. The coming decade would also, Marsh noted, determine "whether highly sophisticated societies should concentrate research on 'way-out science fiction hardware,' or on the adaptation of existing transport modes like the guided bus and the advanced passenger train. In the final analysis one must decide what will constitute a civilized way of life in a big city in the year 2000. Or, put differently, what shall it profit a man if he gains two cars and finds it quicker to walk."

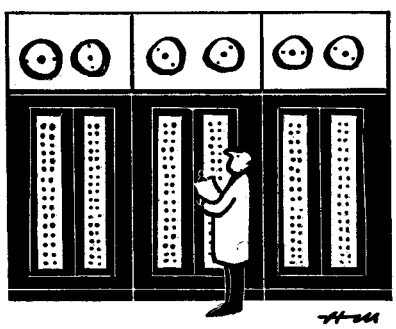
The concern of Reginald Maudling, Deputy Leader of the Conservative Party, was an economic one. He argued that a world trade recession in the Seventies was a real possibility unless America could control its current domestic inflation, and international monetary policies could be made more flexible. The primary function of money, Maudling went on, is to finance world trade; governments and the central bankers have an additional responsibility to keep nations solvent and yet avoid international inflation. The need for domestic monetary discipline in the United States, based mainly on tying income to national product, must be a central feature of the Nixon administration if the Western world is to prosper in the next decade, Maudling warned.

Oddly, the most optimism at the conference came from four experts from the Institute for Strategic Studies, Britain's celebrated "think tank," led by its retiring director, Alastair Buchan. The ISS men doubted there would be a world war as a result of further conflict in the Middle East, and, indeed, none of them foresaw any prospect of global conflict within the next decade. Buchan did predict some shifting of power, however, away from America and Russia toward China and Japan. As for the possibility of a preemptive nuclear strike against China by Russia, Buchan believes the danger is diminishing, but he added that Chinese relations with the Soviets might improve, creating new and possibly more dangerous situations for America.

A gloomier view was taken by another panel chaired by George Ball, former Under Secretary of State. Christopher Layton, economic adviser to the British Liberal Party and a staunch advocate of British economic union with Europe, predicted that German nationalism might well re-emerge to trouble the world in the Seventies, if Britain missed the last bus into Europe and the Common Market.

Still another panel member, Charles Bohlen, former American Ambassador to the Soviet Union and France and now chairman of Italamerica, told the conference that even if the Germans adopted an Eastward-looking policy, they would be laboring under an illusion, because it simply would not work. The big question facing the world in the future, Bohlen thinks, is when and how a change in the political structure of the Soviet Union will occur. It will not be an evolutionary process, he believes; it could be a military coup, or possibly a revolutionary seizure of control by the younger people in Russia.

The conference list included two literary figures who are also analysts of the political and social scene. C. P. Snow declared that in the next ten to twenty years it will be proved that heredity plays a far greater part than environment in determining human abilities. Lord Snow considers the successful analysis of the structure of DNA in 1953 as probably the greatest discovery ever made by mankind. Awareness that genes dictate human makeup "is now just a whisper," he said. "It will become a shout. And when environment is under control, you will see what we cannot control: the natural talents, or lack of them, that we inherit from parents and ancestors."



Luigi Barzini, familiar to Americans as the author of the best-selling *The Italians* but better known at home as a journalist and a member of the Italian Parliament, reported that the old ideologies have decayed everywhere in the world, but that the moment of liberation sought by the young will be a very short one. "It is all very well to man the barricades and destroy what already exists," Barzini said, "but then something has to be produced to replace all that has gone. Telephones will still have to work, trains run, consumer goods produced." The old ideologies, Barzini added, were thought in the past to be the panaceas for all our ills, but they have not proved to be so. "Now we have to build, make the best of it, work hard, and hope," he said.

America's racial problems were seen largely in their relation to urban ills. Simeon Booker, Group W commentator and Washington bureau chief of the Johnson Publishing Company, whose *Ebony* and *Jet* are the leading Negro magazines, drew a dismal picture of Washington, D.C., as a microcosm of the urban rot and neglect that afflict all of America's major cities. In the tragic collapse of these cities, he said, blacks are not only remaining behind white men, they are dropping back. In the next decade, he asked, where can the poor, both black and white, look for relief? He predicted that in the Seventies the city, "the bulwark of democracy as we know it," will be the battleground, having replaced Vietnam. "What will matter," he concluded, "will be whether the battle is fought with bullets, firebombs, and fists, or with bulldozers, shovels, and the skills of newly trained workers."

All in all, the view of the world's future emerging from Westinghouse Broadcasting's gathering of experts was not unlike the metaphor employed by Bernard Redmont to describe the Paris peace conference. It was, he said, like making love to an elephant: There's no pleasure in it, you run the risk of being crushed by the experience; and it's years before you see any results.

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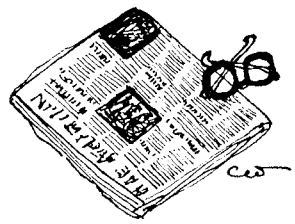
Price-Fixing, Profit-Pooling, and the Newspaper Business



by WALTER B. KERR

Those newspaper publishers who are trying to wrest for the newspaper business—and the newspaper business only—an exemption from the antitrust laws are doing all right. Hard at work all summer and working where it counts, they have softened opposition in the Justice Department, acquired some influential friends in the Department of Commerce, and won the support of President Nixon despite fragmented objections from *The New York Times,* the Washington *Post,* many suburban publishers, most of the nation's weeklies, and the newspaper unions.

Although this continues to be one of the worst-covered news stories of the year, because publishers are unusually reticent where their own interests are concerned, the facts behind it are quite well known:

• There are at least twenty-three cities in the United States, among them San Francisco, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and Miami, where the only two papers in town have secret operating agreements under which they share the expenses and pool the profits of joint operation.

• In 1965, the Justice Department filed suit against Tucson's two newspapers, the *Arizona Star* and the *Citizen,* saying, among other things, that their understanding violated the antitrust laws.

• The Justice Department won in district court and won again when the *Arizona Star* and the *Citizen* carried the case to the Supreme Court.

• Meanwhile, the large chains and other publishers who were doing substantially what the Tucson papers were doing turned to Congress, saying that if they were guilty of violating the laws, the laws should be changed. In brief, they sought an exemption, which their hometown legislators were pleased to sponsor. A bill giving effect to it is before both houses in the form of S. 1520 and H.R. 279.

Although this proposed special legislation has split the industry, its proponents, with less to lose and more to gain, have put additional political and financial muscle into their efforts. Earlier they had won over the late Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen, a power on Capitol Hill. Dirksen, incidentally, had been a part-time columnist for the Scripps-Howard papers, and Scripps-Howard has seven operating agreements of the kind under attack. They have also turned to George Smathers, former Senator from Florida, whose access to the White House in the Nixon era is envied by more than one lobbyist.

True, the Scripps-Howard, Newhouse, and Hearst chains, with the help of many independent publishers and the American Newspaper Publishers Association, had suffered a setback in March of this year when the Supreme Court upheld a district court ruling that makes it illegal for separately owned papers in the same community to fix prices and pool the profits of joint operation. But the right of petition left two courses open to them. One was to persuade Congress to exempt newspapers from the full weight of the Sherman and the Clayton Acts, on the ground they could not live with them as the acts have been interpreted by the courts. The second was to convince the Justice Department that newspapers should be treated differently than other unregulated businesses, on the ground they are subject to different economic laws.

Which brings us down to the spring, summer, and fall of 1969, with President Nixon making the decisions and new Cabinet officers in Justice and Commerce: the President's former law partner, John N. Mitchell, as Attorney General, and Maurice H. Stans as Secretary of Commerce. Now, the heat was on. Subcommittees of both the Senate and the House heard testimony from all sides. Was this legislation necessary to the survival of the newspapers concerned, as its backers claimed, or was it merely self-serving? Was it in the public interest?

On June 20, Richard W. McLaren, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Antitrust Division, went before the Senate Judiciary Committee's subcommittee on antitrust and monopoly. "The Department of Justice," he said, "strongly opposes this legislation."

And in a way it did. Yet, when McLaren sat down it was clear there had been a change from the days of the Johnson administration. McLaren opposed S. 1520 as amended by Senator Dirksen, which granted immunity to newspapers with agreements already in effect, but he did not oppose the bill as amended by Senator Edward W. Brooke, which would permit papers to enter into joint-operating agreements involving any activity short of actual price-fixing and profit-pooling. Here the difficulty was that McLaren's Antitrust Division was already on the way to accepting a measure of both. In an attempt, outside Congress, to arrive at a court-approved plan that would adapt the Tucson agreement to the requirements of the Supreme Court, he had noted that the Supreme Court had not opposed joint production and joint distribution of separately owned papers and, indeed, had left the door open for "other kinds of joint action." The other kinds were the wedge.

"For example," McLaren told the Senate subcommittee, "cost savings can probably be effected in the business departments of competing newspapers through common record-keeping and billing, and perhaps through a sharing of personnel."

But if personnel is shared, costs are shared, and if costs are shared, profits are shared.

McLaren was still opposed to price-fixing and profit-pooling, but he thought these measures could be tolerated within the framework of the Supreme Court's ruling. And so he urged the subcommittee to postpone consideration of S. 1520 until it had had an opportunity to study a modification of the Tucson agreement that would be acceptable to the court, to the papers concerned, and to the Justice Department. The subcommittee did not oblige him. Three weeks later in executive session (i.e., with reporters barred) it approved the bill as amended by Senator Dirksen. Those who favored exempting the newspaper business from the antitrust laws were getting some place.

Meanwhile, on July 2 the Tucson papers had come up with their version of what a modified operating agreement should be, all part of a ju-

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dicial process that has validity as far as newspapers are concerned only if Congress fails to exempt the industry. If Congress grants the exemption, the judicial process ceases and the court steps out of the case.

The Tucson version, filed in district court, was answered by the Justice Department on August 25. Justice approved some of the measures proposed and opposed others. It now agreed to joint Sunday publication with the profits to be shared equally by the participating papers. (In June, McLaren had said this *might* also be feasible and permissible.) It agreed to allow the papers to sell combination advertising as long as the combination rate reflected "cost savings objectively calculated." But it opposed the use of a joint advertising sales force unless the defendants (whom it said it did not believe) "are able to make a clear showing that the economies resulting from the sharing of personnel are in whole or in part essential to the preservation of one of the newspapers." It further objected to a formula that under all circumstances would limit to 55 per cent the profits either paper could earn under the joint operation (the other receiving no less than 45 per cent).

It was all very confusing, and one could not help but wonder whether the Justice Department, operating with few figures and little newspaper experience, was not being locked into a paradoxical position, being opposed in principle to price-fixing and profit-pooling, yet approving combination rates and joint Sunday publication. Joint Sunday publication, with two publishing companies sharing equally in the profits, is profit-pooling any way one looks at it. And a combination rate, based on cost savings objectively calculated, can be severely anti-competitive. Justice Department attorneys seemed to have in mind a discount of no more than 20 per cent for a merchant who wished to run the same ad (already sold, laid out, set in type, proofread, corrected, and placed in the form) in the second paper.

But if this was a problem that might rise to haunt the Antitrust Division, there was another more immediate and potentially more shattering to those organizations and individuals who, putting their trust in the courts and opposing an exemption for the industry, were seeking to restore a measure of competition to those cities where separate papers are jointly operated. To the astonishment of all but a few insiders—and there were very few of them—President Nixon suddenly came out in favor of the bill (before its opponents knew he was considering it). This was not the bill as amended by Senator Brooke, which Justice could accept, but the bill pure and simple that would authorize the only two papers in any city to share expenses, pool profits, and fix prices if at any time in the past or at any time in the future one of them should *appear* "unlikely to remain or become a financially sound publication." As the bill was written and as it was approved by President Nixon, two highly profitable newspapers could fix prices and pool profits if either one of them began to slip for whatever reason.

The case for the administration was presented by Walter A. Hamilton, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Commerce, on September 24. On the following day, Assistant Attorney General McLaren, with considerable courage, went before the subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee, the same group that had heard Hamilton the day before. "Mr. Chairman and members of the subcommittee," he said, "I am pleased to appear before you today to express the opposition of the Department of Justice to H.R. 279."

The subcommittee members were aghast, no one more so than Representative Emanuel Celler, chairman of the full Judiciary Committee and a member of Congress for forty-seven years. "Where does this leave the Judiciary Committee?" he asked McLaren. "You have one Cabinet officer approving the bill and one Cabinet officer objecting, one department approving and one department opposing. The Bureau of the Budget approves of both statements. The Bureau of the Budget apparently lights one candle for Christ and one candle for the devil, and takes no chances."

But this was not quite the story. The Nixon administration was not pussyfooting around. It was for the bill and would use the Commerce Department to work for its passage, at the same time permitting the Justice Department to stand alone, if it so wished. It so wished; McLaren gave the House in September almost the same arguments word for word that he had given the Senate in June. Once again he opposed the Dirksen amendment. The Senate subcommittee had accepted it. Once again he approved the Brooke amendment. The Senate subcommittee had rejected it. And once again he pleaded for time to work out a plan with the Tucson papers that would be acceptable to all. The Senate subcommittee had denied it to him. For a government attorney only eight months out of private practice, he was in a tight spot. He still is, because he still has to negotiate and plead in Tucson —with S. 1520 and H.R. 279 hanging over his head.

And so the machinery of government grinds on—from district court to the Supreme Court, to Congress, to hearings before Senate and House subcommittees, from the Johnson administration taking one stand to the Nixon administration taking another.

The stakes? How the country's newspapers are going to be run for a long time to come.

"Great Scott! They're giving me a Nobel Prize for something I seem to have done, or written, or discovered, back in 1931."

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Front Page Afloat:

All the News That's Fit to Ship

by MARGARET R. WEISS

Playing the leisure game against the jet-up-and-go gambit, life on an ocean liner easily seduces the traveler into benign, brainwashed, carefree euphoria. From sundeck to grand salon, from swimming pool to gamblers' "pool," the only tangible reminder of the problem world ashore is the ship's daily newssheet.

Varying with a vessel's flag and ambience, the shipboard wrap-up of the day's headlines comes in assorted sizes, shapes, and language combinations. But whether its format is a handful of mimeographed pages prepared by a harried radio officer or a junior purser, the slick but standard UPI-packaged *Ocean Press*, or the innovative *Queen Elizabeth 2* edition of the *Daily Telegraph*, in-micro coverage of the world scene, stock market, sports, and weather is the mainstay of the front-page afloat.

While the Greek Line and Holland-America do their crew-cut news stint on bread-and-butter mimeo sheets, the fine Italian Line hand presents UPI-RCA ULTIME NOTIZIE (in English and Italian on trans-Atlantic crossings, and only in English on Caribbean cruises) on a generous 12" X 17" glossy broadside banded in seaworthy blue and "enlivened" with the ship photographer's pictures of events aboard. *S.S. United States*, the new *T. S. Hamburg*, and Grace Line's *Santa* ships all remain conservatively behind the *Ocean Press* service package: a four-, eight-, or twelve-page supplement of general travel and shopping features backed by advertising geared to the tourist trade.

In traditional Gallic spirit, the French Line makes its own à la carte additions to the *Ocean Press* sixteen-pager it offers *S.S. France* passengers. Using a 9½" X 12½"-bleed fashion cover photo and a flame-colored logo, the daily *L'Atlantique* rounds out its table-d'hôte mat features on historic French sites and favorite export items with a two-page bilingual insert of UPI and Agence France-Presse "latest world news received by teletype," as well as four pages devoted to the day's scheduled activities, movie and closed circuit TV offerings, and pictures of some of the celebrities aboard. (A "celebrity" in this case may be made and not born, for the sample edition in hand bears a picture of this reporter.) Each issue runs a random course, with features ranging from "Prestigieux Parfums de Paris" and "Romance Time in the Couture World" to "Mononucleosis or the Kissing Disease" and "My Friend the Badger."

All these news-at-sea efforts, however, recently have been upstaged by the one now operative on Cunard's newest *Queen*. Each morning, even the most bloodshot of passenger eyes open to orange juice, coffee, and a copy of the *Daily Telegraph—Queen Elizabeth 2 Edition*. In his own page-1 explanation, London-based production editor Norman M. Palmer calls attention to the fact that "this newspaper was printed aboard by a computerized photo-composing system. It was edited last night in Fleet Street, London, and controlled from there by coded radio

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signals. No such newspaper has ever been produced before."

Entailing none of the usual methods of printing, this communications system depends on punched tape for transmission of news items, articles, headlines, layout, and typesetting instructions from the parent paper's offices to the ship via London's GPO radio. (To a layman's eye, the perforated coded tape prepared by wireless telegraphists closely resembles a miniature strip of pianola music.) Fed into a computerized photoprinting unit known as a Varityper 725, this tape miraculously evolves as columns of news that are pasted on to ruled paper duplicating the dimensions of the 9" X 14½" format of the *QE2* edition. Following Fleet Street's specifications, the four columns per page are positioned; each of the eight pages is photographed, and the resulting paper master is put on the printing press.

No metal is needed for any process; mechanical equipment is kept to an efficient space-saving minimum. Even for Mr. Palmer it continues to be "an amazing journalistic experience to watch—as I did in the middle of the ocean somewhere off North Africa during the ship's trial run—the tape being spewed out in the radio room, then carry it to the print shop, and see the already headlined columns of type being produced with all the latest news from several thousand miles away—and not a sign of the conventional printers' equipment in sight."

Technically, there is always the danger of sunspot interference and radio failure interrupting transmission of the basic news coverage: the daily 9,000-word digest of world happenings, the AP highlights of the U.S. domestic scene, the Wall Street report, the international sports picture, fashion, and theater reviews. To offset the possibility of mechanical fault or human error, two different transmission methods are used. The Piccolo operation, developed by the British Diplomatic Wireless Service, employs a tone-modulated technique in which each character of the alphabet is represented by an assigned note; the Plessey system, utilizing a return radio path to the *Daily Telegraph*, forwards data from shore to ship only when radio conditions allow signals to arrive unmarred.

Editorially, remote-control procedures invite their own individual hazards. There must be maintained the highest degree of precision in subediting all news and articles to fit a given space. On a regular newspaper, the various editors can go to the printing department to make last-minute adjustments, either to accommodate fast-breaking news developments or to correct errors. The only insurance against faulty estimates in the length of items for the sea edition is a ready inventory of optional paragraphs and short features that the printer can juggle as replacements or fillers.

Because of the precise subediting and detailed memos on page makeup sent to the ship's printer, it has not been necessary to have an editorial representative on board. Advertising space is the same for each issue, and before sailing time all ad proofs are turned over to the printer for paste-up in the same manner as the news columns are treated. To date, the only news pictures used have been stock photos found in the shipboard library file of world personalities.

Reading a typical *QE2* edition, passengers would have been informed that "Drew Pearson Left Seven Wills," "Lauren Bacall Divorced," "General Dayan Turns to Political Battle," and would have learned something about Alaska oil leases, Gibraltar vs. Spain, LSD's effect on the unborn, Biafran relief, Hanoi in Paris, etc. The careful reader might also have discovered the origin of "splicing the mainbrace" and "posh"; the fact that thirty knots equal thirty-four-and-a-half miles, and 2,000 fathoms are 12,000 feet, or the average depth of the northern part of the Atlantic; and that "the turtles aboard, permanent round-trip passengers serving as part of the Entertainment Staff, will perform at races in the Double Down Room at 9:15 p.m."

On all counts, editor Palmer informed us, "experience gained this past season while the ship has been on the Atlantic run has shown that our system is working in practice better than expected—without any serious transmission interferences. Later this month the ship will start its New York-to-Caribbean cruise schedule and won't be returning to England until next spring. It remains to be seen whether we shall be as successful in the Caribbean as we have been in the Atlantic. Since we're producing a newspaper by methods never before attempted, we have to learn as we go along."

Then rather wistfully Palmer added, "An interesting journalistic aspect of this enterprise—which I find somewhat daunting—is that I never see what has been produced until the ship returns to home port. I never see any proofs. I have little knowledge of what my readers are like and what their interests may be. In fact, at best I have readers for less than a week and then a fresh lot come aboard. The papers we get back from the ship are approximately a fortnight old. By the time I have seen some error, the ship is at sea again. I visit the ship when I can to talk with the printers, but control as remote as this can be more than frustrating. My little wry joke is that I must be the only editor in the world with his 'stone' thousands of miles away—floating on the sea!"

Today, while seafaring passengers take their ease, editors work, worry, and keep the news flowing aboard.

QUEEN ELIZABETH 2 EDITION

The Daily Telegraph

KOSYGIN MEETS CHOU IN PEKING FOR BORDER TALKS

Henry Ford fires his president

Nasser loses 11 planes in raid

WORLD NEWS SUMMARY

QUEEN ELIZABETH 2 EDITION

The Daily Telegraph

NIXON SENDS IN BIG BOMBERS AS HANOI ATTACKS

U.S. engines hitch delays Jumbo jets

Ulster P.M. faces party revolt on Cameron

Biafra agrees to peace talks

WORLD NEWS SUMMARY

QUEEN ELIZABETH 2 EDITION

The Daily Telegraph

BOAC SUSPENDS ITS U.S. BLIND DATES SCHEME

Sheila Scott tells of swim pool scuffle

Leasco say Pergamon directors must go

Paras quit Anguilla

WORLD NEWS SUMMARY

"Queen Elizabeth 2" edition of the "Daily Telegraph," the first newspaper printed aboard by a computerized photo-composing system.

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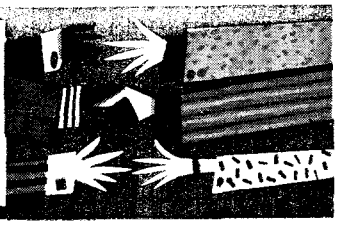
Public Relations



The Frank Abrams Way

Heads of corporations generally have been reluctant to represent their companies in dealings with the public. They are delighted to see their names and pictures in the press along with good stories about their firms, but they have shied away from appearing before legislative bodies, conferring with Congressmen, and spending time with newsmen. They are not being modest, of course; most simply feel that the development of good relations with the public is beneath them, that assurance of good rapport between the corporation and the public is not really germane to the profitability of the corporation.

Companies with large public relations departments are often headed by men who believe that developing good public relations can be relegated to a department. They couldn't be more mistaken, for no matter how good the public relations department is, no matter how well the vice president in charge communicates back and forth between management and public, they cannot do management's job. Part of this job is to make all corporate decisions as if the public were looking over its shoulder; another part is to be the live presence of the corporation, a chairman or president interested in what the public thinks, remembering that it is only by the consent of the public that the corporation remains in business at all.

In the very largest corporations there are chief executives who think only of being thought of favorably by the members of their peer group. They are totally oblivious to the history of American business. For it is hard to find a single case of government regulation that in reality was not the result of business carrying on practices that the public did not believe were in its interest. And it is a short step, as business is finding out today all over again, between public objection and Congressional investigation followed by laws regulating business still further.

A number of large companies now are in the process of changing their structures so that either the chairman or the president can devote more time to public matters while leaving another top executive to handle the day-to-day operations. These companies unfortunately are too few, but others will follow because it is good for profitability.

It is worthwhile examining how one former chief executive handled this problem. Frank Abrams was board chairman of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) from January 1, 1946, to January 1, 1954. Recently, I spent several hours with Mr. Abrams, who is now eighty years old, asking about the period in which he headed Jersey and why he was so involved with his company's relations with the public.

Abrams's thoughts are relevant to all business today, and if more heads of companies followed his example there would be fewer industries with massive public problems confronting them now. It should be recalled that shortly after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, bitter accusations were made against Jersey before the Senate Committee on National Defense over the company's relations with I. G. Farbenindustrie A.G. The contracts Jersey had with this German company dated back more than twenty years prior to the outbreak of World War II. Jersey was forced to establish a public relations department to explain its position. But Abrams, who was a member of Jersey's board (it was then an entirely "inside" board), believed that this was not enough. A senior executive, not a public relations representative, had to explain the company's policies. When he became chairman, Abrams and former president and chief executive officer Eugene Holman took on the burden.

Abrams became a leader in the development of public relations at Jersey. He worked with stockholders, governments, journalists, educators. He did not rely on a hired lobbyist to see Congressmen. He went to see them himself. He was fully involved in policy and immersed himself in specific problems. The more critical the journalist, the more anxious he was to meet the critic. He did not hide from hard-hitting columnists. He went to see them, learned the basis for their criticism, gave them Jersey's viewpoint, and explained his company's actions. He felt it was his job and he did it. He also persuaded other senior executives to make speeches before special groups, meet with newspapermen, learn the reasons for complaints against the company, and act if they were justified. He tried to end the company hierarchy's isolation from the people they had lost touch with as they climbed the corporate ladder.

Abrams believed, as he does now, that "no business exists in economic isolation. It is part of the social climate of the time." He also believed then, as he does now, that the social climate "can even determine whether the business is to prosper and survive or decline and disappear." To Abrams the "goal of good public relations is to serve the public interest so that the corporation is enabled to function profitably, to earn a reasonable profit commensurate with the risk involved." To him the corporation "in reaching its decisions must always take into consideration their impact for the long term. The quick buck is no good for a large institution, and a company just can't go after it."

Mr. Abrams emphasized that a corporation cannot survive and be profitable in the long term if it does not actively seek good relations with the public. "No question about it," he said. "This is basic."

He was adamant in his belief that "it is common sense that the head of a corporation should represent the company with the support of the board of directors and the advice and concurrence of the public relations department. The chairman of the board is in an ideal position to represent the company, to be its prime contact with the public. If he can't do it, who can?"

In 1948, Abrams wrote in Jersey's annual report to stockholders:

> Corporate citizens have come to accept many of the obligations traditionally imposed only upon the individual citizen. Today companies concern themselves with employee and community welfare, and with many other activities going beyond a strictly economic concept of business functions. The management of this company is devoting an increasing share of its attention to the social problems affecting its business. We believe that in this way the continuity of the enterprise may be best assured and its economic health sustained.

These are the views of alert, modern management. If they followed them, many industries would not be hit with new regulations, new attacks, new public disenchantment. —L. L. L. Golden.

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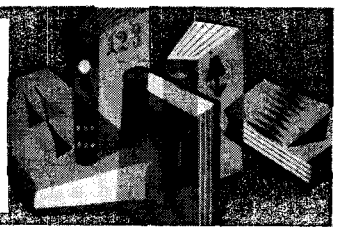
Books in Communications



Distributing the Blame

Coming from government into journalism, Bill D. Moyers is in a credible position to make the claim that "neither is totally innocent nor totally guilty of all the charges they heap on one another." People in government accuse the media of causing distortion and holding preconceived positions and, in turn, are themselves accused of manipulating the media to their own political ends. As Moyers observes, there is indeed "a crisis of confidence in America," which he suggests goes even deeper than Vietnam and the cities; the deepest crisis is the spread of a cynicism "about the political order and a corroded confidence in our ability to communicate with one another and to trust one another."

We are distrustful of media and what they can do to us. We distrust those Madison Avenue experts described in Joe McGinnis's *The Selling of the President 1968* (Trident), who prepared Richard M. Nixon's sixty-second television spots. Weren't they simply packaging a candidate who did not exist in order to seduce the voters subliminally? Or, in their cleverness, were they simply making a thoroughly professional effort to tame the media, circumvent its distortions, and save their candidate from being swallowed alive? There are perhaps two possible readings of McGinnis's book. The use of television requires armor stronger than a blue shirt.

President Johnson's former secretary, now publisher of *Newsday*, Bill Moyers recognizes how easily the cynicism can spread as the charges go back and forth hitting at "irresponsible" journalists, "deceiving" government officials, and candidates coming on as clean as soap commercials. In *Mass Media in a Free Society*, edited by Warren K. Agee (Kansas, $5)—the book collects papers given at the William Allen White Centennial Seminar at the University of Kansas in 1968—Moyers offers illumination and gentle advice. His comments are among the wisest and most temperate uttered recently on either side of the continuing confrontation between press and government. He urges each to look at its own side with a fair degree of critical self-examination. "We should," he says, speaking as a journalist, "act with the same appreciation of candor about ourselves that we expect of public officials." This means "an admission of the subjectivity of our objectivity."

Arguing his position with wit and good humor, but always with serious purpose, Moyers, out of his own encounters with the credibility gap, offers some practical pointers for the new administration: He urges on it regular press conferences—at least once a month. He asks easy access for the press to second and third echelon White House and departmental officials. He would strictly limit the use of the "backgrounder," or unattributable story so beloved by Washington officials who don't want to stick their necks out, and maximum identification permissible as to source. He would foster an atmosphere of live and let live based on the recognition that press and government are not allies but adversaries. "For it is the nature of a democracy to thrive upon conflict between press and government without being consumed by it."

The slim volume in which Moyers speaks so persuasively also contains contributions by Ben H. Bagdikian, Carl T. Rowan, Theodore F. Koop, Stan Freberg, and Bosley Crowther. It is one of the best of the many books composed of symposium comment on the media problem.

Past Secretaries: Bill Moyers's is the most recent voice to come out of the White House Press Secretary's office, and although his problems were immense, and technological change has added to the hazard, one has only to refer to M. L. Stein's *When Presidents Meet the Press* (Julian Messner, Simon & Schuster, $3.95) to see that the two-way misunderstanding has an honorable past. This is a well-balanced, entertaining, and informative short history of the Presidents and their press secretaries, and of the ever-present public relations problem. Stein's overview is related to Moyers's analysis as a general physical examination is to a biopsy. Mr. Stein, chairman of the Department of Journalism at New York University, shows that the public relations profile of each administration is the product somehow of the Chief Executive's personality (FDR was cocky and jaunty, Taft withdrawn and mistrustful) and the technological shape of the media of his time (the growing voraciousness of television under Kennedy). Cleveland originated many present press practices including news releases. Under McKinley reporters were given work facilities in the White House. Kennedy instituted live television press conferences, and the intimacy and give-and-take of the days of FDR and Truman vanished. Stein's history characterizes each administration deftly, with Nixon's, not yet suggestive of any previous pattern, still to come.

Wartime Press Lord: As junior private secretary to Lord Beaverbrook during his service in Churchill's war cabinet, David Farrer had a unique view of the personal methods of Britain's stormy, bullying, opinionated, and all-powerful publisher. From a period of devoted service to Beaverbrook, Farrer went into publishing and is now the respected Literary Director of Secker & Warburg. *G For God Almighty* (Stein and Day, $5.95) is an affectionate memoir of the days Beaverbrook conducted the Ministry of Aircraft Production largely from his home, Stornoway House, shunning the ministry's offices because he distrusted government by committee. For Beaverbrook, as for many powerful publishers, newspapers were a means to a political end. Beaverbrook's interest manifested itself only at the highest level. The power base of his newspapers gave him the equivalent of a political constituency sturdy enough for a Prime Minister. When his unique usefulness in building the country's aircraft strength for the Battle of Britain was over, his influence remained as Minister of Production, Leader of the House of Lords, and Lord Privy Seal.

Farrer's book, in no sense a biography, is an upstairs view of the great man working his will, working virtually alone, possessed of enormous personal magnetism, strength of will, and ruthless energy. It is the view of a secretary-reporter, an editor who clarifies the reporter's findings, and an admirer. —STUART W. LITTLE.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 60. Lois, soil, silo, oils.

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Children's Books

Continued from page 72

nate sailing buffs, has enough excitement—with not too much nautical jargon—to hold landlubbers as well. For young adults.

The Spotted Sphinx. *By Joy Adamson. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 313 *pp.* $7.95. All Elsa-lovers and conservationists to the fore! Next in line, anyone who likes a book that is written with passionate conviction by somebody who practices her preaching. Joy Adamson and her husband live in Kenya, and their life is devoted to the preservation of endangered species. When a friend gave Mrs. Adamson a pet cheetah cub, she was determined that Pippa would be restored to the free life of the bush. This entailed endless treks through harsh and dangerous country to supplement feedings until Pippa had learned to hunt and care for her own litter after she mated. Painstakingly detailed, the book—profusely illustrated with handsome photographs of the cheetah and her fierce, beautiful cubs—is filled with dramatic crises. For young adults.

Jane Austen and Her World. *By Marghanita Laski. Viking.* 143 *pp.* $6.95. The prim and patterned social stratum in which the Austen family moved, and which is so meticulously portrayed in Jane Austen's novels, is recreated here not only with that fidelity which is always a sign of extensive research but with a polished ease that does not always emanate from the scholarly researcher. The intricacies of family connections and of county society are fully described, so that the discussion of Austen's writing, and of the contemporary reaction to her books among the literati, is more meaningful for being seen against a matrix. This is a very personal biography, not in the sense that the author is subjective (and certainly not adulatory) but in the sense that it looks at the whole of Jane Austen's life: not just as a writer, daughter, sister, etc. but as sister to Cassandra, sister to Henry, aunt to Fanny. Profusely illustrated, this is an edifying book. For young adults.

Allegra's Child. *By Jennette Letton. Macrae Smith.* 216 *pp.* $4.50. Picked up by police after she has blacked out on a New York Street, Maggie Farber is sent to a psychiatric hospital. Her husband, deeply in love and distressed, agrees to her wish that she go to stay with friends when she is released, his distress being partially engendered by an uneasy feeling about Maggie's tenacious love for an old family friend, Ben, a malicious alcoholic. Maggie knows that her tension is caused by fear that she will lose the child she is carrying, but she cannot understand the reason for her fear. The stress builds as she begins to suspect Ben, and discovers that her mother had died in a mysterious fashion in Ben's old, gloomy house. The atmosphere of doubt and fear mounts in the best Gothic fashion, dramatic to the end. The characterization and psychological over-tones are acute, and the story is constructed with a taut economy that is pure theater. For young adults.

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(Continued on page 90)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 89)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1857

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Genus of Asiatic herbs; cast-iron plant, for instance.	1 30 55 62 70 73 95 102 107 120
B. European thrush (*Turdus musicus*).	130 133 140 149 153 191 170
C. Towhee of eastern N. America.	197 9 20 22 51 81 146
D. Chief port of Hainan island.	152 193 201 41 46 60
E. "Fishes, that tipple ——." (3 wds.; Lovelace, "To Althea, From Prison")	77 90 134 136 143 165 172 183 5
F. "Sport" hated by the Puritan "because it gave pleasure to the spectators," said Macaulay (comp., "History of England")	27 37 38 50 96 184 190 199 12 18 176
G. Staff used in mountain-climbing.	56 109 138 155 196 36 40 92 202 74
H. Dicer; tile; skimmer; kady.	72 89 100
I. Resisting vigorously and stubbornly.	115 129 137 161 29 34 45
J. "Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the——." (3 wds.; Daniel, 5:28).	182 188 192 198 54 80 121 125 156 162 173 71 99 87 148 128
K. "In a cowslip's bell I lie," he sings. ("The Tempest")	26 53 106 112 114
L. Deep blue.	19 25 57 139 158 164 48 7
M. Dangled.	116 123 142 28 43 91
N. Co-author of "Is Sex Necessary?" (Initials and name).	97 49 67 84 147 151 159
O. Concern.	169 13 21 32 58 66 98 180
P. Bane of many a dieter (2 wds.)	144 189 203 10 31 64 93 110 186 103
Q. Cucullate.	174 4 15 126 68 82
R. Contemporary political force (2 wds.)	44 79 11 124 127 105 83
S. Safe after a difficult situation (4 wds.)	117 166 88 59 47 135 168 178 16 195 17 2 145
T. Agent of transmission.	111 119 177 181 24 132 42
U. Ouster.	52 118 175 78 8 23 6 63
V. Author of "Diana of the Crossways".	76 85 3 69 14 150 39 187
W. American navigator and mathematician (1773-1838).	163 35 194 33 157 160 86 65
X. Forwent.	75 61 154 171 101 200 104 122
Y. Made a charge against; gave an account of.	94 131 167 113 179 185 108 141

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 A	■	2 S	3 V	4 Q	5 E	■	6 U	7 L	■	8 U	9 C	10 P	■	11 R	12 F	13 O
14 V	15 Q	16 S	■	17 S	18 F	19 L	20 C	■	21 O	22 C	23 U	24 T	25 L	■	26 K	■
27 F	28 M	29 I	30 A	31 P	32 O	33 W	■	34 I	35 W	36 G	37 F	■	38 F	39 V	■	40 G
41 D	42 T	■	43 M	44 R	45 I	■	46 D	47 S	■	48 L	■	49 N	50 F	51 C	52 U	53 K
■	54 J	55 A	56 G	57 L	58 O	59 S	60 D	61 X	■	62 A	63 U	■	64 P	65 W	66 O	■
67 N	68 Q	69 V	70 A	71 J	■	72 H	73 A	74 G	75 X	■	76 V	77 E	78 U	79 R	■	80 J
81 C	82 Q	■	83 R	84 N	85 V	■	86 W	87 J	88 S	■	89 H	90 E	91 M	92 G	93 P	94 Y
95 A	■	96 F	97 N	98 O	99 J	100 H	101 X	■	102 A	103 P	104 X	■	105 R	106 K	107 A	108 Y
■	109 G	110 P	111 T	112 K	■	113 Y	114 K	115 I	■	116 M	117 S	118 U	119 T	■	120 A	121 J
122 X	■	123 M	124 R	125 J	■	126 Q	127 R	128 J	129 I	130 B	131 Y	■	132 T	133 B	134 E	■
135 S	136 E	137 I	■	138 G	139 L	140 B	141 Y	142 M	143 E	144 P	■	145 S	146 C	147 N	148 J	■
149 B	150 V	151 N	152 D	■	153 B	154 X	155 G	■	156 J	157 W	158 L	159 N	■	160 W	161 I	162 J
■	163 W	164 L	165 E	■	166 S	167 Y	■	168 S	169 O	170 B	171 X	172 E	173 J	■	174 Q	175 U
176 F	177 T	178 S	179 Y	■	180 O	181 T	182 J	183 E	■	184 F	185 Y	■	186 P	187 V	188 J	■
189 P	190 F	191 B	192 J	193 D	194 W	■	195 S	196 G	197 C	198 J	■	199 F	200 X	201 D	202 G	203 P

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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A bit of common sense in the Drinking Society.

In our society, too many people who drink, do not enjoy their drinking.

They drink what they drink because they think they ought to. Rather than drinking something else that might give them more pleasure.

Like Dubonnet, for instance—a very pleasurable drink. You drink it whenever you'd like a cocktail.

Its flavor is subtle. It is a quietly civilized drink.

Dubonnet will, however, make sociable occasions slightly more sociable.

We have said of its taste, "A touch of Paris in every drop."

Which, admittedly, is a very romantic thing to say.

But, Dubonnet is a very romantic drink.

As well as a sensible one.

Dubonnet. A touch of Paris in every drop.

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Sometimes when a man has worked very hard
and succeeded, he enjoys ordering things just because they're expensive.

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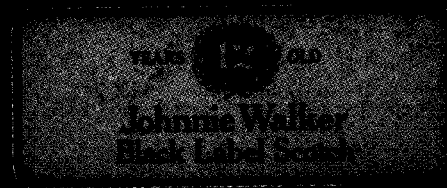

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